THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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May 24, '13

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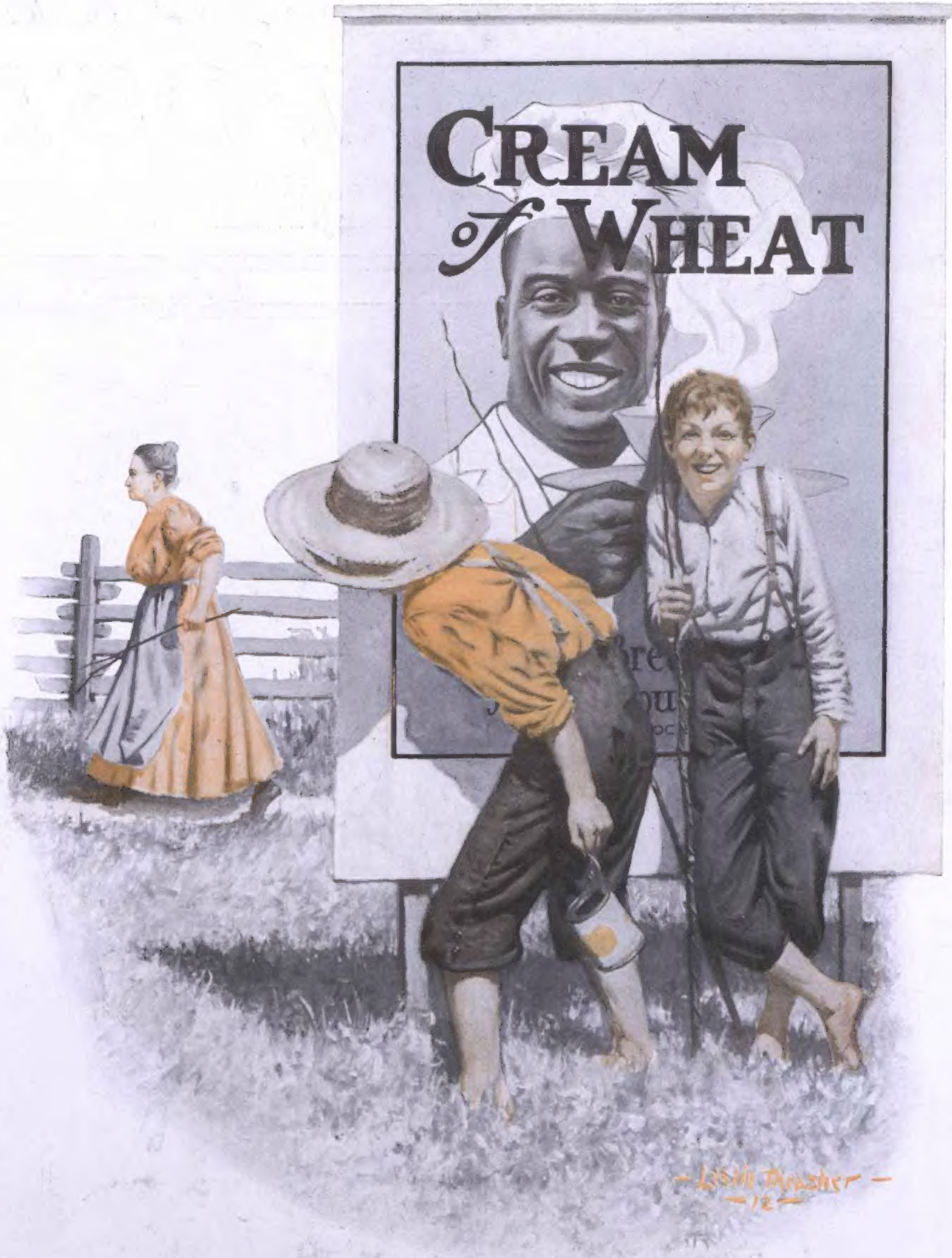
W. Wilson—Human Being. By SAMUEL G. BLYTHE



PLAYING HOOKEY

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(433)

Reg. U. S. Pat. Office, 1906

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W. WILSON—HUMAN BEING

By Samuel G. Blythe

PHOTO. BY HARRIS & EWING, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Mr. Wilson Has No Pride of Place. His Idea of a Job is To Work at the Job

PHOTO. BY PAUL THOMPSON, NEW YORK

He is Just Folks, Like the Rest of Us, and There's Nothing Sacrosanct or Sanctified or Solemn About Him

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The President Went to the Opening Game of the Season, Threw Out the First Ball and Had a Fine Time

IF THE White House should lose a cook—now that is an impossible proposition, for the White House couldn't lose a cook! A cook might lose the White House, but the White House never could lose a cook—unless one died. You see, the rank and precedence of servants—in servant society—in Washington is as rigid and as formal as the rank and precedence of masters—in master society—in the same conventionalized center of population and government. When the coachmen give a ball the White House coachman puts it all over the coachman of the secretary of state, so far as leading the grand march is concerned, and in other functions where rank demands precedence; and the coachman of the secretary of state takes it out on the coachman of the secretary of the treasury—and so on down the line, with those delicate shades of deference demanded and received by the ambassadorial coachmen and the Supreme Court drivers.

And when it comes to cooks—there, I assure you, is a social situation that is of the greatest importance. The White House cook precedes all other cooks. She is the social leader of every cook in every official family. If another cook—any other cook—is on terms of social intercourse with the White House cook—I am speaking now of the real cook, not the helpers, though the helpers are of high rank—that other cook may be said to have an established social position. Wherefore you will see how absurd it is to begin a story the way this story begins. But if the White House should lose a cook and Mrs. Wilson should desire to obtain another, and should do as every housewife does—advertise in the papers for one—this is the advertisement she would prepare:

COOK WANTED—Small family; no washing or ironing; Thursdays out; plain cooking, but must be expert in fixing chicken and making charlotte russe. Apply at White House, between three and six P. M.

The reason for that must be obvious. Mr. Wilson, the head of the house, likes chicken and charlotte russe; and quite naturally Mrs. Wilson would know that, and would seek to secure a cook skilled in the various employments of chicken as food and proficient in the manufacture of charlotte russe. So far as charlotte russe is concerned, the President dotes on it. Joe Tumulty says they had it for dessert sixteen days hand running last summer, during those stirring periods when they were struggling at Baltimore to nominate the governor for president, and the stirred seasons that ensued after they had succeeded; but this may be a canard, for Joe likes pie for dessert himself.

However, there can be no doubt that the two favorite comestibles of President Wilson are chicken and charlotte russe. It is quite within the mark to say he also likes roast beef, and lamb chops, and apple pie, and ham and eggs, and flapjacks, and other specimens of plain American cooking: but, for choice, if he were to pick out his own food you would find chicken would appear, either roasted, fricasseed, fried, or broiled, three out of four mealtimes; and that when it came to dessert he would look at the ice creams, and at the tarts and the puddings and the pastries, and then would say: "Oh, bring me some charlotte russe!"

It has been observed that Mr. Wilson is a man of open mind; but I am here to say that, though this is true, he opens his own mind, and closes it, too, without aid, either adventitious or otherwise. And in this matter of liking chicken and charlotte russe he runs true to form. He likes 'em. Hence he eats 'em—and let those who will attempt to say him nay. He is reasonably hard to influence, especially after he has determined on a thing; but I should suppose if an officeseeker—a candidate for an ambassadorship, say—desired to make a real impression and get favorable consideration he would do well to dispense with petitions and bring round a batch of charlotte russe, or a chicken poetically casseroled, and await results. This, of course, is a mere supposition—but Mr. Wilson has been firm in his devotion to chicken and charlotte russe for many years; and the mere fact that he is now in the biggest official place in the world hasn't changed his liking any. He still adores them both.

Some poet, having discovered he was in love, and thinking he was the first of the race to enjoy that perturbed sensation, emitted the sentiment that it is love which makes the world go round. But the poet was wrong and so are all others who subscribe to his doctrine—not, you understand, that I think love does not make the world go round, but that I do think love has no monopoly on the gyratory apparatus. Another thing that makes the world rotate is curiosity. It does not happen to every person to be given the great beneficence of love; but there hasn't been a person since Lot's wife or before, from the original rubberneck until this present crop, who is not liberally—yes, multitudinously—endowed with curiosity. Nothing in this world would have happened if some person had not been curious to see what could happen, or would, in whatever circumstances were involved; and nothing can happen that somebody is not curious about it.

Therefore, when so great a thing happens as the projection of a man like Woodrow Wilson into the office of President of the United States, a man who three years or so ago was the literary head of a university that was better known because its colors are yellow and black and its football is a stiff article than because Woodrow Wilson

was president of it—when so great a thing as that happens, is it remarkable that everybody is curious? Not at all. Everybody is curious; and the question the people in Washington are asked most frequently by visitors, by mail, by telephone and when they venture away from home, is this: What sort of a chap is this man Wilson anyhow?

The people are better judges of men than of measures. They may be puzzled by tariff ramifications, and Chinese policies, and treaty obligations, and all that; but they can size up men rather accurately. So they are curious to know what sort of a chap the President is. Is he a musty, dusty, pedagogic sort of person? Is he an austere, cold-blooded, frozen-faced sort of person? Is he an all-intellect, no-heart sort of person? Is he a theoretical, studious, scholastic sort of person? Is he a dry-as-dust, lecturing, hectoring, precise, prim sort of person? Or is he a human being?

Well, Woodrow Wilson is a human being. He is just folks, like the rest of us. He is a plain and rather unassuming American citizen. He is smarter than most of us, but not half so smarty as the bulk of us. He likes to do what other people like to do; talks like other people talk; eats what other people eat—barring, perhaps, the charlotte russe—walks, rides, reads, sings, laughs, plays, works and sleeps exactly like the great majority of the persons over whom he is in executive authority; and there's nothing sacrosanct or sanctified or solemn about him. He has a big job and he knows it is a big job. He is trying to work out his problems on the human basis. He refuses to sit gloomily and grandly at the apex of things and ponder on the ultimate. His theory is that a straight line is the shortest distance between two points, and he is conducting his affairs and the affairs of his country that way.

Several times the President has said his theory of this Government is that it is Darwinian instead of Newtonian, and that its problems should be worked out on that hypothesis. At any rate, that is his idea of the situation; and he is sending his energies along those lines. He believes in the human equation. He thinks men can do more for one another and for all men by meeting as men and working together as men, instead of working separately and held apart by fancied distinctions or by precedential restrictions. He is gregarious, not solitary. His idea is this: If a thing is to be done, the way to do that thing is to consult, talk, confer, argue, and arrive at a conclusion—then push it through! He is natural in his relations with people—not affected. He has found himself placed in a peculiarly isolated position, working under a Constitution that is so delicately adjusted with its system of checks and balances put in by men who were jealous of one another and afraid of themselves, that oftentimes the balances do not balance and the checks check more than they should. Wherefore he has come to the conclusion it will be just as well—probably better—if there can be close association between the various branches of the Government that were set apart to check and balance; and that results can best be obtained if, instead of waiting for one body to check another, or a third body to balance both, all bodies are put in harmony at the outset, and the desired result obtained by reason of this agreement, and without the checking that often ensues where the executive and the legislative branches are working separately.

On the Job

NOW that is the reason Mr. Wilson has been up in the Capitol, as he told me last January he would be, and has been in conference with his associates in the conduct of the Government. That is why he read his tariff message instead of sending it up to have a reading clerk roar it at the inattentive Congress. He wants to be a human being among human beings. He wants to be in the work, not apart from it, sitting at the White House, a mile from what is going on, and getting his results by the labored method of inviting persons to come down to see him. He has no pride of place. His idea of a job of work is to work at the job. He is as much interested as anybody in impending legislation. He wants to succeed and he wants his party to succeed.

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At the White House Before the Inauguration

And he wants to help. So he goes at it just as any man who wants to accomplish a certain end would go at it—in a perfectly natural and human manner. Those men up in Congress are the ones who must pass the laws. He is the man who must execute them. Consequently he talks to the men who must provide him with his instrument, just as a farmer would talk with the men who were to provide him with a steam plow with which to turn over his acres and make them fertile.

The story of that first visit of his to the Capitol, when he went to talk with the Democratic senators about the pending tariff legislation, has never been told before. It illustrates his ideas perfectly. One afternoon he telephoned up to Senator Simmons, chairman of the Senate Finance Committee, which has the preliminary committee decision on tariff matters for the Senate, that he would like to come up to the Capitol and talk to the senators about the tariff.

"Will it be convenient for the senators to meet me?" he asked.

Senator Simmons was quite sure it would be convenient and the President sent for an automobile, took Jimmie Sloan along, and went up there, just as a business man would go to call on any business associates. It was a radical departure from precedent. He had told me, and I printed it in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST several weeks before, that he intended to visit the Capitol and talk with the legislators; so the Senate was prepared for it in a way. Senator Simmons sent out word, and a number of the Democratic senators gathered in the president's room at the Senate end of the Capitol to greet him.

An Ability to Break Precedents

THOUGH the senators all knew of his intention, they were rather an embarrassed and self-conscious lot when President Wilson went into the room. They stood round, not knowing exactly whether to bow, roll over, stand on their heads, give three cheers, or sing a hymn. They compromised by standing ill at ease, like a lot of bashful school-boys when the committeeman drops in to ask them some questions. They didn't know what to do with their hands, and their feet troubled them also. There wasn't a man in the place who wasn't embarrassed—that is, not a man except the President.

He went in smiling, bowed, and walked to the center of the room. Nobody said anything beyond murmuring: "Mr. President!" And he stood there looking pleasantly at them for a moment.

"You are not going to treat me as company, I hope," he said, noticing the stiffness and perplexity of the gathering.

Somebody had wit enough to ask him to sit down. He shook hands all round and sat down. Then he began talking about the tariff. He made suggestions and answered questions. He asked questions and listened to suggestions. In five minutes everybody was at ease and the conference went on for an hour or so. He was natural, unaffected—a Democrat among Democrats—trying to get a basis of understanding on a complicated question. He told a story or two illustrating his points. He discussed many phases of the proposed bill with the Senate experts earnestly, but pleasantly; and everybody thought it was great.

After the discussion was over, Senator Stone, of Missouri, taking a glass of mineral water, made a toast, apostrophizing water—the sparkling water he held up in his glass so the light slanted through the bubbling fluid—a toast that told of the manifold virtues of water; and he concluded with the regret that it isn't a sin to drink it—for if it were, everybody would drink it and great good would result to the race.

The President laughed and said he had heard a toast a few days before that pleased him. He gave it: "Here's to the ladies—the young ladies—the good young ladies—but not too good, for the good die young, and nobody wants a dead one; and here's to the ladies—the dear old ladies—but not too old, for nobody wants a dyed one!"

Then he took the machine and went back to the White House. It was a satisfactory meeting, a natural gathering; and it had good results. The President has said he intends to preserve—if he can—his outside viewpoint; for the Washington viewpoint is a distorted one. He is amused at the precedents that surround him. He said a few days ago that every time he does a natural thing he finds he has broken a precedent. But he intends to keep on being natural, just the same.

So much for that—and curious America is still knocking at the door: How does he work? How does he look? How does he act? What does he eat? What are his habits? How does he meet men? How does he play? What are his amusements? What are his interests? Is he a prig? Is he a pedagogue? Is he a politician? Is he a parrot? How does he talk? What does he say? Is he—oh, you know!—Is he folks or is he a personage?

Let me take the President through a day for you and then you can decide. Instead of beginning at breakfast-time I shall begin at bedtime, say, half past ten or eleven—unless he has been at the theater. Make it half past ten. Then, unbeknown to any but the White House guards,

PHOTO. BY HARRIS & EWING, WASHINGTON, D. C.

President Wilson and Senator William Hughes Watching Children Roll Eggs on White House Lawn

a big, beefy, round-headed citizen, with large and imposing hands, comes into the White House. Nobody knows that yet—but a few. This big, beefy person is one of the trainers of the Washington Baseball Club. He is a skilled man. He knows his business, which is to rub the kinks out of athletes and keep them in condition. The President is no athlete, but he needs to be kept in athletic condition just the same. No baseball player in the world has anything on him when it comes to the necessity for coördination of nerves and muscles.

The President goes to his room and the big man goes with him. Then for half an hour the big man rubs him. He kneads him, and massages him, and twists him, and shoves his legs and arms back and forth and up and down, and gets his joints working and his blood circulating. At the end of his half hour the President is almost asleep, and the big man tiptoes out.

At half past seven the President is up—sometimes before; but not on Sunday mornings. On Sunday the President, like millions of other Americans, allows himself the luxury of sleeping until about ten o'clock—sometimes until eleven. He shaves himself, using an oldstyle razor, and is expert at it. He isn't accustomed to valeting yet, and he gets out his own linen and lays out his own clothes as often as the servants will let him. He is already very fond of the view from his bedroom window—the view that takes in the White House lawn, the Washington Monument, the dome of the Capitol, the Potomac drive, the river, and the white pillars of Arlington over on the Virginia side. He comes downstairs and Doctor Grayson meets him. Doctor Grayson is his physician. The doctor looks him over. He glances at his eyes, makes him put out his tongue, feels his pulse and takes a general survey. If the President is not quite up to the mark the doctor makes his suggestions—a slight change in diet, perhaps, or a little more exercise, or an extra glass of water. The doctor watches him carefully. He is there every morning, and once a month he goes all over him examining every organ, scrutinizing every function. All this is merely precautionary, for the President is in excellent health.

Then comes breakfast—a real American family breakfast. Mrs. Wilson and the three Wilson girls, if they are at home—and the guests, if there are any—all gather in the breakfast room. They have the same sort of breakfast that is served in hundreds of thousands of American homes—some fruit; eggs—perhaps bacon and eggs; or a chop; toast and rolls, coffee and potatoes. The President is fond of oranges and grapefruit, and drinks two cups of coffee. At nine o'clock his stenographer comes in and they go to the study. The President works for an hour—no more and no less—on his mail. All letters that come in, unless they are entirely personal, are opened and briefed by Secretary Tumulty and his assistants. There are hundreds of letters, of course, that the President never sees; but he sees all the important ones. These come to him at various times, with a slip of paper on them briefed like this: "Mr. John Jones, of Iowa, writes concerning proposed currency legislation. Mr. Jones is thus and so, and advances this argument"—which is given in a few words. If the letter is very important it has a red tag on it.

The President has seen these letters—or, to put it the other way round, they have been placed before him. It is his custom to read a good many of them on the night before he takes them up for reply. At any rate, he has selected the letters he desires to answer in that hour in the morning, and he goes at them slowly, methodically, dictating in that remarkable English of his—and his diction is remarkable, as are his letters—until his hour is over. He takes exceeding pains with his letters, and rewrites few of them. When he has finished the letter is usually in a form that suits him without revision, for he is a most precise and careful writer.

The President takes his black book with him—a leather-covered book that has tabs along its pages separating it into alphabetical sections. This book contains his notes. He runs through his book and writes such letters from the notes therein as circumstances may demand. At ten o'clock he goes over to the Executive Offices.

Meantime Secretary Tumulty has been on the job. He has had the morning mail, has made the appointment slips for the President, and has arranged the day's work. On Tuesdays and Fridays—Cabinet days—there are few appointments; but on the other weekdays senators, representatives,

(Continued on Page 48)

THE HOOKER-UP-THE-BACK

By EDNA FERBER

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL GREFÉ

MISS SADIE CORN was not a charmer, but when you handed your room-key to her you found yourself stopping to chat a moment. If you were the right kind you showed her your wife's picture in the front of your watch. If you were the wrong kind, with your scant hair carefully combed to hide the bald spot, you showed her the newspaper clipping that you carried in your vest pocket. Following inspection of the first, Sadie Corn would say: "Now that's what I call a sweet face! How old is the youngest?" Upon perusal the second was returned with dignity and: "Is that supposed to be funny?" In each case Sadie Corn had you placed for life.

She possessed the invaluable gift of the floor clerk, did Sadie Corn—that of remembering names and faces. Though you had registered at the Hotel Magnifique but the night before, for the first time, Sadie Corn would look up at you over her glasses as she laid your key in its proper row, and say: "Good morning, Mr. Schultz! Sleep well?"

"Me!" you would stammer, surprised and gratified. "Me! Fine! H'm—Thanks!" Whereupon you would cross your right foot over your left nonchalantly and enjoy that brief moment's chat with Floor Clerk Number Two. You went back to Ishpeming, Michigan, with three new impressions: The first was that you were becoming a personage of considerable importance. The second was that the Magnifique realized this great truth and was grateful for your patronage. The third was that New York was a friendly little hole after all!

Miss Sadie Corn was dean of the Hotel Magnifique's floor clerks. The primary requisite in successful floor clerkship is homeliness. The second is discreet age. The third is tact. And for the benefit of those who think the duties of a floor clerk end when she takes your key when you leave your room, and hands it back as you return, it may be mentioned that the fourth, fifth, sixth and seventh requisites are diplomacy, ingenuity, unlimited patience and a comprehensive knowledge of human nature. Ambassadors have been known to keep their jobs on less than that.

She had come to the Magnifique at thirty-three, a plain, spare, sallow woman, with a quiet, capable manner, a pungent trick of the tongue on occasion, a sparse fluff of pale-colored hair, and big, bony-knuckled hands, such as you see on women who have the gift of humanness. She was forty-eight now—still plain, still spare, still sallow. Those bony, big-knuckled fingers had handed keys to potentates, and pork-packers, and millinery buyers from Seattle; and to princes incognito, and paupers much the same—the difference being that the princes dressed down to the part, while the paupers dressed up to it.

She Stood Surveying Herself in a Sort of Ecstasy

Time, experience, understanding and the daily dealing with ever-changing humanity had brought certain lines into Sadie Corn's face. So skillfully were they placed that the unobservant put them down as wrinkles on the countenance of a homely, middle-aged woman; but he who read as he ran saw that the lines about the eyes were quizzical, shrewd lines, which come from the practice of gauging character at a glance; that the mouth-markings meant tolerance and sympathy and humor; that the forehead furrows had been carved there by those master chiselers, suffering and sacrifice.

In the last three or four years Sadie Corn had taken to wearing a little lavender-and-white crocheted shawl about her shoulders on cool days, and when Two-fifty-seven, who was a regular, caught his annual heavy cold in the late fall, Sadie would ask him sharply whether he had on his winter flannels. On his replying in the negative she would rebuke him scathingly and demand a bill of sizable denomination; and when her watch was over she would sally forth to purchase four sets of men's winter underwear. As captain of the Magnifique's thirty-four floor clerks Sadie Corn's authority extended from the parlors to the roof, but her especial domain was floor two. Ensconced behind her little desk in a corner, blocked in by mailracks, pantry signals, pneumatic-tube chutes and telephone, with a clear view of the elevators and stairway, Sadie Corn was mistress of the moods, manners and morals of the Magnifique's second floor.

It was six-thirty P. M. on Monday of Automobile Show Week when Sadie Corn came on watch. She came on with a lively, well-developed case of neuralgia over her right eye and extending down into her back teeth. With its usual spitefulness the attack had chosen to make its appearance during her long watch. It never selected her short-watch days, when she was on duty only from eleven A. M. until six-thirty P. M.

Now with a peppermint bottle held close to alternately sniffing nostrils Sadie Corn was running her eye over the complex report sheet of the floor clerk who had just gone off watch. The report was even more detailed and lengthy than usual. Automobile Show Week meant that the always prosperous Magnifique was filled to the eaves and turning them away. It meant twice the usual number of inside telephone calls anent rooms too hot, rooms too cold, radiators hammering, radiators hissing, windows that refused to open, windows that refused to shut, packages undelivered, hot water not forthcoming. As the human buffers between guests and hotel management, it was the duty of Sadie Corn and her diplomatic squad to pacify the peevish, to smooth the path of the paying.

Down the hall strolled Donahue, the house detective—Donahue the leisurely, Donahue the keen-eyed, Donahue the guileless—looking in his evening clothes for all the world like a prosperous diner-out. He smiled benignly upon Sadie Corn, and Sadie Corn had the bravery to smile back in spite of her neuralgia, knowing well that men have no sympathy with that anguishing ailment and no understanding of it.

"Everything serene, Miss Corn?" inquired Donahue.

"Everything's serene," said Sadie Corn. "Though Two-thirty-three telephoned a minute ago to say that if the valet didn't bring his pants from the presser in the next two seconds he'd come down the hall as he is and get 'em. Perhaps you'd better stay round."

Donahue chuckled and passed on. Halfway down the hall he retraced his steps, and stopped again before Sadie Corn's busy desk. He balanced a moment thoughtfully from toe to heel, his chin lifted inquiringly: "Keep your eye on Two-eighteen and Two-twenty-three this morning?"

"Like a lynx!" answered Sadie.

"Anything?"

"Not a thing. I guess they just scraped acquaintance in the Alley after dinner, like they sometimes do. A man

with eyelashes like his always speaks to any woman alone who isn't pockmarked and toothless. Two minutes after he's met a girl his voice takes on the 'cello note. I know his kind. Why, say, he even tried waving those eyelashes of his at me first time he turned in his key; and goodness knows I'm so homely that pretty soon I'll be ripe for bachelor floor thirteen. You know as well as I that to qualify for that job a floor clerk's got to look like a gargoyle."

"Maybe they're all right," said Donahue thoughtfully. "If it's just a flirtation, why—anyway, watch 'em this evening. The day watch listened in and says they've made some date for tonight."

He was off down the hall again with his light, quick step that still had the appearance of leisureliness.

The telephone at Sadie's right buzzed warningly. Sadie picked up the receiver and plunged into the busiest half hour of the evening. From that moment until seven o'clock her nimble fingers and eyes and brain and tongue directed the steps of her little world. She held the telephone receiver at one ear and listened to the demands of incoming and outgoing guests with the other. She jotted down reports, dealt out mail and room-keys, kept her neuralgic eye on stairs and elevators and halls, her sound orb on tube and pantry signals, while through and between and above all she guided the stream of humanity that trickled past her desk—bellhops, Polish chambermaids, messenger boys, guests, waiters, parlor maids.

Just before seven there disembarked at floor two from one of the cream-and-gold elevators one of those visions that have helped to make Fifth Avenue a street of the worst-dressed women in the world. The vision was Two-eighteen, and her clothes were of the kind that prepared you for the shock that you got when you looked at her face. Plume met fur, and fur met silk, and silk met lace, and lace met gold—and the whole met and ran into a riot of color, and perfume—and little jangling, swishing sounds. Just by glancing at Two-eighteen's feet in their inadequate openwork silk and soft kid you knew that Two-eighteen's lips would be carmined.

She came down the corridor and stopped at Sadie Corn's desk. Sadie Corn had her key ready for her. Two-eighteen took it daintily between white-gloved fingers.

"I'll want a maid in fifteen minutes," she said. "Tell them to send me the one I had yesterday. The pretty one. She isn't so clumsy as some."

Sadie Corn jotted down a note without looking up.

"Oh, Julia? Sorry—Julia's busy," she lied.

Two-eighteen knew she lied, because at that moment there came round the bend in the broad, marble stairway that led up from the parlor floor the trim, slim figure of Julia herself.

Two-eighteen took a quick step forward. "Here, girl! I'll want you to hook me in fifteen minutes," she said.

"Very well, ma'am," replied Julia softly.

There passed between Sadie Corn and Two-eighteen a—well, you could hardly call it a look, it was so fleeting, so ephemeral; that electric, pregnant, meaning something that flashes between two women who dislike and understand each other. Then Two-eighteen was off down the hall to her room.

Julia stood at the head of the stairway just next to Sadie's desk and watched Two-eighteen until the bend in the corridor hid her. Julia, of the lady's-maid staff, could never have qualified for the position of floor clerk, even if she had chosen to bury herself in lavender-and-white crocheted shawls to the tip of her marvelous little Greek nose. In her frilly white cap, her trim black gown, her immaculate collar and cuffs and apron, Julia looked distractingly like the young person who, in the old days of the furniture-dusting drama, was wont to inform you that it was two years since young master went away—all but her feet. The feather-duster person was addicted to French-heeled, beaded slippers. Not so Julia. Julia was on her feet for ten hours or so a day. When you subject your feet to ten-hour tortures you are apt to pass by French-heeled effects in favor of something flat-heeled, laced, with an easy, comfortable crack here and there at the sides, and stockings with white cotton soles.

Julia, at the head of the stairway, stood looking after Two-eighteen until the tail of her silken draperies had whisked round the corner. Then, still staring, Julia spoke resentfully:

"Life for her is just one darned pair of long white kid gloves after another! Look at her! Why is it that kind of a face is always wearing the sables and diamonds?"

"Sables and diamonds," replied Sadie Corn, sniffing essence of peppermint, "seem a small enough reward for having to carry round a mug like that!"

Julia came round to the front of Sadie Corn's desk. Her eyes were brooding, her lips sullen.

"Oh, I don't know!" she said bitterly. "Being pretty don't get you anything—just being pretty! When I first came here I used to wonder at those women that paint their faces and color their hair, and wear skirts that are too tight and waists that are too low. But—I don't know! This town's so big and so—so kind of uninterested. When you see everybody wearing clothes that are more gorgeous than yours, and diamonds bigger, and limousines longer and blacker and quieter, it gives you a kind of fever. You—you want to make people look at you too."

"Being Pretty Don't Get You Anything—Just Being Pretty!"

Sadie Corn leaned back in her chair. The peppermint bottle was held at her nose. It may have been that which caused her eyes to narrow to mere slits as she gazed at the drooping Julia. She said nothing. Suddenly Julia seemed to feel the silence. She looked down at Sadie Corn. As by a miracle all the harsh, sullen lines in the girl's face vanished, to be replaced by a lovely compassion.

"Your neuralgy again, dearie?" she asked in pretty concern.

Sadie sniffed long and audibly at the peppermint bottle.

"If you ask me I think there's some imp inside of my head trying to push my right eye out with his thumb. Anyway it feels like that."

"Poor old dear!" breathed Julia. "It's the weather. Have them send you up a pot of black tea."

"When you've got neuralgy over your right eye," observed Sadie Corn grimly, "there's just one thing helps—that is to crawl into bed in a flannel nightgown, with the side of your face resting on the red rubber bosom of a hot-water bottle. And I can't do it; so let's talk about something cheerful. Seen Jo today?"

There crept into Julia's face a wave of color—not the pink of pleasure, but the dull red of pain. She looked away from Sadie's eyes and down at her shabby boots. The sullen look was in her face once more.

"No; I ain't seen him," she said.

"What's the trouble?" Sadie asked.

"I've been busy," replied Julia airily. Then, with a forced vivacity: "Though it's nothing to Auto Show Week last year. I remember that week I hooked up until my fingers were stiff. You know the way the dresses fastened last winter. Some of 'em ought to have had a map to go by, they were that complicated. And now, just when I've got so's I can hook any dress that was ever intended for the human form ——"

"Wasn't it Jo who said they ought to give away an engineering blueprint with every dress, when you told him about the way they hooked?" put in Sadie. "What's the trouble between you and ——"

Julia rattled on, unheeding:

"You wouldn't believe what a difference there's been since these new peasant styles have come in! And the Oriental craze! Hook down the side, most of 'em—and they can do 'em themselves if they ain't too fat."

"Remember Jo saying they ought to have a hydraulic press for some of those skintight dames, when your fingers were sore from trying to squeeze them into their casings? By the way, what's the trouble between you and ——"

"Makes an awful difference in my tips!" cut in Julia deftly. "I don't believe I've hooked up six this evening, and two of them sprung the haven't-anything-but-a-five-dollar-bill-see-you-tomorrow! Women are devils! I wish ——"

Sadie Corn leaned forward, placed her hand on Julia's arm, and turned the girl about so that she faced her. Julia tried miserably to escape her keen eyes and failed.

"What's the trouble between you and Jo?" she demanded for the fourth time. "Out with it or I'll telephone down to the engine room and ask him myself."

"Oh, well, if you want to know ——" She paused, her eyelids drooping again; then, with a rush: "Me and Jo have quarreled again—for good, this time. I'm through!"

"What about?"

"I s'pose you'll say I'm to blame. Jo's mother's sick again. She's got to go to the hospital and have another operation. You know what that means—putting off the wedding again until God knows when! I'm sick of it—putting off and putting off! I told him we might as well quit and be done with it. We'll never get married at this rate. Soon's Jo gets enough put by to start us on, something happens. Last three times it's been his ma. Pretty soon I'll be as old and wrinkled and homely as ——"

"As me!" put in Sadie calmly. "Well, I don't know's that's the worst thing that can happen to you. I'm happy. I had my plans, too, when I was a girl like you—not that I was ever pretty; but I had my trials. Funny how the thing that's easy and the thing that's right never seem to be the same!"

"Oh, I'm fond of Jo's ma," said Julia, a little shamefacedly. "We get along all right. She knows how it is, I guess; and she feels—well, in the way. But when Jo told me I was tired I guess. We had words. I told him there were plenty waiting for me if he was through. I told him I could have gone out with a real swell only last Saturday if I'd wanted to. What's a girl got her looks for if not to have a good time?"

"Who's this you were invited out by?" asked Sadie Corn.

"What Does a Pretty Girl Like You Want to Do That For?"

"You must have noticed him," said Julia, dimpling. "He's as handsome as an actor. Name's Venner. He's in two-twenty-three."

There came the look of steel into Sadie Corn's eyes.

"Look here, Julia! You've been here long enough to know that you're not to listen to the talk of the men guests round here. Two-twenty-three isn't your kind—and you know it! If I catch you talking to him again I'll ——"

The telephone at her elbow sounded sharply. She answered it absently, her eyes, with their expression of pain and remonstrance, still unshrinking before the onslaught of Julia's glare. Then her expression changed. A look of consternation came into her face.

"Right away, madam!" she said, at the telephone. "Right away! You won't have to wait another minute." She hung up the receiver and waved Julia away with a gesture. "It's Two-eighteen. You promised to be there in fifteen minutes. She's been waiting and her voice sounds like a saw. Better be careful how you handle her."

Julia's head, with its sleek, satiny coils of black hair that waved away so bewitchingly from the cream of her skin, came up with a jerk.

"I'm tired of being careful of other people's feelings. Let somebody be careful of mine for a change." She walked off down the hall, the little head still held high. A half dozen paces and she turned. "What was it you said you'd do to me if you caught me talking to him again?" she sneered.

A miserable twinge of pain shot through Sadie Corn's eye, to be followed by a wave of nausea that swept over her. They alone were responsible for her answer.

"I'll report you!" she snapped, and was sorry at once.

Julia turned again, walked down the corridor and round the corner in the direction of two-eighteen.

Long after Julia had disappeared Sadie Corn stared after her—miserable, regretful.

Julia knocked once at the door of two-eighteen and turned the knob before a high, shrill voice cried:

"Come!"

Two-eighteen was standing in the center of the floor in scant satin knickerbockers and tight brassière. The blazing folds of a cerise satin gown held in her hands made a great, crude patch of color in the neutral-tinted bedroom. The air was heavy with scent. Hair, teeth, eyes, fingernails—Two-eighteen glowed and glistened. Chairs and bed held odds and ends.

"Where've you been, girl?" shrilled Two-eighteen. "I've been waiting like a fool! I told you to be here in fifteen minutes."

"My stop-watch isn't working right," replied Julia impudently and took the cerise satin gown in her two hands.

She made a ring of the gown's opening, and through that cerise frame her eyes met those of Two-eighteen.

"Careful of my hair!" Two-eighteen warned her, and ducked her head to the practiced movement of Julia's arms. The cerise gown dropped to her shoulders without grazing a hair. Two-eighteen breathed a sigh of relief. She turned to face the mirror.

"It starts at the left, three hooks; then to the center; then back four—under the arm and down the middle again. That chiffon comes over like a drape."

She picked up a buffer from the litter of ivory and silver on the dresser and began to polish her already glittering nails, turning her head this way and that, preening her neck, biting her scarlet lips to deepen their crimson, opening her eyes wide and half-closing them languorously. Julia, down on her knees in combat with the trickiest of the hooks, glanced up and saw. Two-eighteen caught the glance in the mirror. She stopped her idle polishing and preening to study the glowing and lovely little face that looked up at her. A certain queer expression grew in her eyes—a speculative, eager look.

"Tell me, little girl," she said: "What do you do round here?"

Julia turned from the mirror to the last of the hooks, her fingers working nimbly.

"Me? My regular job is working. Don't jerk, please. I've fastened this one three times."

"Working!" laughed Two-eighteen, fingering the diamonds at her throat. "What does a pretty girl like you want to do that for?"

"Hook off here," said Julia. "Shall I sew it?"

"Pin it!" snapped Two-eighteen.

Julia's tidy nature revolted.

"It'll take just a minute to catch it with thread ——"

Two-eighteen whirled about in one of the sudden hot rages of her kind:

"Pin it, you fool! Pin it! I told you I was late!"

Julia paused a moment, the red surging into her face. Then in silence she knelt and wove a pin deftly in and out. When she rose from her knees her face was quite white.

"There, that's the girl!" said Two-eighteen blithely, her rage forgotten. "Just pat this over my shoulders."

She handed a powder-puff to Julia and turned her back to the broad mirror, holding a hand-glass high as she watched the powder-laden puff leaving a snowy coat on the neck and shoulders and back so generously displayed in the cherry-colored gown. Julia's face was set and hard.

"Oh, now, don't sulk!" coaxed Two-eighteen good-naturedly, all of a sudden. "I hate sulky girls. I like people to be cheerful round me."

"I'm not used to being yelled at," Julia said resentfully.

"No Lies! That Bill Belongs to Him"

Two-eighteen patted her cheek lightly. "You come out with me tomorrow and I'll buy you something pretty. Don't you like pretty clothes?"

"Yes; but ——"

"Of course you do. Every girl does—especially pretty ones like you. How do you like this dress? Don't you think it smart?"

She turned squarely to face Julia, trying on her the tricks she had practiced in the mirror. A little cruel look came into Julia's face.

"Last year's, isn't it?" she asked coolly.

"This!" cried Two-eighteen, stiffening. "Last year's! I got it yesterday on Fifth Avenue, and paid two hundred and fifty for it. What do you ——"

"Oh, I believe you," drawled Julia. "They can tell a New Yorker from an out-of-towner every time. You know the really new thing is the Bulgarian effect!"

"Well, of all the nerve!" began Two-eighteen, turning to the mirror in a sort of fright. "Of all the ——"

What she saw there seemed to reassure her. She raised one hand to push the gown a little more off the left shoulder.

"Will there be anything else?" inquired Julia, standing aloof.

Two-eighteen turned reluctantly from the mirror and picked up a jeweled gold-mesh bag that lay on the bed. From it she extracted a coin and held it out to Julia. It was a generous coin. Julia looked at it. Her smoldering wrath burst into flame.

"Keep it!" she said savagely, and was out of the room and down the hall.

Sadie Corn, at her desk, looked up quickly as Julia turned the corner. Julia, her head held high, kept her eyes resolutely away from Sadie.

"Oh, Julia, I want to talk to you!" said Sadie Corn as Julia reached the stairway. Julia began to descend the stairs, unheeding. Sadie Corn rose and leaned over the railing, her face puckered with anxiety. "Now, Julia, girl, don't hold that up against me! I didn't mean it. You know that. You wouldn't be mad at a poor old woman that's half crazy with neuralgy!" Julia hesitated, one foot poised to take the next step. "Come on up," coaxed Sadie Corn, "and tell me what Two-eighteen's wearing this evening. I'm that lonesome, with nothing to do but sit here and watch the letter-ghosts go flippering down the mailchute! Come on!"

"What made you say you'd report me?" demanded Julia bitterly.

"I'd have said the same thing to my own daughter if I had one. You know yourself I'd bite my tongue out first!"

"Well!" said Julia slowly, and relented. She came up the stairs almost shyly. "Neuralgy any better?"

"Worse!" said Sadie Corn cheerfully.

Julia leaned against the desk sociably and glanced down the hall.

"Would you believe it," she snickered, "she's wearing red! With that hair! She asked me if I didn't think she looked too pale. I wanted to tell her that if she had any more color, with that dress, they'd be likely to use the chemical sprinklers on her when she struck the Alley."

"Sh-sh-sh!" breathed Sadie in warning. Two-eighteen, in her shimmering, flame-colored costume, was coming down the hall toward the elevators. She walked with the absurd and stumbling step that her scant skirt necessitated. With each pace the slashed silken skirt parted to reveal a shameless glimpse of cerise silk stocking. In her wake came Venner, of Two-twenty-three—a strange contrast in his black and white.

Sadie and Julia watched them from the corner nook. Opposite the desk Two-eighteen stopped and turned to Julia.

"Just run into my room and pick things up and hang them away, will you?" she said. "I didn't have time—and I hate things all about when I come in dead tired."

The little formula of service rose automatically to Julia's lips.

"Very well, madam," she said.

Her eyes and Sadie's followed the two figures until they had stepped into the cream-and-gold elevator and had vanished. Sadie, peppermint bottle at nose, spoke first:

"She makes one of those sandwich men with a bell, on Sixth Avenue, look like a shrinking violet!"

Julia's lower lip was caught between her teeth. The scent that had enveloped Two-eighteen as she passed was still in the air. Julia's nostrils dilated as she sniffed it. Her breath came a little quickly. Sadie Corn sat very still, watching her.

"Look at her!" said Julia, her voice vibrant. "Look at her! Old and homely, and all made up! I powdered her neck. Her skin's like tripe."

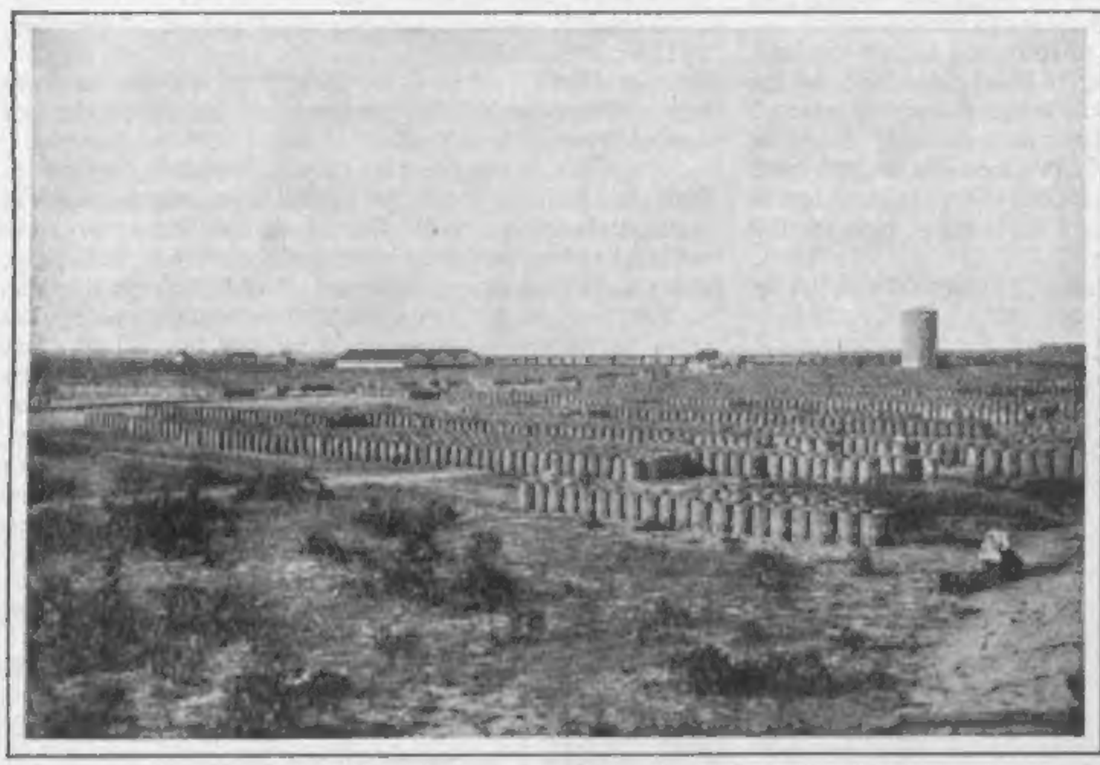
"Now Julia ——" remonstrated Sadie Corn soothingly.

"I don't care," went on Julia with a rush. "I'm young. And I'm pretty too. And I like pretty things. It ain't fair!

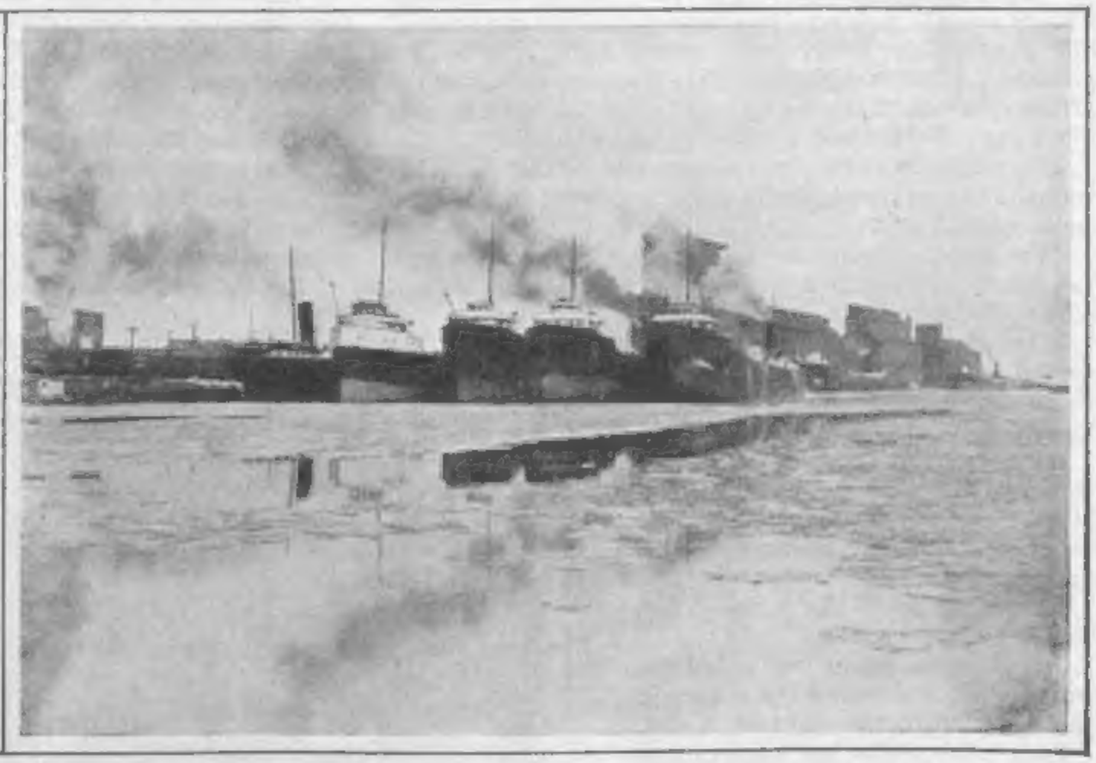
(Continued on Page 32)

What Swept the American Flag From the Sea?—1815-1915

HOW TO RESTORE THE UNITED STATES MERCHANT MARINE



Pensacola, Florida—a View of the Naval Stores Yard, Which is the Second Largest in the United States



Fort William, Ontario, Showing a Fleet of Grain Boats Lined Up for Winter in the Harbor

By A. C. LAUT

FIVE years ago world shipping was at ebbtide. Ships were tied up to the wharves of the whole world, rotting for employment. Today there are not enough ships to take care of the cargoes offered. Not since the days when Spanish caravels swept the main to South American treasure ports; when Dutch traders controlled the Levant; when England fought Dutch and Spanish for supremacy on the high seas—has such shipping prosperity been enjoyed by the merchant marines of the world. We do not see such things usually until we are two or three centuries past them—until the golden glamour of a remote twilight has cast its sunset hues over the decadent decline. Then we moralize, and professorize, and generalize. Quit it! Let us look at things as they are today, when a tollgate has been opened to two new El Dorados!

Marco Polo penetrated the Orient. Dutch and Spanish heroism poured its lifeblood on the seas to bring foreign treasure back to the home port. Columbus discovered the New World. English, French and Spanish adventurers courted death and daring for the honor of bringing that New World commerce to the lap of Old World need. Goethals has cut through Panama—has sluiced Atlantic into Pacific; has welded East and West into a world unity; has built a tollgate to a new El Dorado of the South, where seventy million people are waking to new nationhood—a tollgate to a new El Dorado of the East, where untold millions are waking to the new democracy of the twentieth century.

Sit still a minute and shut your eyes; crush your noisy modern dollar egoism and take in the wonder of it—this welding of East and West; this unifying of world commerce; this opening of a world gateway to the treasures of the South Seas and the East, for which Lombardy and Spain, and the Netherlands, and Cromwell's England fought to the death! Detach yourself from the insistent, impudent dollar greed of today and ask yourself one question:

With East and West welded into one; with a unified world commerce belting the Seven Seas; with a world gateway to South and East opened forever—do you think any power on earth can prevent Western commerce, Western education and Western progress from sweeping South and East like wildfire? Put in terms of the concrete, that means—what?

It means United States steel, United States machinery, United States shoes, United States sewing machinery, United States furniture, United States flour, United States cotton, United States coal, United States railroads, United States bridges—in South America and Asia. It means United States agriculture—one professor has already gone to India at ten thousand dollars a year—United States electric devices, United States capital, United States democracy—in South America and Asia.

For years there is bound to be a yeasty churning up of old and new—what we call revolution; what history calls progress. But in the course of time must come the higher type of life commercial, life economic, and, indeed, life spiritual.

At the gateway which sluices East and West traffic into a world stream sits Uncle Sam. The place is Panama! The toll is a dollar or so. Shall Uncle Sam be toll-gatherer, gatekeeper? Or shall he ride grandly through, over the waters of his own channel, to the ports of the world? He who rules the seas rules the world. First it was Carthage and Egypt. Then it was Lombardy. Then it was Spain. Then it was the Netherlands. Then it was England. Then—who next? England, Germany and Japan are striving desperately for first place. Do you think for the fraction of a moment that England and Germany are breaking their necks building navies just for the fun of it? They are building navies to protect their merchantmen scouring the Seven Seas for world wealth; and Japan is pouring out marine bounties for the very same end—to capture the commerce of the world. Of all the maritime nations of the world one only sits fatuously on the seashore—penny-wise and pound-foolish—so bound on collecting a dollar on each of ten million tons a year through the Panama Canal that the prize of five hundred million dollars a year in world traffic slips past unnoticed. That one—gazing in imbecile wonder on the traffic of the Seven Seas; indifferent to the wealth of world ports; so keen on dimes that he cannot see dollars; so keen on toll that he cannot see traffic; so hard-set on the picayune tax of his gate that he cannot see the opportunity luring beyond the gate—is Uncle Sam!

Why does not Uncle Sam ride grandly through the waters of his own canal to world ports? Because—in perfectly plain, specific and simple terms—he has no ships. On the Atlantic there are from six to a dozen ships under the American flag; but they do not pass through Panama. On the Pacific is one great ship under the American flag; but it does not pass through Panama. On the Pacific, besides, are half a dozen other American ships; but they belong to a railroad and cannot pass through Panama. They are, besides, doing almost a purely coastal business to Hawaii

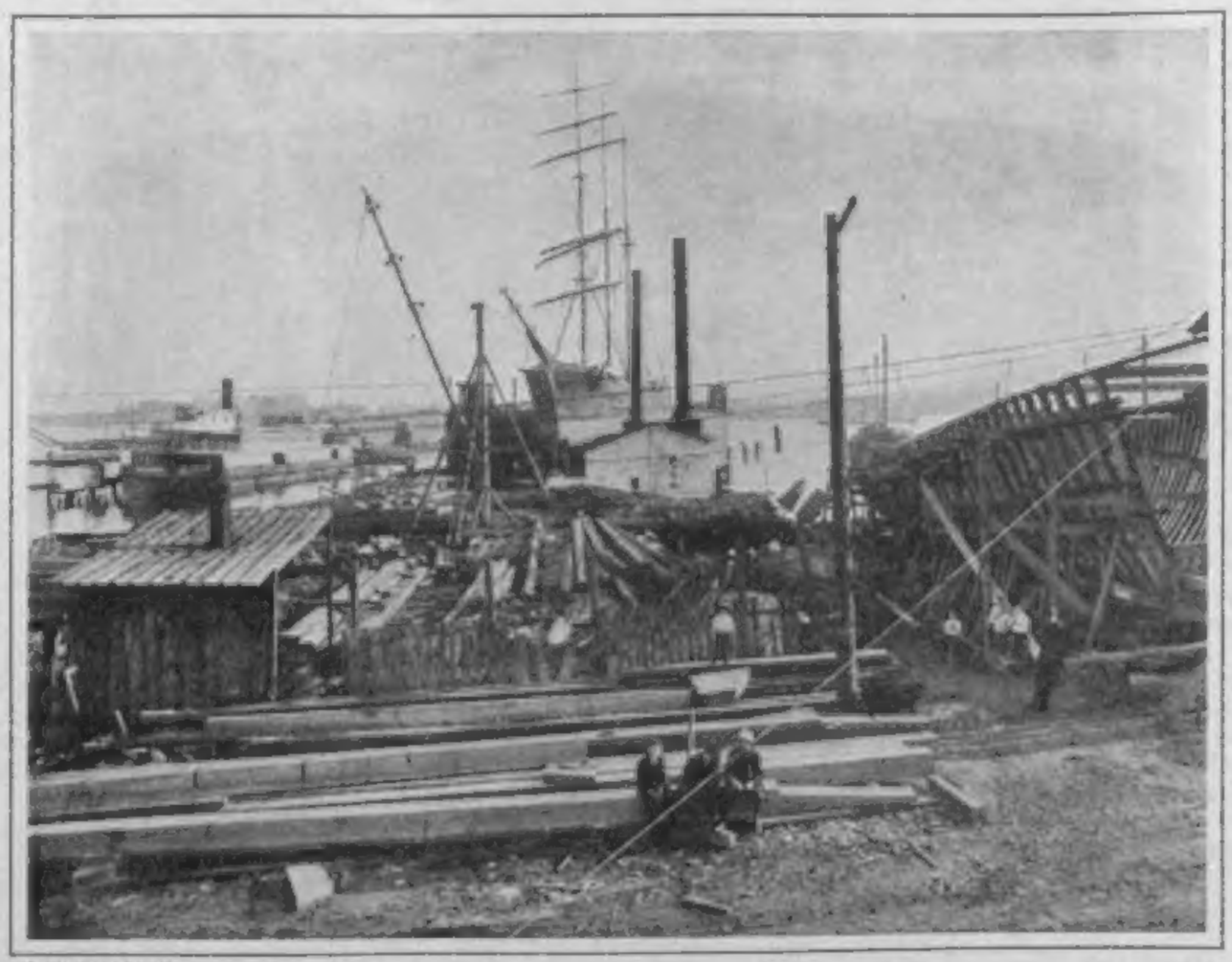


PHOTO. BY H. C. MANN

One of the Many Shipbuilding Yards in Norfolk, Virginia

and the Philippines. There is another line from the Atlantic to Hawaii; but sixty per cent of it is owned by a foreign railroad. Uncle Sam has the gateway, but practically he has no ships to go through it.

On the wharves of the Pacific and the Gulf lie heaped cargoes of flour for the Orient; cotton in an embargo, which there are no ships to carry without paying excess rates of three hundred per cent; steel, lumber, bridgework, bulk supplies—deteriorating on the docks for lack of ships. One year cotton went as low as four and five cents in America. They were paying fifteen and seventeen cents for that cotton in the Orient. Why did not Uncle Sam send it to the Orient? He had no ships; and he grinned imbecilely over the fact that nations with ships preferred to carry their own cotton; and when they carried his cotton they charged such an excess of marine insurance that the insurance risk on the ocean amounted to one-fourth of the freight.

All foreign vessels are today selling at an advance of seventy per cent in price over the cost a year ago; "and it is not expected"—says a well-known marine authority—"that there will be any downward movement."

Of shipowners in Cardiff one firm turned over a profit of two million dollars and a half on five hundred small vessels; another, a profit of one million and a half on three hundred vessels; another, a profit of one million and a half on twenty small steamers; and the average value of Cardiff vessels went up from eighty-five to one hundred and twenty per cent in 1912 alone. One small vessel made a clear profit of five hundred dollars a day on a trip to the Mediterranean for ninety days. P. & O. shares have gone up from one hundred pounds to four hundred and twenty-two pounds; Royal Mail, from seventy-one pounds to one hundred and fifty-five pounds; Manchester Line, from two pounds to nine pounds. In 1912 Manchester's ship canal earned five hundred thousand pounds, or two million five hundred thousand dollars, for the city—not to mention the gain in industries and freights.

A National Race for Coastal Trade

IN TWENTY years German shipyards have increased from seven small establishments to some thirty huge concerns, capable of turning out great ships of thirty thousand, forty thousand and fifty thousand tons. To keep up with Germany, in 1913 British yards will turn out two of the hugest fast Atlantic liners ever known on the seas; in fact, in their desperate rivalry for supremacy on the sea it has been announced that for every ship Germany launches from her yards England will build and launch two—men-of-war or merchantmen, it matters not. Indeed, if Germany can arrange with the American Government to supply capital for a line to come in on the United States coastal trade—the ships under the United States flag, of course—a German line of coasters will come in on the United States to feed foreign trade to German Atlantic liners.

View of the Docks at Pensacola, Florida, Which Is One of the Most Important Mahogany Ports in the United States

"It would be useless to deny," said a German authority on shipping matters, "that the prize for which European fleets are contending is the privilege of carrying United States commerce overseas." The value of this United States commerce is now four billion dollars a year. The lowest dividend paid in 1912 by the German Atlantic liners was seven per cent; the next ten per cent; the next fourteen per cent; and one went as high as twenty-five per cent. This disposes of the argument as to American capital refusing to be satisfied with small returns on investment. It must not be forgotten that it was Germany that sold ships to Spain in the Spanish War. It also must not be forgotten that the African War doubled freight rates on the Atlantic for American exporters.

Marine insurance rates are already high. As told before, on cotton they amount in places to almost one-third the cost of freight; on the Mississippi, for instance, where marine insurance is twenty cents a bale, the freight is seventy-five cents a bale. And marine insurance on American cargoes is to be raised fifteen per cent next year. Why not? Foreign nations do ninety per cent of the marine business. United States interests cannot protect themselves. Why not?

Nor is the great and untold shipping prosperity confined to foreign pools and ocean traffic. The Great Lakes are open to navigation only half the year. The Suez Canal during the twelve months of 1912 passed twenty-eight million tons of freight. According to most accurate and careful calculations, Panama during its first twelve months will pass ten million tons of freight. Yet the Soo in the six months of 1912 passed sixty million tons of freight. Now the cost of operation on the Great Lakes is the highest in the world and the wages paid seamen are the best in America; and the treatment accorded seamen is unparalleled. Yet the transportation there is the cheapest in the world—and, for its area, the greatest. This disposes of that other mossgrown argument that high wages kill a merchant marine.

Consider, too, what enormous builders of foreign trade ships may become! From being a mere tramp speculation in tropical fruits, the United Fruit Company has grown to a line of forty-four vessels—twenty ships built specially for it—employing thirty-seven thousand men; operating nearly a million acres in the tropics; bringing to United States ports almost two hundred million dollars of imports; expending two hundred thousand dollars a year in hospitals, treating sixty-three thousand patients in a year. But the United Fruit Company is barred from flying the American flag by Uncle Sam's navigation laws.

England has a naval reserve of thirty thousand active seamen—seventy-two thousand available seamen in case of war. Germany has a naval reserve of seventy-two thousand seamen. Uncle Sam needs thirty thousand men a year for his navy. Has he a naval reserve? Not much! He has thousands of desertions a year and scours inland towns for landlubber sailors.

It does not really matter what has caused the great shipping prosperity of modern days. That is really a subject for speculation. It may be we have reached that world brotherhood in commerce of which the poets sing. It may be that the pools and combines and trusts which we curse have really acted as great unifiers of trade the world over. It may be that the red lines of transportation belting the globe are going to act as the arteries of a great world heart for that universal brotherhood of man. The point is, while England, Germany, Japan, France, Italy—even backward Russia—are as busy in their shipyards as beehives; while every foreign nation is skimming the cream of world commerce in shipping wealth; while the Seven Seas have witnessed a revival only to be compared to the era following the discovery of the New World—Uncle Sam sits inert, imbecile, unconscious, sticking out a beggar's hat for a dime at Panama, when he should be playing the game—not for dimes, but for the billions of world commerce sweeping past his dead and rotting wharves.

The Lessons of a Hundred Years

THERE have been three stages in the history of the United States marine in the past. Its prosperity—then decline—then ruin. We are not good for more than a dozen ships on the high seas today. The decline dates from 1815. Will the rebirth date from 1915? Are we going to give Panama away to the world? We have a coastline of fifty-seven hundred miles—counting indentations, sixty-four thousand miles; and we have twenty-six thousand miles of navigable rivers. Why have we no ships but coasters?

As the manager of the Southern Pacific ships says: "There is a tremendous lot of windy enthusiasm about

Cotton-Shipping Scene. Galveston, Savannah and New Orleans Ship Half the Bulk of the Cotton of America

PHOTO. BY AVERY & POTTER, TACOMA, WASHINGTON

Tacoma, Washington. Showing Mile-Long String of Wheat Warehouses and Car-Storage Tracks

the American flag on the ocean; but there is not one single practical spark to merit the conflagration." It is not that there is a "conspiracy against United States commerce"—"to drive out United States trade." Get that idea out of your head! It is simply that the foreign nations are doing what Uncle Sam has not set himself to do. It is that Uncle Sam has been playing at sailing paper-boat policies, manned for the most part by tinsel rag-dolls, while other nations have carefully built up a constructive policy of ironclads, manned by iron hands—statesmen like the old chancellor or the new emperor.

When you ask what has caused the decline you are answered variously:

Our navigation laws, that seem to want to navigate and regulate everything out of existence.

The War of 1812, when one thousand five hundred and ninety-two of our clipper traders were captured and burned or sunk.

The Civil War, when eighty thousand tons of our ships—the days of small ships—were burned or sunk, and forty million dollars' worth of our ships sold to foreign nations to escape capture.

The abandonment of discriminatory duties giving favors to cargoes in American ships.

Our high protective tariff, making it difficult to obtain return cargoes.

Lack of free ships.

Our maritime treaties, giving the whole case away to foreign nations.

The use of iron and steel, which England perfected while this country was still in the throes of the Civil War.

The diversion of capital from the Atlantic seaboard to Western development.

Look at the list of reasons! There is probably some truth in each; but boil down all the reasons and you come to the one condensed, plain, forceful fact: Uncle Sam has had a heedless, headless, paper-boat, rag-doll, landlubber politician marine policy; Europe has had an iron-handed, forehanded, forward-looking, upward-building, ironclad marine policy. While Uncle Sam has slept heedless and fiddled away millions over harbors and canals—that no one uses—Europe has schemed, lying awake of nights, and built both harbors and ships to use them. In plain English the country without a marine in Europe gets licked. Uncle Sam does not believe he ever could or should be licked. He talks peace, forgetting there is no such thing as peace without a victory.

When you ask what will revive the marine you are answered as variously as when you asked what caused the decline:

Give us free ships like England—say the shippers and exporters. Let us buy our ships in the cheapest market and bring them in under the United States flag for both ocean and coastal trade.

Let us abolish our navigation laws, which regulate traffic to death and cause high cost of operation—say the shipowners.

Let us put shipping under interstate commerce regulation to abolish the pools and combines—say the radicals.

Let us divorce railroads and ships—say the Middle Westerners, who have felt the railroads crushing river lines out of existence.

Let railroads and ships coöperate and coördinate as to harbors and terminals and rates, as they do in Germany and Japan, so we can get more favorable rates—say the big exporters.

Let us abolish our marine treaties and restore differential duties favoring cargoes in United States ships—says one section of the shipbuilders.

No—says another section of the shipbuilders—let us have straight out-and-out subsidies—the same as England, same as Germany, same as France, same as Japan.

Let us take navigation affairs out of the hands of blundering politicians, who shift every four years and come new and green to the same old hard problems. Let us put navigation affairs in the hands of a permanent body of experts—as England was compelled to do with her Board of Trade in the middle of the nineteenth century. Let us have a body of experts, with authority by law to permit us to make or unmake a rate at a moment's notice.

In other words, give us a Department of Navigation—not just a Bureau—with the autocratic authority of the War Department or the Navy Department. It may be noticed here that it is not the politicians who make this request, but the big shipowners, foreign and domestic. "Tell us the law," they say; "but, for Great Neptune's sake, don't wabble and vacillate, and back and fill, and fool and befool! Put things so we'll know where we are at a moment's notice, without three years of a lawsuit and half a billion dollars as lawyers' fees." As the fable in slang says—"While there's life there's soap!" While there's pork there's politics! While there's graft there are grubs! The politicians will turn deaf ears to this demand.

One or two—they are very few; they are a voice crying in a wilderness; a still, small voice crying in a babel of demand for pap—one or two say frankly: "Let us quit being fools! Let us get together—shipper and ship and railroad; labor and capital; public and pools. While we waste effort fighting, the foreigner swipes the goods and the profits. It's like the swordfish and the whale. While the swordfish and the whale fight, the shark dives in and takes a meal. While the transportation companies fight the law courts, the foreigner jacks up rates three hundred per cent and absorbs every reduction the railroads give the public. In this case the public is undoubtedly the whale. We have spent millions on harbors and rivers that the railroads will not use—harbors killed, dead as a log of punk, by railroad rates! Let us get the railroads linked up with the waterways, as they are in Germany and Japan. We have strangled eighty million dollars' worth of canals. Let us revive them and get together, and beat the foreigner out on his vampire game of sucking all the profit out of United States foreign commerce!"

Amid the chorus of big voices sounding a remedy there are little strains worth heeding too:

"If the foreign insurance companies discriminate against American ships you cannot blame them! It is natural for Britons to favor British ships; and Germans, German; and French, French cargo-carriers. Let us get a system

(Continued on Page 36)

ADVENTURES UNDERGROUND

By Madge C. Jenison

DECORATION BY IRMA DÉRÉMEAUX

DIRECTLY opposite you a little person, with white-suède feet demurely crossed, sits dreaming against her mother's arm. Her pussy-willow eyes glitter black at the hearts. She has been to see Snow White. She has partaken of pink ice cream at a woman's restaurant. Life is a saturnalia.

A florid gentleman adding up net proceeds on the edge of his paper; Mademoiselle of the Latest Fashions, slim as a wafer, with gray covert spats, skirt slit up at the ankles, feathers in the shape of a little lyre on the front of her hat—you glimpsed her powder-puffing before the glass of the slot chewing-gum machine as the train came into her station; a pallid young machinist staring fixedly before him at some sobering thought; two Italian workmen fallen asleep, drunk with sun and air, their faces stung brick-red by the fresh winter winds; a vague lady pulling at her watch in the front of her blouse, while everybody opposite leans forward with the words smoking on their lips: "Madam, it is caught on a hook"; two Barnard girls with hands in their pockets, who have been picketing in the strike; a doctor with his bag; a messenger boy yawning against the middle door—messenger boys always come in at the middle door and lean against it; a little apprentice from one of the smart shops, with a big flowered box full of powder—it unrolls itself, this strip of life that faces you on the Subway, in a kind of ever-moving picture show. You feel sometimes, as you go up those breezy stairs, as if you had swallowed a film.

At times there are words with this parade of life, with its plot of which you never see the beginning or end.

"She had A in everything this month," says a voice beside you. "I told her if she were promoted I would give her a dime."

"What will she do with all that money?" The response has a quizzical note.

"She puts it in the bank." Rather deerlet—not the faintest whisper of humor. It must be strange to live for fifty years with a woman without any sense of humor!

Or it is an effervescing little person in a spangled dress, blowing in with three menfolks. The car fills with the odors of a spring meadow. She has been to a function. She said ar jole. The evening has been a triumphal one.

"I was so glad Mrs. Tewkington Cleves came up and spoke," she sparkles. "It means everything! I saw you talking to her, too, Kirby. I do hope you were nice to her."

Kirby growls under his mustache something short as an execution—not a social climber apparently.

"Oh, Kirby, you weren't horrid to Mrs. Tewkington Cleves!" she exclaims in crescendo, and sinks into gloom.

The whole circle of a New York day turns round in this rushing aorta of steel. In the black morning, still night, the forerunners of the world of work begin to come—engineers in the big buildings who must report at five o'clock; women who must clean before the buildings are opened; small marketmen going down to Little West Twelfth Street for green stuffs. At six, the unskilled ditch-diggers—picks and spades, shoes stained with mud, hands with broken nails. Factory workers follow close as seven comes and goes; shopgirls cleaning their shoes on their stockings; gentlemen with the distinguished floorwalker manner.

The procession grows sleeker—office men, quilldrivers, insurance, the law, the stock market—dignified as turtles, figures a sweeping curve in front, silk revers, youth going the same old way. High-school boys in plaid mackinaws mix with this last stately army, laying their heads together over a geometry or inquiring of each other when in the deuce Erasmus was born. By ten, the shoppers! The talk is all of things that go over the shoulder and down the back.

And then, about five, that host of those who have gone forth to gain and spend, to learn, to work, begins to pour into every entrance. To uptown flats, to downtown tenements; to boarding-house bedrooms, to university dormitories, to a woman waiting in the window and little heads dancing like summer stars, to tomato bisque, and auction bridge, and phonographs—and row, row, row—they all return.

By half past seven they are out again. The evening traffic is on: white gloves; white throats; *rouge de rouge*; little slippered feet; top hats of the latest block, smaller at the top. They go and come again. The cars grow almost empty. A few young roisterers, as they go along the street overhead, shout a song to the night sky "turning so quietly." The dead vast and middle of the night muffles the city for an hour. The world begins to wake, to go forth again—another day.

It is entertaining to think that there is not one of these travelers but the powers that be on lower Broadway take account of him. They know just how many of him will be out every hour, where he will come from and where he will go. About fourteen thousand people are delivered nightly at Times Square for the theaters. By the time you are laying off your wrap on the back of your seat and pronouncing upon the shoulders of the woman in front of you the central office knows that you are out; and when you make your express so promptly at Seventy-second Street on the way home it is because the central office knew you would be there and ordered it for you three hours before you take it.

The smart world does not much frequent the Subway.

"They aren't real rich people or they wouldn't go in the Subway; they'd motor down!"—a shopgirl at your elbow dismisses a rather resplendent party.

She is not to be duped by mere Russian sable and the blue light of diamonds. Occasionally a riding habit and crop going to Durand's, or velvet and pearl necklaces on their way to a picture show or to a lecture at the Colony Club; but for the most part it is modest people you face across those peopled aisles. I have often seen there, however, one personage of the very highest prestige—that busy little God of Love. He gets on at every station, flying his darts along the glances of bright eyes.

An excessively trim little person comes in at One Hundred and Fifty-eighth Street; behind her, masculinity of the successful young traveling-salesman sort. He breathes hotels. He unfolds his paper, but he does not begin on it. His eyes brighten as they remark his neighbor. Never were lawn ruches more crisp, gloves more white; never was blue serge more consummately pressed, a veil tied closer to a neater little profile. He stands watching her. She smiles and looks over his head. He moves nearer. Immediately he becomes one of those imperceptible sections of space through which one looks without the slightest inconvenience. He waits, with eyes upon her, considering her, trying to judge his field. She never really looks at him. Her eyes slide all over him—up his arm, across his tie, his chin, even his forehead; but never really meeting his eyes.

When matters go no farther he abandons the chase, opens his paper with a rustle and disappears behind the Sunday supplement. Then, immediately it is safe, she considers him carefully by points. For ten stations this parley goes on—all advances and retreats; but he is not intrepid enough, or she flies too timorous, or the time is too short. She trips off at her station, with eyes melting over him for the last time.

In high life this adventure of youth begins a little more in accordance with the proprieties. She sits halfway down the car on a bright Sunday, all white furs and blue velvet, dashing Charles Stuart, with a silver aigrette, boutonnière, feet tucked off to one side, delicate browned face, eyes yellow as a French wine—the "most refined sugar."

"Why, how do you do!" she says to a Gilded Youth who appears in the doorway. The manner and intonation are those of the young woman of fashion—so consciously unconscious, seeming so natural without being natural in any remaining detail—that is art! The Gilded Youth hesitates for an imperceptible second of time, then sweeps off his glittering hat. Whatever the youth of gold has not, he certainly has self-possession in carrying off an unexpected situation. Pendent on a strap, he tells her how glad he is to see her again—uncommon jolly luck—seems a lifetime or two!

"Have you seen the Blairs lately?" inquires Beauty, and gives him a view of her eyelashes.

The youth of gold is absolutely hipped. He tries to recollect any Blairs who have ever appeared on his most distant horizon. No; things have been too much to the merry—could not get round there—sorry, too—such a rum sort, the Blairs!

"When did you see them last?" he reconnoiters, working toward the light.

She went out only last week.

"Oh, yes! Yes," comments Gilded Youth, taking the seat left vacant beside her and pondering that word out with chin on cane. "Yes—I hope Mrs.—all of them—were all right."

"Well, Ostend never agrees with Mrs. Blair, you know. And we both liked it so much—didn't we?" The yellow eyes come to him beaming as a Southern twilight.

Like it! He dreams of it when he gets money from home.

"When did you get back?" asks Beauty, very much absorbed in her muff.

When Greek Meets Greek

THE Gilded Youth holds his breath. Back from where? Now when did he? Any way he moves may be ruin now. He takes a bold chance. "It is certainly not my fault that you do not know," he offers.

Beauty's cheeks take on a faint poppy-leaf flame.

"It was very wrong of you! Did you like Russia?" she says hurriedly.

The youth of gold breathes deep, beats up his brains hastily for information on Russia and tells, with a fine touch, another man's story of a droshky-driver in Moscow.

"Claude brought me in Monday morning," offers Beauty after a pause. "We were talking of you. He is very fond of you."

"Nice old crab—Claude!" comments the Gilded Youth, flushed with success.

Beauty glances at him interrogatively.

"You always gave him such large tips," she says.

The dialogue rocks thus uncertainly on its way. A gradual distress forms in Beauty's clear glance.

"You know—I am afraid"—she says at length, her eyebrows making a little peak—"that you are not the person I thought you were when I spoke to you."

The game is up, but even in the instant of disaster he retains the *savoir-faire* of the world of gold.

"It was tremendously nice of you all the same," he says pleadingly. "Tried to be—did my best—never tried harder to be another man. We must know some of the same people, you know ——"

You leave them adding up a comfortable list of acquaintances in common: "Oh, the Lefèvres, of course—do you know Geraldine Lefèvre?" It seems to have reached proportions that would carry off any irregularity.

The grand adventures of the Subway, however, are those you enter over other people's shoulders. You may not have been brought up to read over other people's shoulders. From earliest youth you may have been taught that this is one of the things one simply does not do; but insidiously, by slow degrees, this Subway poison enters your veins. You begin with the largest capitals, very politely—your eyes just brushing a page. It gets to be whole paragraphs of information. An accommodating gentleman fidgets as he waits for you to finish the column he knows you are reading.

"Perhaps you would prefer to take the paper yourself, madam," says a less urbane one.

It is never any comfort to remember oneself protesting: "But you know, sir, it really is amusing to think of a prime minister going to a banquet in an express van!"

It gets to be books. One memorable day ——

She was a youngish but not young woman, just beginning to grow stout. She had a nice mouth; golden hair, to which she had obviously not been born, and the manner of one who finds the "business of being a woman" sufficient vocation for one brief existence—just one hundred and sixty pounds of eternal feminine in a white velour turban and white polo coat too tight for her. She took the seat beside me.

As soon as she sat down she produced a letter from the meshbag on her wrist. It was one of those voluminous letters you can scarcely wrest out of the envelope—twelve pages of it; thick paper, large handwriting, about fifteen words to a page. He always wrote her twelve-page letters. The eyes of every woman across the aisle fastened upon her. He may have been any kind of a man. They may all have possessed far superior acquisitions in this field in their own right; but she was a woman to whom a man wrote twelve-page letters. They considered her in the light of this fact.

I glanced over at that page of the human heart, so near, written in such an exceptionally legible hand. Well, she was halfway down the second page before I joined her. It was not a letter with scenery. There was no color. There was no humor. It was comfortable after-dinner swagger. He told her that he was the best man the Acme Luster Paints Company had in the Middle Western circuit; that the firm said—and so on; that there was not a good-looking woman in Council Bluffs, Iowa; that he had been the hero of the cloth the night before in a little round; what he had said on several different occasions. I dare say he was generous, shook hands in a way that warmed your heart, and was a bit of a bounder.

She swam down page after page, with no other comment, I am sure, than the fundamental one that he was hers. The women across the aisle watched her. It was at the top of the last page that I lost forever the complacency of feeling myself a perfect lady. I had maintained until now a pretense of decorum; but she shifted a little in her seat. The beginning and end of a letter are the "cream of the correspondence." I had missed the beginning. The end I would have. I cast all delicacy to the winds. The faces across the aisle expressed a mingled horror and green envy. If they had bent upon me the glances of archangels it would not have deterred me then.

It went tapering off down the page. He was spinning along at the rate of sixty-five miles an hour, he said. He wished for her.

"I wish I had you here," the letter concluded in an outburst of graceful ardor. "I'd hug the daylights out of you." The signature—very large. She folded it up and returned it to the envelope, with a serene, glutted smile. That row of eyes opposite searched me!

"Tell us—that last page—was it really something unique?" they were still inquiring of me as I left the car.

The pickpockets are rather jaunty figures. Many of them the guards know by sight; but a guard cannot make an arrest. Some of these neat-handed adventurers grow very bold. They rag the man at the door as they come on—offer him a wager that they can dispatch their little piece of work before the next station is reached; or even that they can run it off within arm's length of him—and thrust his own watch and scarfpin into his hand with a laugh when they leave the car!

Artful Dodging on the Subway

"ONE of those fellows was making four thousand a year out of the Subway when we sent him up," a secret-service man at Bowling Green tells you pensively; "and he had a carpet factory over in Brooklyn that was paying him seven thousand a year more. Regular financier—looked like a Wall Street broker!"

A woman is the hardest nut the secret service has at present to crack. She is known as the Sleeper. The drowsy are the donators of her yearly budget. She is pretty. She is young and chic. She has, as the guards who know her by sight always remember, a nice voice—I suppose an excellent thing in pickpockets. There are twenty guards who recognize her as she goes in and out of the trains. No secret-service man can catch sight of her. She has a nose for them. *Cherchez la femme!*

The big watch-dog at Bowling Green tells the lingerer one story, to make all virtuous ladies shudder in their rocking-chairs: She was a solid respectable-enough-looking woman. She might have been the wife of a carpenter who was making good at contracting. When Officer Flynn clapped his hand on her shoulder she had just extracted a bullbook from the hip pocket of a stooped man who stood near her in the six-o'clock crush.

"You'll be missing something in your hip pocket, I'm thinking, sir," said Officer Flynn to the stooped man and gripped his catch firmly.

The stooped man stared. The people within hearing faced about to the scene. The culprit changed color and tried to shake off that disconcerting hand.

"I'll thank you to take off your hand, sir!" she said. "You're rough-handling a respectable woman. I'm his wife. I've always been telling him he'd lose his wages if he carried them in that hip pocket; and I just wanted to prove to him he would too."

She glared at the majesty of the law with the glare a well-set-up woman can command. The stooped man eyed her witheringly. *(Concluded on Page 46)*

BLIND MAN'S BUFF

An Episode in the Career of the Infallible Godahl, as Edited From the Notes of Oliver Armiston, His Creator

By FREDERICK IRVING ANDERSON

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

GODAHL, attend!" said that adept in smart crime to himself as he paused at the curb. "You think you are clever; but there goes your better."

He had to step into the street to make way for the crowd that overflowed the pavement—men and women, newsboys, even unhorsed actors leaving their pillars for the time for the passing sensation, the beginning of the homing matinée crowds—all elbowing for a place about a tall, slender man in black who, as he advanced, gently tapped a canepoint before him. What attracted the vortex, however, was not so much the man himself as the fact that he wore a black mask. The mask was impenetrable. People said he had no eyes. It was Malvino the Magician, born to eternal darkness. From a child, so the story went, his fingers had been schooled with the same cruel science they ply in Russia to educate the toes of their ballet dancers—until his fingers saw for him.

Head erect, shoulders squared, body poised with the precision of a skater—his handsome, clear-cut features, almost ghastly in contrast to the band of silk ribbon that covered the sockets where sight should have been—he advanced with military step in the cleared circle that ever revolved about him, his slender cane shooting out now and again with the flash of a rapier to tap-tap-tap on the flags. Why pay for an orchestra chair to witness his feats of legerdemain? Peopling silk hats with fecund families of rabbits, or even discovering a hogshead of boiling water in an innocent bystander's vest pocket, was as nothing to this theatric negotiation of Broadway in the rush hour of late Saturday afternoon. Malvino the Magician seemed oblivious to everything save the subtle impulses of that wand of a cane.

He stopped, suddenly alert to some immediate impression. The vague features relaxed; the teeth shone.

"Ah! Godahl, my friend!" he cried. He turned and advanced deliberately through the crowd that opened a path in front of him. Those wonderful hands reached out and touched Godahl on the arm, without hesitation as to direction.

Godahl could not repress a smile. Such a trick was worth a thousand dollars a week to the front of the house; and nobody knew better than the great Malvino the value of advertising. That was why he walked Broadway unattended twice a day.

When he spoke it was in French. "I am sickened of them all," he said, sweeping his cane in a circle to indicate the gaping crowd straining to catch his words. "See! We have at hand a public chauffeur with nothing better to do than to follow in the wake of the Great Malvino. Godahl, my friend, you are at leisure? Then we will enter."

The Door Swung Open—the Room Was Empty!

And Godahl, playing his cards with enjoyment and admiration as well, permitted the blind man to open the door and help him—Godahl, possessing five senses—into the cab; pleased doubly, indeed, to note that the magician had managed to steal his wallet in the brief contact. "To the park!" ordered Malvino, showing his teeth to the crowd as he shut the door.

Godahl had known Malvino first in Rome. The great of the earth gravitate toward each other. No one knew how great Godahl was except himself. He knew that he had never failed. No one knew how great Malvino was except Godahl. Once he had attempted to imitate Malvino and had almost failed. The functions of the third finger of his left hand lacked the wonderful coördination possessed by the magician. Malvino knew Godahl as an entertaining cosmopolitan, of which the world possesses far too few.

"I would exercise my Eng-lish," said the mask, "if you will be so good, my friend. Tell me—you know the lake shore in that city of Chicago?"

"As a book," said Godahl. "You are about to parade there—eh?"

"I am about to parade there," replied Malvino, imitating the accents of the other. "Therefore I would know it—as a book. Read it to me—slowly—page by page, my friend. I walk there shortly."

Godahl possessed, first of all, a marvelous faculty of visualizing. It was most necessary, almost as much so in fact for him in his profession as for Malvino in his—Malvino without eyes. In a matter-of-fact manner, like a mariner charting some dangerous channel, he plotted the great thoroughfare from the boulevard entrance to the Auditorium. The other listened attentively, recording every word. He had made use of Godahl in this way before and knew the value of that man's observations. Then suddenly, impatiently:

"One moment; there is another thing—of immediate need. The Pegasus Club? We are passing it at this moment—eh? You are one of the—what is it they say?—ah, yes, the fifty little millionaires—ha-ha!—yes?"

Godahl looked out of the window. Indeed, they were passing the club now. They had been proceeding slowly, turning this way and that, halted now and again or hurried on by traffic policemen, until now they were merely a helpless unit in the faltering tide of Fifth Avenue; it was past five in the evening and all uptown New York was on the move, afoot and awheel.

It was said of Malvino that he would suffer himself to be whirled round twenty times on being set down in some remote neighborhood of a strange city, and with the aid of his cane find his way back to his hotel with the surety of a pigeon. But even that faculty did not explain how he knew they were passing a certain building, the Pegasus Club, at this moment. Unless, thought Godahl—who was better pleased to study the other's methods than to ask questions—unless the sly fox had it recorded in his strange brain-map that carriage wheels rattled over cartracks a hundred yards below this point. Godahl smiled. It was simple after all.

"I perform for your club Tuesday night. One thousand dollars they will pay me—the monkey who sees without eyes! My friend, it is good to be a monkey, even for such as these, who—but ——" He paused and laid his hand on his companion's arm. "If I could but see the color that is called blue once! They tell me it is cool. They cannot make me feel how cool it is. You will go to sea with me next summer and tell me about it—eh? Will you not, my friend? But three of these—

There Was the Door, Indeed, by Which He Would Escape

what you call the fifty little millionaires—you will tell me why they are called that—three of these came to me in my hotel and would grasp my hand. And why not? I would grasp the hand of the devil himself if he but offered it. They are surprised. They would blindfold my poor eyes—my poor eyes, Godahl!—blindfold them again, and again offer me their hands—thinking Malvino a charlatan. Ha-ha! Again I must shake hands with them! One wears a ring, with a great greasy stone. See! I have it here with me. It is bottleglass. Yet would this barbarian wear it until I in pity took it from him."

Godahl burst into a laugh. So this was the thief! Colwell, one of the so-called fifty little millionaires who gave the Pegasus Club its savor—who exhibited their silk hats and ample bootsoles in the plate-glass windows every Sunday afternoon—had been crying over the loss of a ring-stone—a garish green affair for which he had paid hugely abroad.

"I am a marvelous man—eh, friend Godahl?"

"Indeed yes!" agreed the other, smiling.

"Malvino the Magician sought Godahl, his friend, this afternoon. Petroff—my manager—he walks ten steps behind me, in the crowd. He taps three times with his stick. Three steps to the right. Ha!—There is Godahl! The *canaille* applaud; even Godahl must smile. My friend, Tuesday night Petroff is too clumsy. You will be my manager; but you must be somewhere else."

"Indeed not!" cried Godahl warmly; and to himself: "What does he drive at?"

"Indeed yes!" said the blind man, laying his hand again on the other's arm. "I ask it of you. You will be in other places. If you but say yes you will take me to sea in June and tell me what is the color blue. Listen! First, Malvino will play the monkey. Then I am to be locked in a room for five minutes. At the end of five minutes, if I am gone, that which I have is mine—even to their wallets fat wallets like this one of yours, which I now return intact."

Godahl accepted the return of his wallet absent-mindedly.

"It is what Mr. Colwell calls a sporting proposition. See! I have it in writing. It is in addition to the one thousand dollars. That I already possess. Now these fifty little millionaires, friend Godahl—are they all like the three who come to me in my hotel? The one with the slippery stone in his ring—the stone that I have—that one had eight thousand dollars—forty thousand francs—in one wallet—in one-thousand-dollar notes. Does the American nation make new money especially for such as these? The notes were new, the imprint still crisp, like the face of my watch. Forty thousand francs in one wallet! I know, because I had the wallet as he talked. No, my friend. I have it not now. I put it back. Ha-ha! What? And there are fifty of them like that. I am to carry away what I can find! Godahl, it is told that the very servants of the club own rows of brick houses and buy consols at

correct times. But fifty little millionaires! And Malvino is to be locked in a room, alone! I have it in writing."

A passing street lamp looked in and caught Godahl in the act of blinking.

"Godahl, my friend, if you will tell me what I must know, then I will teach you what you wish to know. You wish to know many things—eh? I can tell, for I always feel your eyes when you are by. Tell me now, every inch of the way—play it is the lakefront in that city of Chicago."

Godahl chuckled. He did not love the fifty little millionaires. Those marvelous fingers! Malvino was playing with them in the air now in his earnestness. They could rob a poor-box! Godahl, smiling grimly, began to draw the map his friend desired. Three steps up from the street, then the first glass door. Inside, two vestibules. Past them, on the right, the smoking room and lounge, a log fire at each end. On the left the street parlor, a great table in the center, and heavy chairs, all upholstered—none far from the walls. Between the rooms, on the left wall, the electric-switch panel. Would he play with light and darkness? It would be as well to hold the secret of this panel. On the floors, deep carpets ——

"Deep carpets!" repeated the magician. "It is well I know. I do not like deep carpets. And this room, where I shall be left alone behind locked doors ——"

"It would have to be the cloakroom, on the left of the main entrance," said Godahl. Yes, that would be the only available room for such a test. No other rooms off the street parlor could be locked, as there were no doors. In this cloakroom there were two doors—one on the main corridor and one on the first vestibule. There was a small window, but it was not to be thought of for one of Malvino's girth. The doors were massive, of oak; and the locks—Godahl remembered the locks well, having had need to examine them on a recent occasion—were tumbler-locks. It would be rare business to see a man, even a magician, leave the cloakroom without help. And that, too, was in the bond—this sporting proposition.

"The locks have five tumblers," laughed Godahl, more and more amused.

"Let there be fifty!" whispered the other contemptuously. "Tell me, my observing friend—who counts the tumblers of a lock from the outside—do these doors open in or out?"

"In," said Godahl—and the long fingers closed on his wrist in a twinkling.

"In, you say?"

"In!" repeated Godahl; and he made a mental note to study the peculiar characteristics of doors that open in.

Malvino buried himself in his furs. The car sped on through the winding thoroughfares of the park, and Godahl fell to counting the revolving flashes of the gas-lamps as they rushed by.

"This is the one place in your great city where I find joy," said the blind man at length. "There are no staring crowds; I can pick my thoughts; and the pavements are glass. Outside of these walls your city is a rack that would torture me. Tell me, why is blue so cool? June will be too late for the Mediterranean. We will start before. If you will but tell me, friend Godahl, so that I can feel it, I will give you the half —— No! I will not. What is money to you? Are you quite sure about the doors opening in? Yes? That is good. Godahl, if I could see I think I would be like you—looking on and laughing. Let me tell you something of doors that open in —— What! We are traveling at an unlawful speed! Mistair Offiçaire—indeed, yes, the Great Malvino! Pity his poor eyes! Here is money falling from your hair! You are not a frugal man—so careless!"

The park policeman who had stopped them to warn them against speed stood staring at the crisp bill the blind man had plucked from his hair, as the taxicab sped forward again. Malvino directed the driver to his hotel through the speaking tube, and a few minutes later they were set down there. Godahl declined dinner with his queer friend.

"I have here your wallet once more, friend Godahl!" laughed the blind magician. "The fifty little millionaires! Ha-ha! You promise? You will not be there when I am there?"

"You have my stickpin," said Godahl. "I believe you are collecting bogus stones. That one is bogus, but it was thought to be a fine gift by a friend who is now dead."

The other, with evident disappointment, returned the pilfered stickpin. "You promise! You will not be there when I am there, my friend?"

Godahl held the blue-white hand in his own for a moment as they parted. "No; I promise you," he said; and he watched his queer friend away—Malvino erect, smiling, unfaltering in his fine stride, conscious to the last dregs of the interest he excited on all sides. He shunned the elevator and started up the broad marble stairs, his slender cane tap-tap-tapping, lighting the way for his confident tread.

Godahl dined at his club—looking on and laughing, as Malvino had said with a directness that rather startled the easy rogue into wakefulness. Godahl's career had defied innuendo; his was not an art, but a science, precise, infallible. But several times that afternoon in the somber shadows of their cab he had felt, with a strange thrill, that black impenetrable mask turn on him as though an inner vision lighted those darkened orbs.

Frankly he avoided afflicted persons in the pursuit of his trade, not because of compunctions, which troubled him not at all, but because a person lacking in any of the five senses was apt to be uncannily alert in some one of the remaining four. He was intensely a materialist, a gambler who pinned his faith to marked cards, never to superstition. He believed intuition largely a foolish fetish, except as actuated by the purely physical cravings; yet he recognized a strange clarity in the mental outlook of the afflicted that seemed unexplainable by any other means.

Malvino, too, played with marked cards. After all, magic is but the clever arrangement of properties. But why had Malvino picked him? Why had Malvino confided in him at all? There were a dozen other members of the Pegasus Club who would have served as well, so far as furnishing the business of the affair; who would have entered the game as a huge joke. To hold up the fifty little millionaires in their upholstered wallow would surely set the whole town by the ears. Something of the sort was needed to bring the ribald crew back to earth. But—thought Godahl—if the task were to be done he would much prefer to do it himself, not look on as a supernumerary.

Malvino, of course, was a thief. The only reason he did not practice his profession was that he found the business of playing the monkey paid better. Then, too, as a thief he must bury his talents; and there is nothing so sweet to the Latin as applause. Malvino could not keep his fingers quiet. Godahl had permitted himself to be stripped in their ride through sheer enjoyment of observation. There is nothing too small to be learned and learned well. Nevertheless it had irritated him to think that this master had whispered in his ear familiarly. It smacked too much of kinship. Godahl knew no kin!

As he swept the magnificent dining room with his eyes, however, he could not repress a chuckle of sheer delight. It would be a hundred-day jest. They all conformed pretty well to type—a type against which the finer sensibilities of Godahl revolted. In the beginning the Pegasus had been the coming together of a few kindred souls—modest, comfortable, homelike; a meeting-place of intellectual men who took their chiefest pleasure in the friction of ideas. In this way the organization had come to have a name, even among the many clubs of the city.

Godahl had adopted it as his home; and—he cynically paraphrased it—he might be without honor in his own country, but never in his own home. He had always been pleased to think that when he entered here he left the undesirable something outside, like the dust of his shoes on the doormat—not that he lacked the lust of the game or a conscious pride in that slick infallibility which had made him a prince for whom other men went poor. There are times and places for all things. And this had been home.

Until, one by one, this tribe had crept in, overturned traditions—substituted the brass of vulgar display for the gold of the fine communion they did not profess to understand, much less to practice. A newspaper wag had finally dubbed them the Club of the Fifty Little Millionaires, and the name had stuck. It happened that a handful of them had been brooded in the same coop, that of a copper king who had begun at the slagpile and ended in philanthropy. As the newcomers gained ascendency the old sect of friends gradually drifted away. The pace was too fast for them.

Every Eye Sought the Blind Face of the Performer

There was truth in what Malvino had said of the servants; and there is nothing quite so unappetizing as the contempt of those who serve one meat and drink. But Godahl, looking on and laughing, still preserved the habit of picking his meals here with discriminating taste—though now he was less particular about wiping his feet on the doormat than formerly. He even indulged in play occasionally, and while he played he listened to the talk about things worth knowing.

Tonight the talk was all Malvino—at the particular rubber where he chose to play. It was to be a rare occasion. True, they were to pay the magician roundly for the séance and had offered him, besides, a sporting proposition in the shape of a written permission to carry off all his fingers could lift, but they chose to interpret sport according to their own lights. Two centuries ago it was sport in merry England to tie a gamecock to a stump and shy brickbats at it. The game was conducted according to rules carefully worked out, and was popular with all concerned—except the gamecock.

Godahl at length, getting his fill, rose in disgust and passed out. At the corner the street lamp winked at him in its knowing way; and Godahl, forgetting the gorge that had risen in him, returned the wink, smiling.

Colwell, the master of ceremonies, was venturing to a chosen few that a certain faker would be ineligible for dates on a kerosene circuit in Arkansas before the evening was over, when the telephone boy brought him a message from the Victoria. Malvino had started, and was driving to avoid the inevitable crowd that dogged his steps.

The committee was giving a last touch to its properties—a camera and flashlight apparatus arranged behind a screen—when there came the familiar tap-tap-tapping of the cane on the marble steps. If the lilt of his gait were any criterion the mask was in fine fettle.

Continued on Page 42)

MR. JONES AND THE NOBILITY

By Dorothea Conyers

ILLUSTRATED BY STANLEY M. ARTHURS

MR. AMOS MOSENTHAL took up his speaking tube and looked down it; then he laid it down.

"Why," he began quite wrathfully—"Why, Samuel, should both our men be again away when there is something important to do? Why should it be Jones?"

"He managed wonderfully last time," said Mr. Samuel pleasantly.

"Managed—to land himself upon a roof—to murder two men!"

Mr. Samuel laid a large, plump hand on the table.

"He managed not to lose our stones!" he snapped emphatically. "He was faithful. There's a leakage of information out of this office, Amos. Jones says so. We know it. Harris was tracked on his last journey; and, clever fellow as he is, he had his bag snatched with a necklace in it. We cannot disappoint Sir Henry. The blue diamond is not every one's stone, as you know. And he has been after it for months."

"Can't see why he should not come here to see it!" growled Amos.

"He has explained." Samuel looked at the pages of a lengthy telegram. "His fiancée is at Critchley Court. He wants her to decide. Well! Send Mr. Jones here!" he sang down the tube.

Mr. Archibald Jones was sitting in the sunshine, waiting for some work he had sent for and dreaming of his flowers. Since, some three months before, he had been sent to Paris by the great diamond merchants and had carried through an important trust, his salary had been raised. And he was occasionally sent on journeys to shops in the country towns.

The increase of salary had made possible the erecting of a ready-made greenhouse in a corner of the back garden, where various geraniums and other plants strove manfully to preserve existence under the lash of varied advices from the gardening papers.

For a week they would wilt and languish without a breath of air, because Mr. Jones had read in Planting that drafts were injurious. Then, in a cold snap of wind and rain, their outraged leaves tossed between open sashes, because The Planter said air—above all things, air! But they lived and occasionally flowered, enduring overwatering and dry earth and patent foods and the too constant attention of Mr. Jones.

When the greenhouse arrived and Mr. Jones had seen it bolted together in an ecstasy, he talked of putting a vine there; of growing cucumbers and melons and tomatoes, chrysanthemums, palms and ferns—all together. He thought a crop of melons would pay for the house, and was at present nursing two precious seedlings under broken tumblers, watching their pallid efforts for life without heat.

"I shall enter for a few shows," thought little Mr. Jones happily. "There is nothing like glass! I trust Anna has opened the greenhouse windows today; washing hours make her dreadfully forgetful. I ——"

"Mr. Jones," said the junior clerk, "Mr. Mosenthal wants you."

A dark man in a corner seat looked up quickly. His desk was close to the wall leading into the partners' office. Grant wrote on, but with his head inclined to the wall. Mr. Jones went nervously.

"One never knows what they may want me to do!" he murmured to himself. "They know now how able I am, and I have no desire to be obliged again to be peremptory." Here he shuddered at the memory of two quiet people lying out on the roof of an attic in Paris.

Mr. Samuel smiled at him. He remarked almost amiably that he had an important commission to be carried through.

"And, though you're not—er—brilliant, there's stuff in you, Jones!" he snapped out. "You can do as you are told."

He unfolded his wishes. A certain Sir Henry Critchley had for some months been writing about a great blue diamond, which the firm had purchased at Christie's. Sir Henry had missed the sale; he wanted the stone to hang as a pendant from a lesser circle of blue diamonds. He had offered a certain sum and his offer had been declined. He had thrown out hints of increasing it on his return. Now they had a long telegram from Sir Henry. He was at Critchley Hall for two days; he wished to see the stone; and he was sure he would purchase it. He had rung them up from Dover to explain that he could not get to London, and that his fiancée, Lady Evelyn Martin, would be at Critchley. The buying of the stone depended upon her. If they could send it down by special messenger he would decide at once.

Mr. Jones listened attentively. He watched the unlocking of a safe and a great blue stone being laid on the table, where it winked and scintillated in the sunshine.

"Is it quite wise, sir?" said Mr. Jones timidly. "It's so exceedingly valuable!"

Mr. Amos crushed his servitor promptly.

"No one will suspect us of sending you with it," he said sharply. "And I don't believe in detectives. Sir Henry is a well-known collector, and this is our first deal with him. He owns the Maxwell beryl, the Saracina black pearls, the Trent cat's-eye. He is too valuable to miss. You will start by the eight-forty-five from Euston, slipping off there quietly. You will, no doubt, be met at Henterley Station, and you will name a price and stick to it."

"The payment?" questioned Jones—"if he keeps the stone."

Here Mr. Amos muttered something about fools. Sir Henry Critchley's check, it appeared, was enough.

"But if he does not buy, bring back the stone immediately!" said Mr. Samuel. "Remember, Jones, we rely on you and trust you. You can take this day off," he added. "It's fine outside."

Mr. Jones went back to his desk and got his hat. Grant, the dark young fellow in the corner, was writing busily and smiling over his work.

"Enthusiasm! Sure to get on!" said Jones to himself.

Little Mr. Jones went out into the sunlit streets. He paused to look in at the windows of Mosenthals'—to peer proudly through the grille at the treasures on the velvet rests—here a string of pearls, lustrous, exquisite, flung carelessly by a diamond pendant, which winked brazenly at the passers-by.

Wealthy people passed in and out. One never knew what treasure the Mosenthals might have secured. It was a shop with background—with the upstairs, where the great unset stones waited for millionaire purchasers.

"Our firm!" said Mr. Jones as he wandered up to a florist's shop in Bond Street, where sheaves of roses and carnations glowed behind the glass, mixed with bowls of huge sweet peas. Mr. Jones thought he would now turn his attention to carnations. They were quite beautiful. "They do not require heat," he remarked to himself; and then he went home.

His Anna was ironing pocket handkerchiefs and scolding her maid of all work—another product of the increased salary. Mr. Jones explained mildly that he was obliged to leave London next day to do an errand for the firm. When asked where to he said to Chester, hoping that devotion to his firm might excuse the lie. Then he went to the greenhouse, shut three windows and opened three others; sympathized sadly with a maidenhair fern, which was dying in a gale of hot air, and slipped to his room.

He took out a cheap bulldog revolver, looking at it distastefully.

"But I ought not to blame the little weapon," said Mr. Jones. "It could not help the unerring finger that pressed its trigger."

Mr. Jones decided that he had better not take the pistol to an English mansion. And he went out to sow more seeds in the sweet-pea boxes.

Next morning he drove in a bus to the big house in Grosvenor Square, where Samuel Mosenthal lived, received a small and unostentatious-looking box, and took a taxi on to Euston.

His journey was uneventful. He eschewed conversations with strangers, and traveled third with the most blameless-looking people he could find. One of them carried a bunch of fine geraniums and mignonette, but Mr. Jones preserved regretful silence and asked no questions as to culture; he remembered his first experience.

When the train slid into Henterley he got out quietly into the peace of a sunlit autumn day. A tall, fair man hurried to meet him.

"Are you the messenger from Mosenthals'? Yes? I've come myself to meet you. I've hired a car. Bustle along!"

Mr. Jones bustled. Sir Henry Critchley was well set up, rather youthful and decidedly too well dressed. Mr. Jones noticed with distress what shocking care he had taken of his hands!

A jerky, noisy car throbbed and labored along dusty roads until it battered up the avenue at Critchley Hall. Here Mr. Jones was surprised to see shuttered windows, drawn blinds—a general air of emptiness.

"Nothing ready here yet," Sir Henry leaped from the car. "House hardly open. This way. Hurry!"

Mr. Jones hurried—regretfully, because the roses growing against the terrace were still in bloom. He wondered if he might pick one. Sir Henry led him at a positive gallop into a narrow back room, a small office, with some papers and measurements on a desk.

"The stone!" said Sir Henry sharply.

Archibald Jones was exceedingly nervous—not for himself, but for that glorious brilliant thing he carried in his pocket. Very slowly he brought it out, undid the firm's sealing, laid it on the table. It shot out rays of blue and pink and white; it lay still, but almost baleful in its splendor.

"Ah-h!" said Sir Henry. "Ah-h-h!"

Mr. Jones stood respectfully by his diamond and wished the roses were not in sight.

Escape Was All the Little Man Thought Of

Sir Henry Grew Suddenly Very White

"A moment!" said Sir Henry, going into the next room.

"He has gone to fetch the Lady Evelyn," said Mr. Jones, who thought he would like to speak to an earl's daughter.

Sir Henry returned alone. He lifted and fingered the stone eagerly, his fingers working a little.

"How much?" he said at last.

Mr. Jones murmured "Forty thousand" pleasantly.

Sir Henry offered twenty-five—thirty—thirty-two. No more. He raged up and down the room, holding the stone lovingly.

Mr. Jones regretted he had no power to reduce the price. He was feeling more comfortable now and less nervous.

Some one knocked sharply at the door. An old lady in black looked in.

"Lake your luncheon, Mr. Henry," she said, "now or later? Oh, the assistant from London! Mr. Baker will come up this evening about the measurements you want."

"I'll lunch later," said Sir Henry very civilly.

Mr. Jones thought the housekeeper was too familiar in her manner. No doubt an old nurse. Sir Henry turned his back on Mr. Jones, but the little man was careful to watch the diamond. Then the baronet came to the table and handed the stone back.

"It's no use," he said impatiently. "I'll come to London. See Mosenthal! I can't spring to such a price and I can't lose it. You can catch the early train now. Come, bustle!"

Mr. Jones bustled—very sadly; for he thought he might have been offered refreshments. He sealed the blue diamond in the box and replaced it in his breast pocket; he scurried through the side door and got into the car.

Had he heard a conversation between Sir Henry and a friend of his, he would have wondered greatly.

"Seems to me dangerous," said the friend.

Sir Henry laughed gayly.

"You'd have liked me to commit robbery, eh?" he said. "Why, it's all managed now, and he'll never be washed clear of blame. I'll travel up by the fast train, you see, quite boldly. He sealed up the box here. And I'll go straight to Mosenthals'. We should arrive together."

The instability of motor tires caused Mr. Jones to blight this plan and miss his train. Without thought of ill he wired to the firm in code, and got tea and buns; he was exceedingly hungry. He heard casually that he had done no harm, as the train which he ought to have caught only reached Euston ten minutes before the next. So he waited patiently. He weighed himself, got a piece of chocolate and bought some penny papers. And then he was annoyed to observe a crowd of excursionists pour into the station. They were young women, belonging to some society. They filled the third-class carriages. Mr. Jones had been given first-class expenses. He decided to pay the difference. He was counting out silver to the collector when, to his surprise, Sir Henry Critchley ran down the platform and jumped into his carriage.

Mr. Jones was at the corridor side. He hesitated, feeling it might be presumptuous to travel with a baronet. Sir Henry said something to his porter thickly; he was rather palpably drunk.

"Shocking!" said Jones, stepping into the corridor.

The train slid away. The little city man stood looking at green fields and quiet silver streams; at hedges touched already by autumn's red fingers. He longed for one of these tiny houses, with gardens full of gay flowers in front of them.

"The cats and the soot are so trying!" said Archibald Jones aloud.

Then he turned round. His penny papers were in the carriage he had left. He turned, and—his heart thumped sickeningly and seemed to stop.

Sir Henry, flushed and drunk, was bending over a small box laid on his knees; from it streamed rays of pink and blue and whitey-green, flashes from the glorious eyes of the blue diamond.

Mr. Jones' knees knocked together; his throat grew dry. He had been robbed! He had shut up an empty box. He had proved himself a worthless, untrustworthy fool! The rise of salary, the little greenhouse, would be things of the past. The anguish that filled him was keen as death. He stood in blank, dumb misery, watching the rays of his trust flash from the knee of the half-inebriated thief.

With a laugh Sir Henry put in the diamond and thrust the box into his breast pocket; he yawned; his head lolled forward as he dropped into a heavy, drunken sleep.

A coldly heavy voice rang in the little man's ears:

"Bring the stone back, Jones. Remember, we trust you."

Trusted him! And he had been fooled by a trick. He could have sworn he had put in the diamond. Something was in, for the box was heavy.

Inspiration flashed down the rocking corridor. Sir Henry was not sober; he would sleep soundly. It was up to Mosenthals' messenger to retrieve his blundering folly. Quite quietly his mind made up, but with icy fingers and beating heart, Jones walked back into the carriage, drew down the blinds on the corridor side and looked at the sleeping man.

"For the firm!" said Mr. Jones plaintively, but very firmly, as he slipped deft fingers inside Sir Henry's coat.

A reek of whisky met him; the sleeping man stirred and muttered. Still quietly, Jones opened the box and took out the diamond, replacing the box, but weighting it first with some pennies, with wool between them to prevent a rattle. Then, with the great blue stone once again in his charge, some fascination kept him staring at the flushed young man. The train rushed Londonward swiftly. Little Jones slipped up the blinds and sat down to collect his papers.

"These are the small things that foolish people neglect," he observed aloud. "He'll sleep for half an hour yet. When did he do it, and what is in my box?" murmured Jones. "I could 'ave sworn ——" Here he reproached himself bitterly for having dropped an "h," and lighted a cigarette at ten a penny.

He took out his own box, oblivious of his danger; he opened it quickly, meaning to lay the blue diamond back upon the firm's cotton wool.

"I—I shall get heart disease if this goes on," said Jones weakly.

For there, in its nest, lay the blue diamond! What had he done? He, not Sir Henry Critchley, was a thief. He, Archibald Jones, lawful husband to Anna, churchwarden, clerk to the Mosenthals, had robbed a slumbering baronet of another blue diamond. What more natural than a great collector's having blue diamonds—pink, green, purple? Why had he jumped to conclusions? Jones felt cold perspiration ooze clammily from his forehead; his hands shook; his heart beat in thumps. He was a thief, a busybody, a fool—and, above all, a criminal! For years he had smacked his lips in horror over the law reports; he had remarked to Anna, his spouse, that these men in the dock ought to be in asylums, since assuredly the sane would not commit crime; and now ——

Sir Henry Critchley stretched himself as he began to wake.

Mr. Jones hid his face behind Tit-Bits and groaned. Was discovery upon him? The baronet rapped his breast pocket a little nervously, felt the box there and lounged out of the carriage. It was a restaurant train. Sir Henry, now sober, asked his way to the luncheon car.

Archibald Jones was as a child lost in the wastes of terror; his mind turned to the superior intelligence of his employers. He must get to them and confess before he was arrested. He must return his charge, and then—he thought drearily of the bulldog revolver. "I shoot so well I should kill myself quite quickly," said Mr. Jones with pitiful satisfaction.

The vacuum brakes gripped softly, checking the momentum of the train; they ran into Willesden. Escape was all the little man thought of; he tripped hurriedly on to the platform; he slipped and rushed through the crowd, seriously deranging several matrons with parcels; he thrust his ticket into the hands of an official, and his pallid glance toward the station policeman was piteous in its fear.

Willesden lies far away from the great firm of Mosenthal & Company, but a passing tram took Mr. Jones on his way. Wedged in a far corner of it, he watched for avenging taxis filled with police to come smoking in its wake.

The mockery of suburban gardens passed; they ran into busier streets. Mr. Jones spied a taxi putting down a fare. He fell out of the tram at a gallop, oblivious of the crushed feet he left to ache; he spurned the conductor to one side and leaped for the cab.

He overheard some one say casually: "Ivy wouldn't grow on that little bloke!" And some one else who had a corn remarked bitterly that Jones looked like a murderer.

"Mosenthal & Co., Bond Street," yelped Mr. Jones to the driver; "and five shillings for yourself if you make her hum."

The chauffeur, pulling in his clutch, suggested sarcastically that, with forty shillings or a month thrown in, he might make a good thing of it. He looked curiously at Mr. Jones' face.

"Is it a police job?" he said, leaning back with the brake still on.

"It will be if you don't move!" thundered Mr. Jones, regretting the bulldog and turning green with fear. "Oh, get on—please, man!"

Police job! He grew cold all over. London, his enemy, flitted by—policed, lawful, unforgiving to the offender. Every clumping constable was a menace; every following taxi a pursuer. Mosenthal the mighty might beg him off, might plead for him.

It seemed hours before the shop behind the grille of iron was reached. Little Mr. Jones trembled too much to think; he flung the man a sovereign and rushed through the shop and up the private staircase instead of going on to the side door. He ran to the door of the Mosenthals' sanctuary and knocked.

"Come in!" said Mr. Samuel.

The diamond merchant was looking at a cable in his hands, looking with an expression of repressed fury. He positively jumped as Jones ran in.

"You need not tell me!" he thundered. "Of course, being you, it's over. Here, man—hold up!" For little Mr. Jones collapsed on to some specimen designs and sat there gasping.

As he gasped he talked in piteous jerks. Had he watched closely he would have seen the cloud clearing from Samuel Mosenthal's clever face. He would have seen a curious light come into his eyes.

"So—you robbed him!" said Samuel slowly. "Yes, the stone! Give it to me."

Mr. Jones pulled out the once-sealed box and laid it on the table. Mosenthal undid it to see the blue diamond flashing on its bed of cotton wool. Then, nigh to tears, little Jones pulled the second diamond from his pocket and put it by the other. *(Concluded on Page 34)*

He Could Have Sworn He Had Put In the Diamond

THE WHISTLING MAN

By MAXIMILIAN FOSTER

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

"Without Fail Come to My House Tomorrow!"

XV

THE hours of that night, though each was pregnant with some eventful happening, Craig could recall afterward only as one recalls the haphazard vagaries of a dream. There was fixed in his mind, though, one graphic detail of the moment that neither time nor all else ever would efface. It was his remembrance of old Adair, the pictured vision of the man lying huddled in his chair, his face empurpled and breathing stertorously, while hovering over him his daughter raised her head, her eyes fastened accusingly on Craig.

His ears still rang with what she'd whispered: "You cheat! You coward!" and its sting drove him like a spur.

Out in the hall Hilda Gawtry laid a restraining hand on Craig's arm, but he hardly heeded her.

"No, let me go!" he cried harshly. "Let me go, I say!"

Then, making for the door, he plunged headlong into the darkness outside. Whimpering to himself with rage he sped along through the gardens.

The signal, twice whistled shrilly, each time had come from the upper terraces, a point abreast of the living room's opened window, near which old Adair had sat. To reach it, should one keep to the paths between the hedges, meant a wide détour. But Craig did not keep to the paths. With his jaw set, with the rage in him blazing like a brand, he tore his way through the hedge beside him, and leaping the next in his stride, crashed onward through the garden's banks of frail and costly shrubbery. Again and again in the night's pitmirk darkness the limbs and branches raked his face like claws; and racing along, he tripped and stumbled, too, blundering like a drunken man, once sprawling headlong with a crash that shook the breath from him. Not even this, though, could halt him; and scrambling to his feet he plowed onward, his eyes on the alert. Then as he turned the corner of the house he saw Freest—saw, that is, the Whistling Man, whoever he might be.

He was running swiftly, racing like a shadow far down at the garden's other end. At Craig's shout—an involuntary cry of rage—the man halted though, and, for an instant turning as if to see who it was that pursued, he then plunged abruptly into the wall of darkness beyond. Craig had only the briefest glimpse of him. In that glimpse, however, he had noted something that struck him with astonishment.

The Whistling Man this time was in evening dress!

Running fiercely Craig pursued. At helter-skelter speed he burst his way through the last of the intervening hedges, and racing to the terrace edge he stared down the slope below. But it was all empty!

Freest had flown—either Freest or his fellow. In the brief interval of Craig's coming the absurd and grotesque Whistling Man, whoever he had been, had gone, as effectually disappearing as if he'd taken wings into the night. Consumed with his rage, Craig returned slowly to the house.

Already out in front the driveway was astir with motors, while in the hall the guests were crowding, their faces shocked and white. There would be no dinner, of course. As Craig reached the door Mrs. Belden emerged, her eyes wide and glittering curiously. A motor was standing at the step, and she was just entering it when she saw him. "Mr. Craig! Mr. Craig!" she called swiftly, and halting mechanically he waited as she came gliding toward him. "Listen!" she said hurriedly, her manner guarded, "I want to see you, Mr. Craig! Without fail come to my house tomorrow! Any one will show you the place. And don't fail—don't, do you hear? It is imperative!" Then with an abrupt movement, a signal cautioning silence, she left him, hurriedly entering her car. A moment later the motor, purring softly, sped swiftly away into the darkness, its tail lamp gleaming red in the night.

Craig with a mutter of astonishment made his way into the hall.

All was confusion. Mrs. Gawtry, her lymphatic features displaying a bored resignation rather than any other more human emotion, was bidding her guests good night, uttering to each a set apology as if what had occurred was in a measure a reproach upon herself as hostess. A sudden hush, followed by a gasp, hailed Craig at his entrance. It was perhaps not without reason. One arm of his evening coat was torn almost off, his knees and elbows were stained with garden loam, while under his eye a deep scratch had already begun to bleed profusely.

"Why, Mr. Craig!" cried Mrs. Gawtry, and she gaped.

Craig, however, though he was by no means rude, gave little heed to either her interest or her excitement.

"Where is Mr. Gawtry?" he demanded; and when Mrs. Gawtry, stiffening somewhat at his manner, silently indicated the living room, Craig as silently turned away from her. Then as he laid his hand on the knob of the living-room door the door was opened from inside. Hilda Gawtry confronted him.

"Hush!" she said as Craig strove to speak; and coming into the hall she closed the door behind her. "You mustn't go in there, Mr. Craig!"

He hardly heard her.

"Why not?" he mumbled; and oblivious of the guests that stood by, he tried to brush in past the girl.

Hilda Gawtry laid her hand appealingly on his arm. "Don't!" she said gently, her voice guarded too. "Please! Can't you understand that you mustn't?"

Craig deeply drew in his breath, his jaw set fiercely but his eyes showing his trouble. "I want to see Mary Adair!" he said; and Hilda Gawtry, her own deep orbs as troubled as his, again touched him pityingly on the arm.

"Why do you make me hurt you, Mr. Craig?" she asked. "She says she doesn't wish to see you! She said so particularly!" Then while Craig gazed at her, his face white, more dismal even than before, she appealed to him a second time. "Please! Won't you please go?" she pleaded.

"She won't see me? Why?" demanded Craig, his voice harsh; and for a moment she gazed at him.

"Must you make me say it?" she asked; and Craig having nodded stubbornly, she drew a little breath.

"She says you've killed her father, Mr. Craig! You knew that, didn't you?"

"Good Lord!" cried Craig, and the breath left him shrilly, expelled in a horrified gasp. "Is he dead?"

"No," said Hilda Gawtry; "but he is dying!"

Then, giving him no opportunity to dispute with her, she added swiftly: "You must go to your room, Mr. Craig! Look, all your clothes are torn and you are cut and bleeding too! Go now, won't you, please?"

Craig looked round him. The last few of the guests, all with wellbred discretion, had moved away, and with them had gone Mrs. Gawtry. A sudden harshness, a feeling of grim and rancorous resentment, arose suddenly in his heart. Again through no fault of his he found himself not only branded a pariah, but scourged like one besides! It filled his gorge with rage, an anger all the more fierce because he felt himself so helpless. If only he knew whom he had to fight! He didn't, though, and that was the trouble.

He could only suspect. Turning back to Hilda Gawtry he spoke, and when she heard his voice she started. Its tone was like steel.

"I'm going, Miss Gawtry. I want to get back to New York tonight. Before I go, though, I want to see your father. Have him told, please! I'll wait in my room till I see him." Then he turned toward the stairs.

Before he could go, though, she swiftly stopped him.

"Why," she exclaimed, her eyes frightened, "is something wrong—something else, I mean?"

Craig bluntly told her.

"I've been robbed, Miss Gawtry! All I have has been taken—purse, sleevelinks, scarfpins, everything! That was only a ruse, though, you understand," Craig added deliberately. "They got all my papers too—what they really wanted, you know!" Then with his eyes on hers he asked quietly: "You tell your father, won't you? I've got to see him before I go."

Afterward, with a quiet smile, he turned and walked slowly up the stairs. At the top landing he turned and looked back. It was as he had surmised.

Hilda Gawtry, her face white and drawn, was gazing after him, her eyes fastened on his with a close, burning intensity, a look of unqualified terror.

XVI

BARR, the hatchet-faced, was flitting about the upper hall as Craig ascended the stairs. At the guest's appearance—Craig's earth-stained, disheveled garments and the cut upon his cheek—Barr for once grew voluble.

"Ow, I say, sir!" he ejaculated in his clipping, sing-song English; "no one's bashed you, sir, 'as they, sir?"

With a shake of his head, an equally brief wave of the hand, Craig got rid of the fellow. In Barr's smugness, his sleek, despicable self-abasement, there was something meaner, more degraded, than one would expect even from an English manservant. It not only disgusted Craig to have the fellow near him, but, moreover, while Barr was about the man gave him the nagging, indefinable feeling that he was there to watch, to spy upon him.

As to the man's honesty, though—the question, that is, whether Barr was or was not the thief—that was quite another matter. Craig thought not.

As He Looked Down Craig Felt a Sudden Unconquerable Pity

In the first place, why should Barr, with all the other opportunities the house offered for loot, risk detection, perhaps imprisonment, by pilfering so paltry a hoard as Craig's? Then, again, what petty pilferer would burden himself with such useless booty as papers?

There was but one person who would have taken that statement, and who he was Craig had already decided that he knew.

It was his host, Gawtry!

There was no possible reason to doubt it. If it were not Gawtry, then why Hilda Gawtry's obvious terror just now when Craig had insisted on seeing him? Again, too, were not Gawtry's own actions as significant? There was his insistence on at once having Craig as his guest. There was also his insistence on going to the wharf for Craig's luggage—his demand afterward that Craig should let him have his trunk keys. All this, however, was but petty compared to the real crux, the real kernel of all that rested upon it. Why had Gawtry wanted the papers? Why, too, had he feared Craig, as evidently he did fear him? More than that, why had his daughters as well shown the same settled terror of their guest? And that their terror had been real none could in the least dispute. Obsessed by it, in fact, one daughter had done her best to cajole him, while the other, less subtle perhaps, but not less determined, had sought to rid themselves of him even to the extent of risking her life in the effort.

Why?

It was as plain to Craig as the nose upon his face that Gawtry was implicated to the same extent as Adair in that crime of twenty years before. The man was not only protecting Adair, he was protecting himself besides. What's more, he was in terror of his life!

But there Craig shrugged. Why muddle his wits any more? Until he had collared Freest—either him, that is, or the man that simulated him—he was convinced the mystery would still remain a mystery. There was the solution. Find Freest and ——

A little gasp escaped Craig; and coming abruptly to a standstill, with widening eyes he peered guardedly about him. He had just been struck by the feeling that he was not alone in that room, and for an instant his flesh crawled. Then, pulling himself together, he held his breath and listened.

There was some one standing closely pressed against the door; and reaching out his hand he stealthily turned the knob, with a sudden jerk flinging it wide open. Then he gaped.

Hilda Gawtry stood there, quietly looking up at him! Her face was still white, still pale and drawn, but all its terror had gone. It was now quiet and wistful. At Craig's exclamation she laid a finger warningly on her lips.

"Hush!" she whispered. "Barr is in the hall! He must not know I'm in here."

Then with her eyes on his she advanced into the suite's sitting room, and halting by the center table laid down a little packet. Craig gasped as he saw it.

"There are your things," she said evenly, almost impassively. "I've brought them all back to you, Mr. Craig; your money, your trinkets, all your papers too! Nothing is missing."

"My soul!" he ejaculated, astounded. "Where did you get them?"

She smiled at him wearily.

"It was I that took them," she answered.

"You?" he cried, all the more astounded.

"Yes, Mr. Craig," she signed, smiling weakly. "It wasn't father, as you thought. It was I." Then she wet her lips, evidently nerving herself for what she had to confess. "I took them while you were downstairs. Then I grew ashamed. When I saw you talking to Mary Adair it swept over me what I'd think of her if she'd done a thing like that. Right there I made up my mind she'd never have the best of me like that. If she could play fair I could play fair too! There!" she exclaimed, breathing swiftly through her stubbornly clenched teeth. "There! That's why I brought them back! Now take them!"

If Craig had been startled before he was now stupefied. His ill-concealed astonishment, however, seemed somehow to anger her.

"Why do you wonder?" she asked, her eye quickening, a little touch of color rising in her cheek. "Why? If I've confessed when I might safely have held my tongue, do you think me foolish?" She paused for a moment, studying him. "Foolish—or brazen?" she inquired.

He did not attempt to reply.

There was a little catch in her voice when she spoke again. "Ah, if you only knew! If you only knew!" she murmured, making with her slender hands a little gesture of helplessness, an appeal. "You don't know, Mr. Craig, all I've had to carry!"

A growing sense of sympathy for her, of regret, too, slowly crept over Craig. "Miss Gawtry," he asked gently, "why did you take those things?"

"Why?" she echoed, her air evidently puzzled. Then when Craig nodded she nervously wet her lips. "Don't you know?" she asked, her voice deep with bewilderment.

"No, Miss Gawtry—not unless they were to be used against some one."

"Against some one?" Her tone was startled. "Mr. Craig, what in the world do you mean?"

Her Face Was Still White, But All Its Terror Had Gone

"Just what I say, Miss Gawtry—that they were to be used!" he answered; and looking closely he was startled to see the frail color creep out of her cheeks again and leave her pallid as death.

"I'll tell you why I took them," she said slowly. "I took them so that they couldn't be used against us, against my father!" And Craig realized, then, that his first surmise had been right.

He was utterly unprepared, though, for what she went on to tell him.

"Mr. Craig," she said quietly, "I don't know whether you're telling me the truth, so I'm taking a desperate chance! My father is in grave peril—the greatest danger, do you hear? It's a punishment, Mr. Craig, the repayment for a wrong done years ago. Whether he was guilty of it, though, is not for you or me to say. I know he had great provocation. I know he was sorely tempted too. However, this is not to the point. Mr. Craig," she added quietly, "more than a week ago—the day, in fact, you left France—my father was warned why you were on your way to New York! Do you know what we were told? I'll tell you. It was that you were going to sell out to the highest bidder!"

A long and awkward pause followed. During it, her eyes dropped, she pored fixedly on the carpet; and Craig, his face curious, intently peered at her.

It was, of course, the same warning given to the Adairs. However, it was not this that at the moment concerned him. He had begun to grasp the significance of something else, and at the thought the color flamed suddenly in his face.

"The highest bidder, you say?"

"Yes, Mr. Craig!" faintly.

"I see!" he said slowly, his face still scarlet. "Then that is the reason why you were even civil to me, yes? I was being bought!"

Instantly, as if in reflection of his own vivid color, the blood rushed furiously into Hilda Gawtry's face. There was in her voice when she spoke a little note of defiance.

A shrug first, then: "If you care to look at it that way, Mr. Craig!"

It made him wince to hear her. To be cajoled was one thing, but to be trafficked with, worked over! To be appraised, cheapened as if he, indeed, had a price—gad, that was a little too much! He writhed at the thought.

But too proud to let her see how she'd stung him he smiled quietly. "You forget I heard what Angie said, Miss Gawtry! You know you had your orders to be—well, civil!"

And at that she winced as if she had been struck.

"I had no orders, Mr. Craig!" she retorted crisply. "Angie heard but a part. What I may have done I did because my father asked it."

"You did it only for him?"

"Naturally," she returned, her tone icy. Then she looked him in the eye, proud and unafraid.

"I'll do anything my father asks me, Mr. Craig. If there are things in his life I can't approve of it doesn't mean I'll not be loyal to him. No! Whatever happens I'll help him every way I can!" And as she stood facing him, the color coming and going in her delicate cheeks, her eyes lighted eloquently, Craig knew she would. He thought her very spirited—young, highbred and beautiful besides.

"Mr. Craig," she continued, "after what we'd heard, when you came this morning I could hardly look at you! Inwardly I rebelled even at meeting you, much more at being left with you alone!" Here she smiled faintly. "Yes, but I was surprised, Mr. Craig! It astonished me to find you were nice, that you were wellbred. I began to think that maybe we'd been mistaken. That's why I talked to you as I did—this morning, I mean, when we drove. Then before luncheon father told me something else. He said he'd made up his mind you were not after money. He confessed he couldn't understand it, still it seemed true." And looking at her now, Craig was again perplexed to see the color creep into her cheeks. Nevertheless, though evidently it was awkward for her, she bravely kept on. "He said, Mr. Craig, that if you were bought it would need more than money to buy you! That is why I—I was—civil," she faltered, her voice breaking. "I want you to know I'm not—not"—it came out with a wrench—"brazen, Mr. Craig. I'm not, and that's why this afternoon I—I—why——"

She did not finish. The color that had mantled furiously her face and young white shoulders fled again and left her pale and quivering. After one glance he dared not look again. But in her distress she was very beautiful, he thought.

A long while afterward she spoke. It came very abruptly. "Mr. Craig," she said, "tell me, won't you, why did you do what you did to Mr. Adair?"

"I?" exclaimed Craig, awakening. "What?"

"Yes, Mr. Craig; why? Had Hemingway anything to do with it?"

His air of mingled wonder and concern almost was ludicrous.

"Hemingway?" he exclaimed. "Why, what in the world would he have to do with it anyway?"

"He's to marry Mary Adair, Mr. Craig!"

Craig, with a shrug, answered: "So I've been told, Miss Gawtry"; and she gazed pensively at him a moment.

"You don't believe it, I see," she murmured.

Craig did not answer. It was no part of his character to hurt any man, however great an enemy, that had no chance to defend himself. Apparently, though, Hilda Gawtry read in his eyes his distaste of Hemingway.

(Continued on Page 40)

COMMON SENSE FOR A STATE

By WILL PAYNE

KANSAS naturally is the first state to take official notice of the well-known fact that every state legislature, as now constituted, is a burdensome absurdity—a lumbering, crank-wheeled old eighteenth-century stagecoach that has injuriously survived into the age of flying machines.

Everybody has known this fact for years. Every state legislature that has met within the memory of this generation has given an exhibition of alternate dilatoriness and haste, of confusion, of inefficiency and incompetence—and sometimes of dishonesty—which all patriots have deplored. But, until the governor of Kansas spoke up the other day, nobody had officially proposed to remedy this universally known and unanimously regretted condition.

Incidentally I may mention that Governor George H. Hodges, of the Sunflower State, is not a lawyer, but a business man—namely, a successful lumber merchant with half a dozen or more yards in as many Kansas towns. Probably it is owing to this incident that he is no more satisfied to run a state according to a plan laid down in the latter part of the eighteenth century, when his own experience shows him year in and year out that the plan is antiquated, than he would be to transport lumber from Kansas City to Topeka by wagon because that is the way Thomas Jefferson would have transported it.

Governor Hodges strikes you as a business person, with the business person's essentially simple, direct view of things, and a thoroughly businesslike reliance upon actual experience in preference to theory and precedent. Show him how lumber can be handled more efficiently, and he will go in for that way of doing it. He has been shown—by conclusive analogy—how a state can be run more efficiently, and he goes in for that way of doing it! Why not? Why should common sense, applied to actual experience, be harmful in politics?

George N. Hodges

Kansas legislatures have ranked pretty high, as legislatures go. The body that adjourned at Topeka recently was at least fully up to the Kansas average. Yet in its closing days Governor Hodges sent in a message which amounted to a polite request that it commit suicide for the good of the state. And many members of the legislature, in private conversation, heartily commended the message—as did probably nine-tenths of the press of the state.

What Governor Hodges recommended was not exactly a commission form of government for the state, as that term is usually understood when applied to city government. He recommended an entire reorganization of the legislature, with total membership reduced, say, to fifteen, and only one House.

Tons of literature have been written about legislative incompetence. Thousands of miles of editorials on the subject have been printed. And always, by way of remedy, there has been the same old cry: "We must elect better men to the House and Senate, and amend a rule or two!" But that cry only leads in a circle. The machine will not work. Efficiency by modern standards and according to modern needs is not to be got out of it.

It is not a question of the honesty or good intentions of individual members. The antique contrivance itself is out of date; and as Governor Hodges declared two years ago, when he was a member of the state Senate: "You cannot make a government more efficient, more businesslike, more economical, than the machinery which operates it."

Petty Practices for Politicians

TAKE the situation in Kansas, where conditions in this respect are decidedly better than in some other states, because the personnel of the legislature, on the whole, is higher. The Kansas lower house consists of one hundred and twenty-five members, elected for two years—the Senate of forty members, elected for four years. The legislature meets biennially, unless oftener convened in extraordinary session; and the state pays members of both houses the prodigal sum of one hundred and fifty dollars each for their services during a session, which normally lasts fifty days.

Mr. Peter Jones is an estimable harnessmaker in a country town, who likes dabbling in politics. He desires to go to the legislature for much the same reason that children desire to attend the circus—it will be a distraction, an interesting change from his ordinary experiences; and he will have a certain place in the procession. It will cost him something, for the pay of three dollars a day will hardly cover expenses, while there will be some loss due to his absence from business. But he feels that he can afford it—just as he might feel that he could afford a trip East.

Possibly Mr. Jones, instead of being a harnessmaker, is a young lawyer, and thinks the experience will be valuable to him. Or it is just possible that he has at heart some particular measure he hopes to forward—and in that case, about nine times out of ten, the measure will be a local one.

Have you ever talked with members of the lower house of a legislature concerning the motives that prompted them to seek the office? As a rule, you will find them offering some sort of apology—they thought it would be an interesting experience; or they hoped to get an appropriation for a new wing to the state infirmary in their district. In short, they did not take the job seriously on its merits.

And it is not a job to be taken seriously on its merits. Usually two-thirds or more of the members of the lower house will be new men. Mr. Jones, having had his little excursion to Topeka, or having helped to secure the appropriation for a new wing, stands aside in order that Mr. Smith may have an excursion—or he is put aside. Usually two-thirds or more of the members are new men, and upon their inexperienced shoulders descends an avalanche of bills representing all the legislative needs and notions that have accumulated in a great state during two years—an avalanche that must be disposed of some way or other in about fifty days.

If a legislature were what it purports to be the situation of its members would be highly pathetic. It would be a good deal as though a railroad abruptly drafted a hundred and twenty-five men off the street and to them delegated the job of clearing a big, badly congested freight yard. You can imagine how soon the yard would be cleared!

However, no legislature is what it purports to be. The inexperienced Smiths and Joneses, arriving at Topeka, find a few seasoned hands in charge of the situation, who mostly tell them what to do. At every state capital, in fact, the great bulk of legislation is shaped and put through by half a dozen or a score of leaders. Except in rare and crucial cases a decided majority of the members might as well hand over their proxies on the opening day and take front seats in the gallery.

For the average member, the position of legislator is an exceedingly petty one. The pay is that of a cabdriver—the actual power is not much greater; the individual responsibility rather less—and the honor is exceedingly dubious. As I mentioned before, a majority of the members of a House will probably apologize for being there—though there is often a minority that does not apologize for being there, but ought to.

The senator, of course, is one chop higher. He is elected for four years and represents a larger constituency; but in Kansas and in all other Western states most of the senatorial districts comprise two or more counties, and it is a common practice to pass the senatorship round among the counties in rotation. If X County and Y County comprise a senatorial district, somebody from X County will be chosen senator for one term and somebody from Y County for the next term. Thus generally a senator lasts only for two sessions of the legislature, and the upper house will consist in large part of new men.

Moreover, experience shows that if the present senator is from X County, about nine times out of ten he looks upon himself as the special representative of that one county, and his first object will be to forward its particular interests—exactly as the first object of the member of the lower house is to forward the particular interests of his locality.

Under this arrangement a legislature does not primarily represent a state. First of all, it represents a large number of separate localities in the state. The state, as a whole, comes second. This principle was beautifully illustrated at Washington last winter by the passage of the pork-barrel public buildings bill over the earnest protests of party leaders.

That bill authorized two hundred and eighty-nine new building projects. Towns with two to four thousand inhabitants got appropriations of a hundred or a hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars for post-office structures. A town in which the post-office is now accommodated at a total cost of four hundred dollars a year for rent, light and fuel, is to have a sixty-thousand-dollar building. Another, in which the post-office now pays six hundred and fifty dollars a year for rent, light and fuel, is to have a seventy-thousand-dollar building. Responsible party leaders protested against the raid upon the treasury. But Red Dog joined hands with Lone Elm; Three Stumps leagued with Poseyville—and the bill went through. There was Federal legislation, not by or in the interests of the nation, or of a party, but by separate communities. The same sort of thing happens in state legislatures, for Congress is exactly like a state legislature on a large scale.

The business of legislating for a state, then, is carried on by a crowd of petty officials, each interested primarily in a certain locality rather than in the state at large, most of them being inexperienced and most of them—with all due respect be it said—third-rate men; for, taking it by and large, you cannot get first-rate men for third-rate positions, and the position of the average legislator is a decidedly trifling, inconsequential one.

The Makeup of Our Legislatures

THESE men meet once in two years for a comparatively short session, during which all the legislative needs and imagined needs of a big commonwealth must be threshed out. Anybody with the least experience of legislation—at Washington or at any state capital—knows the result. The first part of the session consists largely of talk, with very slow progress, indeed, on legislation; then there is a wild rush to get important measures through before adjournment, and bills are passed with scant consideration. It is like the progress of that prairie stagecoach which Dickens described: it sticks in the mud; the driver frantically belabors the horses, screams, grows pop-eyed and purple-faced; the horses strain to the utmost; presently they get the coach started and the next instant it is off at a gallop, throwing passengers from their seats, grazing trees—all but wrecking itself. And by the time the driver has the galloping horses in hand the coach has stuck in the mud again.

At the last session of the Kansas legislature, fifteen duly enacted bills were sent back from the governor's office because of some radical and obvious defect that any good copy reader at a newspaper desk would have discovered, but which passed quite unnoticed in the hurry and confusion upstairs. One bill, for example, was duly introduced, engrossed, debated, voted upon and passed; and when it came down for the governor's signature it contained no enacting clause—which is the same as saying that the legislature went to much pains in order to produce a piece of waste paper.

Kansas, like every other state and the United States, has an attorney-general. An important part of his duty consists in trying to remedy the blunders committed by legislatures on the merely verbal side of their work—acts with conflicting clauses or so wretchedly written that it is almost impossible to tell what they mean.

Of any state legislature of which I have information this may be said: Here is a body selected at great pains and cost for the sole purpose of making laws; but its incompetence is so extreme that when it has made up its mind as to what the law shall be it cannot be trusted to express its intentions in intelligible language. The Nebraska legislator who introduced a bill making it a misdemeanor "to discharge a firearm upon any public road in this state,

except for the purpose of killing a noxious animal or an officer in pursuit of his duty" was not very far below the average.

If you have the time and patience take up the Congressional Record, or the journal of any state legislature, or sit a while in the gallery. Notice the hours on end that are wasted in petty jangling—generally, but not always, for some fancied little tactical advantage to one political party or the other. The House at Washington will be almost deserted for days together while a handful of members amuse themselves by delivering orations upon any subject that happens to come into their heads. A little later the same House will be in a delirium of energy, while the clock is turned back and conference reports on the great appropriation bills are cracked through at breakneck speed. And Washington, be it repeated, is simply any state legislature on a larger scale. Efficiency cannot possibly come out of this system.

Now imagine a sensible business man, say, a lumber dealer. In one yard he sees carloads of lumber arriving every day or two, but nobody is there to handle them. They accumulate untouched, until the sidetracks are choked and traffic stopped. Then there is a great and hurried gathering of hands from all directions. The foremen yell their heads off; the hands form into bands and fight with one another for a while, then fall pellmell upon the cars; doors are ripped off; everybody shouts; everybody sweats; lumber flies right and left; ash gets mixed with pine, shingles with scantling; foremen wave their arms and fall in fits. Presently a gong rings; the hands grab their paychecks and run home. Then it is discovered that in the confusion they have quite overlooked some fifteen or twenty of the most valuable cars!

At another yard the unloading of lumber goes forward in a regular, orderly and sensible manner. If the business man were interested in both yards, would he sit down before the first one and remark with a deep sigh: "This is an awful mess—but the oldest inhabitant tells me that lumber has always been unloaded in this way at this yard; so I suppose I can't possibly do anything about it—only I'll try to get a little better crew for next year's scramble"? Or would he point to the second yard and say: "Why, that's the way to unload lumber"?

The latter alternative is the one adopted by Governor Hodges; for the country has been through this subject before—but in relation to city instead of state government. It is exactly the same situation, only on a slightly different scale. The cities had their legislatures or councils, composed of many persons, each one representing a small subdivision of the city called a ward. As a rule they were third-class men, because the job was decidedly third-class.

Evils of Our Dual System

THE results of government by our numerous and petty city legislatures form an exceedingly unpleasant and quite well-known chapter of American history. Formerly—as at present with the states—patriots kept saying that the remedy was to elect first-class men to the council; but it was impossible to elect first-class men, because with rare exceptions such men would not accept the petty, inconsequential offices. It was impossible for the people to judge the candidates, because as a rule the candidates were little known.

Chicago—which, like the other largest cities, sticks to the old system, with all its enticing certainties of incompetence and possibilities of graft—elected one-half of her legislature in April. One-half means thirty-five aldermen; so there were a hundred or more candidates, of whom probably not ten were known even by name to any considerable body of citizens. Do you know even the name of your representative in the state legislature or Senate?

A dire calamity compelled Galveston to sweep aside this old, absurd city legislature. Des Moines took up and improved the idea. Now more than thirty cities and towns in Kansas alone are under the commission form of government.

The whole idea of the commission form, of course, is to elect only a few men and turn the business of running the city over to them—subject to recall. You then create some first-class jobs and can get first-class men to fill them. By concentrating power you concentrate responsibility. Instead of sectional, pork-barrel legislation, for which nobody in particular is responsible, you know exactly where to place the blame or praise for whatever is done.

This, in substance but not in form, is what Governor Hodges proposes for Kansas. His message to the legislature says: "I am persuaded that the instrumentalities for legislation provided by our state constitution are antiquated and inefficient. Our system is fashioned after the English Parliament, with its two houses based upon the distinction between the nobility and the common people. No such reason exists in this state for a dual legislative system. Even in England the dual system has been practically abandoned and the upper house shorn of its importance. I believe we should now concern ourselves in devising a system that will give us more efficiency and quicker response to the needs of our economic and social conditions, and to the will of the people. . . .

"You senators and representatives cannot but have observed the defects of our present system. In a session of fifty days you are required to study and pass upon hundreds of measures. The hurry with which this must be done necessarily results in more or less crude and ill-digested laws, which often puzzle learned jurists to interpret with anything like satisfaction to themselves or to the public. Hundreds of measures, embodying important subjects, die on the calendar every two years. After a brief session the legislature adjourns and the business of one branch of the state government is absolutely abandoned for a whole *biennium*, unless the legislature is convoked in an expensive extraordinary session by the governor. This is as though the head of an important department of some other big business should give only fifty days every two years to its management. . . .

"For myself, I can see no reason why this new idea of government by commission should not be adopted for the business of the state. Two years ago I suggested a single legislative assembly of thirty members. I am now inclined to believe that this number is too large, and that a legislative assembly of one, or at most two, from each congressional district would be amply large. My judgment is that the governor should be ex-officio a member and presiding officer of this assembly, and that it should meet in such frequent sessions as the public business demands; that the members' terms of office should be four or six years; and that they should be paid salaries sufficient to justify them in devoting their entire time to the public business. . . .

"A legislative assembly such as I have suggested could give ample time to the consideration of every measure, not only in regard to its subject-matter but to drafting it in plain, concise, easily understandable language. It would be ready at any time to deal with new conditions and to provide relief in emergency cases; it would inform itself about conditions, and study the needs of the people and of our state institutions. There seems to me no question that it would be vastly more efficient than our present system. Our system has been in vogue since Kansas became a state—more than fifty years ago. In that time we have seen the most remarkable changes in social and economic conditions. No private business now uses the methods of fifty years ago. . . . Is there any reason why political institutions should not change with the changing demands of modern conditions? I think not."

True Democracy

THE system referred to by Governor Hodges is, of course, far older than Kansas, and there were once excellent reasons for it. The reason for two houses, for example, was—as the governor points out—that the population was then divided into two clearly defined classes, lords and commons. But why should Kansas have a House of Lords when she has no lords? The historical explanation is familiar to every one who has studied the origin of the Federal Constitution. The Senate, as Gouverneur Morris frankly explained in the Constitutional Convention, was to represent wealth. We were not going to have a nobility, but we were going to have an upper class, which was supposed to possess special wisdom and to be in special need of protection against the impecunious many—to wit, a wealthy class; so our Constitution provided a separate house for them. But that line of reasoning, however convincing it may have sounded in Philadelphia in 1787, does not sound very plausible in Topeka today.

So with the numerous lower house, containing representatives of many localities. When tracts of wilderness often intervened between one settlement and another, and communication was slow and difficult, it might be held that each locality needed its own representative, because a man from the southeastern corner of the state would be little informed as to needs and conditions in the northwestern corner; but that situation passed long ago. For all practical purposes, San Francisco is nearer to New York now than Boston was a century and a quarter ago.

In sending the message from which I have quoted, Governor Hodges did not ask for any action by the legislature—which, in fact, was on the point of adjourning. One reason for not asking

(Continued on Page 52)

THE HEROES OF YESTERDAY

By Reginald Wright Kauffman

DECORATION BY FRANKLIN BOOTH

GRANT is asleep in his great white tomb, where the Hudson tides are deep;
And Sheridan and Sherman lie on marble beds asleep;
And all the men that led our men on the bloody fields we won—
They sleep 'neath the marble meet for them that heroes' work have done;
But what of the men the heroes led—of Smith and Robinson?

It was good to die on the firing-line if you died to set men free;
It was good to die when the cannon screamed in the days of Sixty-three;
And we, of a younger, softer race—we look with a brief regret
At the modest mounds where the unknown dead are modest and silent yet:
Smith and Robinson lie so still—and we forget—forget!

And other Smiths and Robinsons—you count them on your hand—
Today go hobbling up the street, behind the village band,
To where encamped their comrade-dead in sunken bivouac lie;
Fresh lilies in their withered hands, the old, old men go by—
The Robinsons and Smiths, you know, that hadn't the luck to die.

Oh, can't you see, and won't you see, and won't you hold it true,
That these old men had ties as dear to them as yours to you?
And won't you quit your secret sneer and open, empty praise—
The inward smile at the selfsame while you wreathe the formal bays—
To pay the simple debt you owe these men of other days?

The things they loved they left, and died—or those who still endure
A moment longer stumble on, decrepit, smiled at, poor!
Is this the lot that you decree
To them who risked, to set men free,
All that was theirs to do or be?
Sheridan, Sherman, Grant—is this the end of all they won?
Is this their country's payment to Smith and Robinson?

FOR MR. FLUFFYCUFFLES

How a Man May Spend Thousands a Year on His Clothes

By CORINNE LOWE

UNTIL I met the tailor I had no idea that men's clothes were like that. Heretofore, indeed, I had innocently supposed that a gentleman's entire wardrobe could be bought from the return change on his wife's French hat. Now, however, I am forecasting that troubled period when the Gentleman's Fireside Companion will be running special articles on how to dress well for only a thousand a year; for, says the tailor: "We consider a man who runs an account of a thousand dollars a year with us a very light customer indeed. The really well-dressed man has got to spend at least three thousand dollars a year on his clothes."

This tailor is perhaps the most fashionable and certainly the most advanced tailor in the city of New York. With him the art of finding ways to make a millionaire molt his income has been carried to its loftiest point. Not only does he make suits and overcoats—he designs and sells all sorts of accessories at prices that soar far beyond the weekly wage of the ordinary man; one may even suspect, in fact, that he invents new and undreamed-of garments and that his activities will result in adding heavy responsibilities to the lot of valets.

His shop is, of course, on Fifth Avenue; and when you enter it you leave decisively behind you the world of rubber-stamp neckties and monotone shirts. Glowworm scarfs, incandescent shirts, silk handkerchiefs that blind the eyes of the visitor with their mischievous beams—these twinkle from every table and shelf and case. They are made more effective, too, by a rich background of Renaissance chairs, an occasional suit of armor, several chilly dabs of statuary, and one or two canvases.

"Why not?" asks the tailor as he notes your amazement at this new version of a tailor shop. "Because one is a tailor one does not have to fill his shop with ugly shelves! It's just as practical to be beautiful as ugly."

Certainly, too, the tailor's own appearance bears out this assertion. He is pink and radiant, as though Aurora had been his valet; his figure is as neatly leveled as a tennis court, and over it his suit fits without a wrinkle. The fact is that mere woman must back from his presence with a consciousness of her own shortcomings. The man, however, is gracious and endeavors to put you at your ease.

"This," says he, after he has given you a few moments to recover from the glories of the shop, "is one of our newest shirts."

"Newest—what?" you falter at the object he holds up before you. It is of fine white linen, pied with violets like a May mead; full of the lilt of springtime and haunted with the twitter of sweet thingumbobs. As the cover for a piano it would have been immensely dressy; as a doily it would have filled the most exacting requirements; but as a shirt—never!

Such, however, you are solemnly assured is its destiny.

"This is hand-embroidered on the finest of imported handkerchief linen," the tailor explains proudly. "The plaits are all run by hand and the design has been executed in France according to our own special design. We have other patterns, but this violet one is probably the most effective."

A Look at the Twenty-five Dollar Shirts

"BUT where—on what occasions?" you stammer; for, try as you may, you can think of no man who would consent to meet the eyes of a scornful world dressed like a pergola! Fancy, for instance, the upsetting effect on a stenographer who tried to take dictation from a violet-strewn employer! Would not the dictation, "Your order for three thousand steel rails has been received and we are sending f. o. b.," almost inevitably become: "Your order for vernal showers has been duly received by our spring bowers!"—and so on?

Here as always, however, the tailor is ready with his answer: "The very thing for summer flannels or a pongee suit. It may even be worn with the business suit."

To be the trellis for these broidered violets, or roses or night-blooming cereuses, costs, I discovered, twenty-five dollars. And when, aghast at the price, I asked if any men ever bought fluffs like this, I was informed he had plenty of patrons who bought them by the dozen and half dozen. "We can't fill the orders fast enough!" the tailor asserts gravely.

This, however, is only a preface to the chapters of expensive lingerie. In most of such wear, handwrought plaits are conspicuous. Give the fashionable shirtmaker a chance, and he would have every man trimmed up in frilly tucks, like a high-priced bonbon. When he gets to putting in plaits he simply cannot stop; and one of the evening shirts I was shown even had a raying of diagonal plaits just above the cuffs—a precaution, I was told, against the accidental revelations of a pulled-up coatsleeve.

In order to gratify this passion, shirt materials are now of the softest and finest handkerchief linens, silks, and beautiful lustrous crêpes that come from the looms of France and England. Particularly do evening shirts record this departure. No longer is it necessary, I discovered, for a gentleman to creak about in a frozen, rattling lake of starch. He may now sneak up on an evening occasion in one of these limber bits of plaited white-of-egg.

If a man wishes to look particularly winsome when he throws off his dress coat and waistcoat for a postprandial game of billiards, the haberdasher is ready with some notes of color. One of the evening shirts I was shown had high lights of white bosom and cuffs thrown out against a body of pink silk—such an indiscreet shade of pink that any gentleman who wore it might easily get out his cards as a professional morning cloud, ready to throw a glamour over the misty hills and to cast his rosy reflection in the face of far-distant brooks.

All these shirts I had inspected cost twenty-five dollars each; and, in alarm at the thought of the expense connected with a man's trousseau, I asked if madras was never worn. Madras! I might just as well have muttered "boiled cabbage" in the midst of a symphony!

"Of course," replies the tailor-haberdasher contemptuously, "we keep madras shirtings and make them up for four dollars and fifty cents and upward; but the man who wants to have some individual style has got to invest more than that in a shirt."

It was just about this time that, under the sway of an ancient legend, I asked the man if he went to England for his styles. "Why should I," he responded, "when I can get so much better styles out of my own head? Englishmen dress well, of course; but you can't find anything particularly distinctive in their furnishing shops. I defy any one to go into the Burlington Arcade and hit on anything as unusual as that."

He was holding up before me a striped necktie of knitted silk; and as I looked at it I felt the force of his remark. In my enthusiasm, indeed, I went some steps farther than the Burlington Arcade. Sweep with your eye, said I to myself, the vasty realms of the ice-cream parlor, of the cañon and the tropic seas, and you will find nothing so remarkable as that crushed strawberry and hushed fawn. In time, too, you discover that this is only one of many such color inspirations. Dozens of others have been wheedled out of the seven primal colors by the haberdasher, and then have been faithfully copied from his original paintings by those docile mills of Europe.

However, this nimble mind is not content merely with tethering the rainbow to the neck of his manly patron. It goes farther and makes up wonderful designs. One of these, at least, is feverishly notable. At first I was going to pass it by in favor of a showier brother, for it seemed but a modest thing, composed chiefly of black ground; but at the command of the proprietor I took it in my hands. "It's got a design," he announced, glowing with anticipated triumph. Thus challenged, I noticed that the necktie was crossed with currents of lavender—a giddy, dithyrambic swirl of lines that I strove for five minutes to hunt to some conclusion. At last, too, I triumphed. There, caught up on this choppy tide of mauve—there, recurring shyly over the surface of the tie—I discerned the faces of a man and a maid in the very closest proximity.

This, However, is Only a Preface to the Chapters of Expensive Lingerie

The New Soul Kiss Scarf

"I CALL it the Soul Kiss scarf," said the outfitter gravely. He did not seem to realize in the least how funny it was to send forth a staid stockbroker or lumber merchant in a tie named like a soda-water drink. Indeed that "corroding sense of humor," for which some prissy critic has blamed the American public, has never flecked for one moment the outfitter's solemn conception of his lifework. From the glossy surface of his artistic content all the flippant suggestions of a light-minded world fall flat and discomfited. In this case I did not dare hint that it would look natty to attach a sheaf of months to this holiday calendar design. No, thought I, there is probably an even deeper utilitarian purpose in this scorching garment. Probably the creator has rallied to the great humanitarian forces, and means the fiery soul kiss as an esthetic substitute for a mustard plaster.

To lend oneself to the embrace of any of these creations costs from three dollars and fifty cents to five dollars; and, as there must be at least a dozen new ones in the season's wardrobe of every fashionably attired man, this item will skip to something between eighty-five and one hundred and twenty dollars every year. Then, too, you may get it "in the neck" still further by electing the English-made collar, which costs four dollars and fifty cents a dozen—and, if you wish something "special," even seven dollars a dozen. Added to these necessities of life there are many tempting *hors-d'œuvres* on the masculine sartorial table; for instance, golf handkerchiefs of silk in colors that would look well waving from the battlements of an ivygrown castle are here at five dollars each, and you are given to understand that it takes at least half a dozen to score in the dressing game. Specially tinted golf hose and mufflers of finest English wool are available at specially tinted prices. Cute little bracelet watches of gray suède, which, in imitation of his English brother, the American man is encouraged to wear on his dimpled wrist, may easily tick out fifteen or fifty dollars. Ready, too, for giving the plump income an invigorating slap are a long, slender cigarette box at fifty dollars and an amber cigarette holder of finest Neapolitan workmanship at the same price.

Another possession the creator insists is quite necessary to the peace of mind of any gentleman is a traveling robe of filmy silk, which folds up to nothing in a traveling bag and expands into something lavish on the figure. For the better exhibition of this accessory, the minister to the exterior calls, "Lionel!" From somewhere in the misty background of Italian Renaissance chairs and fluffy bric-a-brac you hear the froufrou of trousers. A moment after a beautiful young man with a nose neatly bracketed in a waxed mustache glides into the room. It is the shop's most winning salesman—very own brother to that comely young woman in the ladies' suit department who persuades, by her own specious example, fat women that they can wear checks, and thin women that they can look plump in stripes.

Lionel puts on that flowered traveling robe and looks like a gazelle in it—but you are sorry for the fat man who buys it under the impression that he will look the same. The fat man will not, you are sure, resemble a gazelle. As he wedges his way through the green curtained Pullman he will in all probability look more like a sofa out for a romp.

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BREAKING INTO NEW YORK

The Final Stages

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

I Never Saw Anybody Above the Rank of a Head Office Boy—Not Once

WITH something less than two hundred dollars in my pocket and an imposing sheaf of letters of introduction in the top tray of my trunk I reached New York at nine o'clock on a spitting-hot August night. As the ferryboat waddled out like a fat duck from its nest in the Jersey City slip I stood at her bow and had my first view of the Big Town. There weren't as many skyscrapers then as there are now, but there were enough.

It was the greatest sight I had ever seen, the most inspiring, the most exhilarating—and the most daunting. It stirred me clear up to the roots of my back hair, and it scared me clean down to the nails of my toes. This was the oyster I had come to open and find the meat inside—and maybe, if I had luck, a pearl or two. All of a sudden I realized what a whale of an oyster it was! If my legs had been cut off at the ankle at that minute I reckon I shouldn't have bled a drop; but if I had cold feet in the most aggravated form I likewise had the courage of desperation that keeps a forlorn hope from being too forlorn. I had burned the woods behind me. I just had to make good—that was all.

That was eight years ago or a little more; and to this good day I never cross the Hudson River and see the man-made mountain ranges of Manhattan blocked out against the eastern sky that I do not have again, in some degree, the feelings I had that night; and I say to myself that I know better than most native-born the sensations that come to the alien when he stands on the steerage deck among his fellow immigrants and sees dead ahead the new world rising out of the water—because, to all intents and purposes, I was an alien then, too, and was coming to a brand-new world myself.

I had the address of a boarding house in West Fifty-seventh Street; but, being uncertain of my ability to find my way about the streets at night, I registered overnight at a hotel that had been recommended to me as one much patronized by Southerners. Issuing forth from the café after a late supper, I looked round the lobby for some fellow Southerner to talk to, having already developed an ache of profound loneliness. There was just one person in sight who seemed to wear the earmarks—a middle-aged gentleman, with the white mustache and the long white goatee of the Confederate colonel of a war drama. He also wore the regulation black slouch hat. I sidled over to where he was sitting, took the chair next to him and presently was making conversational overtures. He was willing enough to talk to me, but he was no Southerner. He was a horsebreeder from some town in the northern part of Michigan. New York had handed me my first disillusionment. I went to bed.

But I didn't sleep much. The roar of the L trains, whizzing by a block away, like tamed and harnessed meteors; the city sounds rising from the street, and the newness and uncertainty of my position, all kept me awake. I was up and dressed in the morning almost before the milkman got round; and as I came out into Broadway and, on a venture, faced south, I saw, half a mile away, the Flatiron Building, scoured and bleached in the young sunlight. The Flatiron Building was new enough then to be a novelty—there was only one of it. I had seen a hundred pictures of it. Now I was seeing the thing itself. Somehow, looming there in all its hatchet-faced, slice-of-pie-shaped boldness, it typified New York for me—its vastness; its power and bulk; its stone-fronted, steel-cased indifference. In a lesser degree it impressed me much as the ferry ride had done.

High Ways and By Ways in Manhattan

THERE was one man upon whom I was depending for help to land a job. He hailed from the town where I was born, and he had made a success as a newspaper man in St. Louis and Chicago before he came East. With a fine large optimism and generosity he had written me that it would be no trouble at all, but a pleasure, for him to find an opening for me in New York. I called on him the first thing that morning, to learn the distressing truth that if he found an opening anywhere he'd want it himself. He had been laid off—so he delicately phrased the state of affairs—and he had had no regular employment for some weeks now; and the silver lining of his change pocket had run low and become exceeding thin. Five minutes spent in his company, listening to what he had to say, gave me an illuminating insight into the uncertain and transitory character of the average newspaper job in New York—illuminating, but also distressing.

Right away I saw that I could count on no aid from this quarter. I paid my bill at the hotel—the size of it, even for a night's lodging, made me open my provincial eyes—and I escorted my belongings to the boarding house in West Fifty-seventh Street. The next morning I found my way down to Park Row and set about connecting with a job of work. I didn't know that in summer most of the newspapers cut down their staffs and hold them down, letting old men out and not taking any new men on. Perhaps it was just as well I didn't know it.

I started off by spreading my letters of introduction round; all greenhorns in New York do that, I suppose. They didn't get me anywhere; they rarely get any one anywhere, I think. Everybody is willing to write letters of reference and almost nobody is willing to read them—at least, nobody is in New York. I also called on a man whom I had known years before down South. He now had a copy-reading job on a second-rate afternoon sheet; I didn't appreciate at the time, though, that it was a second-rater. I sent my card in to him and he came out and greeted me with studied reserve. As soon as he found out I hadn't come to borrow any money he warmed slightly, but he remained well within the temperate zone throughout the interview. I outlined my situation to him.

"And you gave up a good job as editor of a country paper, where you were your own boss, to come up here and try to break into one of these madhouses!" he exclaimed when I was through. "Old man, you didn't realize when you were well off. Gee! I only wish I had the job you threw up to come here!

"Yes," he said in answer to my next question, "there's a chance you might make good here—if you hang round long enough; but it's a heartbreaking experience, no matter which way the cards fall. You never can tell about this New York newspaper game—not for a minute. These editors are always pretending to look for oranges that haven't been squeezed dry, but mainly they seem to pick lemons. A man who was a wonder in a small town comes on, gets started off wrong or something, and falls down. A man who was a dub out in the country goes right to the top in New York. You never can tell.

"The trouble with all you fellows back home is that you only hear and only want to hear about the few men who succeed in New York. You don't hear about the hundreds of failures.

"Help you land a job? Well now, I tell you, old man, I shouldn't dare try it, even if I thought it would do you any good. I'm holding on to my present job, rotten as it is, by the skin of my teeth. If I got you a place and you failed to deliver, the city editor would probably blame me. He's not wasting any love on me as it is."

Then he told me to drop in to see him sometime—vaguely, like that—and excused himself and went back inside; and I didn't see him again for two or three years. So now, after a short period of self-communion, I realized that I was absolutely on my own resources—and not any too many of them; so I set out to worm my way into a berth unassisted. I spent two solid weeks canvassing the daily newspapers in New York. I never got past the anteroom of a single, solitary one of them. I never saw anybody above the rank of a head office boy—not once.

My First Point of Departure

IN THE forenoons I would make the circuit of the evening papers; in the afternoons I would go to the morning papers. Sometimes, in answer to the card I sent in, I would get a scrawled line: "No vacancies on the staff—City Editor." But oftener the boy would merely come back and tell me: "Boss says nuttin' doin'!" Within a day or two the anteroom attendants all got to know me, and they would grin when I appeared. Never afterward did I, in passing through, see that hopeful row of young men from the country sitting in the anteroom of my paper, waiting to see the city editor, without having a flash of sympathy for them; and then generally a more personal and a more selfish thought would come to me, and I would say to myself: "Right now there's some fellow sitting here who'll probably take my job away from me—if he gets a chance."

When I had finished my afternoon rounds I would get a bite to eat in a quick-lunch place, and then I would start out to see New York. I had my own system for doing this, which was a good one, because it had nothing systematic about it. I would climb aboard a surface car—a cross-town car by preference—and ride on it until I reached a district that looked promising. I would drop off and walk in whatever direction my legs took me, and keep on walking until I got tired; then I'd ask a policeman or somebody to guide me back again to Broadway or Sixth Avenue. Regularly every evening I lost myself; but it proved a mighty good thing for me subsequently, because in that fortnight I saw more of the town than many a born-and-bred New Yorker sees in his whole life. I saw the Bowery, the East Side, Harlem, Chinatown, Greenwich Village, Little Italy, the waterfront, Wall Street, the Syrian Quarter, the Greek Quarter; and, better still, I saw them all with new eyes and a mind open to impressions. Between-times I would buy and read the papers, studying their styles of make-up and their ways of handling stories.

A startling thing to me was the flippancy with which most of them dealt even with notable people. Where I'd come from, you didn't get humorous in print at the expense of persons of standing in the community unless you craved excitement and felt the need of a little violent personal exercise. Here in this town nobody seemed too high and mighty to be gibed by reporters and headliners.

However, those two weeks had passed and my money was running low, even though I lived frugally. I had blisters on my feet and I wasn't any nearer to a job than I had been when I set out. One noontime I was sitting on a bench in Madison Square, feeling very tired and considerably discouraged. It didn't add any to my peace of mind to consider the bleak, hopeless faces of my neighbors on the near-by benches. Down-and-out was written on the face and in the pose of every one of them.

And right there, just at that minute, I had an idea. It was better than an idea—it was an inspiration, born of the needs of the hour. It lifted me off that bench as if I had been bee-stung. In half an hour I was in my hall bedroom in West Fifty-seventh Street composing a form letter. It wasn't a very long letter, but into it I tried to pile a heaping measure of the flippant tone that seemed so popular in the newspapers. I guyed the recipient, whoever he

might be, and I guyed myself. I said in effect that here was I, probably the livest reporter and the best writer and the ablest editor that had ever come to New York to uplift its journalism to the highest possible level, and yet nobody had jumped at the unparalleled opportunity of hiring me; that I had come to town to accept an important and highly lucrative position on some leading paper and was waiting for it; that I could do anything on any paper and do it better probably than the person who was now doing it. I said a lot more like that.

I wound it up, as I recall, after this fashion:

"This is positively your last chance. I have grown weary of studying the wall-paper design in your anteroom. A modest appreciation of my own worth forbids me doing business with your head office boy any longer. Unless you grab me right away I will go elsewhere and leave your paper flat on its back right here in the middle of a hard summer, and your whole life hereafter will be one vast surging regret. The line forms on the left; applications considered in the order in which they are received; triflers and professional flirts save stamps. Write, wire or call at the above address."

I judged that the people who read New York papers liked to be shocked, and liked a note of impudence and irreverence in their daily reading. I meant to see if the same treatment would appeal to the men who furnished the public with this daily literary fodder. It did. The scheme worked for me. It may never work for another man, but in my case it certainly worked. But I'm getting ahead of my tale.

When I had my blanket letter drafted to my satisfaction I went to a stationery shop round the corner and bought a supply of the handsomest paper the shop carried. I found a stenographer in the lobby of a hotel near Columbus Circle, and I had her make thirteen separate copies—not carbon copies—of my letter, addressing each one to a different managing editor. Between giggles, she did it. I signed the completed letters, mailed them in a letter box; and that night I went to bed highly satisfied. I had a feeling that my job was on its way. It was.

Every Newspaper Man Writes at Least One Play in His Life

It Pays to Advertise

RIGHT after breakfast the next morning I put on a newly pressed suit—I had two suits—and made for Newspaper Row. On a chance, I walked into the building of one of the more conservative papers—one that had struck me as being the best written and the best edited of the whole lot. The city room of the morning edition was empty, except for the cleaners—none of the staff had arrived yet; so I climbed a winding flight of ironstairs to the floor above, where the evening edition lived, and sent my card in to the managing editor. I had done this twelve or thirteen times already. Only this time the response was different.

A little man with a pair of tired, shrewd eyes, and a sad smile on his lips, came through a doorway. He was holding my card in one hand and in the other one of my letters.

"Are you the same man who wrote this damn fool letter?" he asked. I said I was.

"Well," he said, "I happen to be the acting managing editor here today. If you've got half as much ability as you have gall, consider yourself hired."

"All right," I said; "I'm hired."

He looked at me a minute and his smile widened to half a grin. "Come on in," he said, "and we'll talk this thing over." I followed him across the floor of the city room to his desk in a corner, and there we sat down. He listened while I told him of my experience in the newspaper business—that in my home town I had been reporter and editor; that I had done staff work for three years on the biggest paper in my home state.

"You probably don't know it," he said, "but in my opinion you have one distinct advantage in your favor. The average man who gets all his newspaper training in New York starts in one groove and stays there. He's a specialist along one line. But the country-raised man has done everything there is to do on a newspaper; and when he learns the ropes here and picks up the New York way of doing things—if he ever does—he's sure to fit in somewhere. Personally I'd rather take on a new man who knows general newspaper work and doesn't know the town, than one who knows the town and nothing about the inside of a newspaper shop. Now, then, we'll talk salary. What salary do you expect?"

"What I can get," I said. He paused a minute.

"In this establishment," he said, "we start beginners—and that means all new and unknown men—at fifteen dollars a week. It's a rule of the office."

Following what I had heard of the big salaries paid to newspaper reporters in New York, this was a hard jolt. To come to New York, I had just given up thirty dollars a week in a town where one dollar went as far as three would go in New York. I guess my looks betrayed my thoughts.

"Understand," he said, "you won't stick at fifteen. If you, with your experience, aren't worth more than fifteen dollars a week very soon you won't be worth that much—and I'll let you out."

"I'll come for fifteen," I said.

"Good!" he snapped. "When can you start?"

"This minute," I announced.

"Better come back tomorrow morning round eight o'clock," he said; and then he turned his back on me, to show the interview was ended, and began sifting through a stack of proofslips.

The first thing I did after I got outdoors was to send my wife a telegram saying that I had found a place at a moderate salary—I didn't dare tell her the size of the salary in a wire; I preferred to break that blow in a letter—and then I treated myself to a good cigar and sat in City Hall Park and smoked it. As I smoked I considered the outward aspect of the establishment where I was to work. When I got back to the boarding house there were letters from three managing editors on my washstand—two letters from managing editors of morning papers and one letter from the managing editor of an evening paper—and all three were offering me trial jobs on the strength of that freak letter of mine!

By the evening mail also there came a note from Mr. Arthur Brisbane, of the Journal, saying that though he had no vacancies on his staff at present he would be glad to have me call upon him later, unless I found congenial employment elsewhere. By this I knew that my plan of interesting managing editors in my case by shocking them had succeeded amply well. What I didn't know was that, uniformly, morning papers paid better salaries than evening papers, and that, speaking by and large, a job as reporter on a morning paper carried or was supposed to carry a little added prestige and dignity—a distinction which, as I was to learn subsequently, generally caused morning men and evening men to flock in separate camps when working together on the same story. But even if I had known it I think I would still have stuck by my verbal contract to work for that shrewd-looking little man. Already I liked his ways.

At eight o'clock the next morning I was on hand, and so was he; and he greeted me with his sad smile, which was chronic with him. I had rather expected he would lead me round the shop and introduce me to everybody. He did nothing of the kind. "We'll try you out and see where you fit in best," he explained. "I believe you said you knew something about editing telegraph." He took me to where a half-bald, prematurely old young man was digging into sheets of yellow flimsy and went through a brief and mumbling formality of introducing us. The bald-headed man didn't offer to shake hands. He considered me sourly, as though he had already contracted an intense aversion to me and would probably never be able to get over it; but he hospitably pushed the glue pot to the middle of the table and put his shears where I could reach them; then went on doing whatever he was doing. Considerably abashed I sat down in a chair that chanced to be on the opposite side of the table from him and awaited events. He found time to paste up a style sheet for me, showing the sizes of the heads and their proper designations; and he also briefly outlined the office rules for handling copy. They were mercifully few and amazingly sane.

Pretty soon after that he began to let me edit a few unimportant dispatches. I noticed, though, he kept all the worth-while stuff on his side of the table. Presently I caught him growling something in an undertone; and by listening hard I made out that he was addressing his remarks to me. He was telling me what a rotten hole was this place that I had come to—how poor the pay was; how inefficient and unreasonable most of the heads of departments were; and how thankless and laborious was the job he himself held down. "There's only one decent thing to be said for this shop," he went on: "when a man makes halfway good here they don't fire him. Most of the other afternoon shops change staffs every ten minutes—we hold on to ours, bad as it is."

What he said worried me for the time being, as naturally it would; but before very long I found out that this bald pessimist was merely displaying, in a somewhat violent and advanced form, the symptoms of a most common complaint.

Inside the office, among his own office mates, it is the privilege of every newspaper man in New York to curse the entire organization with great frequency and the utmost freedom. Outside the office it is his pride to brag of his own paper, to defend its editors and staff in strong, unsalted speech, and to work his head off to keep it from being beaten.

While my new table mate was libeling the shop, I was taking in the shop. There was none of the feverish activity, none of the mad running to and fro, none of the howling aloud, that you read about in fiction stories of city newspaper life and see acted out in newspaper plays on the stage. As a matter of sober truth it should be said that the city room which runs the quietest is the one that is run the best. In a really good organization, such as this one was, the place became sanest when the stress became greatest. A good city staff is like a trained battleship crew—when trouble comes each man knows his place and his duty; and he goes to that place and attends to his duty with the least possible noise and excitement. He needs all his powers of concentration, without wasting them in vain shouts and ragtime evolutions.

Fancy Flights and Unvarnished Facts

ON THE day I am speaking of nobody at all seemed to be working hard. Between stints the copy readers read papers and wrote letters, the copy boys skylarked in their corner and the reporters in sight mainly had their feet on their desks, their coats off, and their pipes in their mouths. Occasionally the city editor would call one of them, and the man he called would put on his coat and saunter out, or else he would slip into a telephone booth and emerge presently with a swatch of scribbled sheets in his hand. I was surprised at this. In a country office all hands would have been gaited at a much higher speed. After a while, though, when I had seen the tightening up that preceded going to press with an edition, I appreciated the system that permitted men to loaf when the loafing was good, to the end that they might be able to hit mightier licks in emergencies.

I edited telegraph in small and inconsequential batches for two days. On the third day I was taken away from my low-spirited friend, much to his apparent relief, and set to work writing an advance story, from file clippings, of a naval review that would take place the following week. I turned myself loose on that story, giving a whole day to it practically. When it was done I rather fancied that it was well done; but next day, when it came out in the paper, I was pained to note that it had been cut to a commonplace, straight-away narrative. Practically all my fancy flights and neatly turned phrases had been killed out bodily. This was to happen to me several times before I learned my lesson, which was that almost universally copy readers in New York resent any effort on the part of a new hand to do any of this so-called fine writing. If a man with a fixed reputation comes on the paper to do writing of a certain sort, that is a different thing—mainly the copy desk will pass his copy as it stands; but it behooves the new and the unknown man to stick to the plainest and most unornamental English until he is established.

On the fourth day there was a substitute man on the city desk, the regular city editor having gone away on his vacation. About ten o'clock in the morning the understudy, who had sent most of his staff out on details of one sort or another, glanced about the room in a worried sort of fashion, hesitated a bit and hailed me.

"Here!" he said as I came over to him. "There's a general strike threatened on the L lines. The story may break any time. Cover it, will you?"

He handed me a couple of clippings from morning papers and then without another word turned away. By that time I had begun to acquire a few rudiments of office etiquette. For one thing, I knew that it wasn't good form to ask for explicit instructions from the man who handed out an assignment. You were presumed to know how to handle the contract whether you did or did not. And most certainly I did not. But I didn't expose my ignorance—not there anyhow.

I stuffed the clipping into my pocket and skipped down the spiral iron stairs and out into the human millrace of Park Row, and stood there for a minute with my thoughts in a jumble of confusion. By then I had begun vaguely to understand that news in New York was not gathered as news is gathered in most small cities—that instead of going from point to point on a given route, picking up what he might find, a man had a certain fixed post headquarters, or the morgue, or the Harlem office, or the Brooklyn office, or somewhere—where he waited until orders came by telephone or otherwise to go out and cover specifically some story developing inside his own territory. That, however, applied to the station men and to the routine of the news. This story of mine plainly was out of the routine, and so must be undertaken in a different way. But what was it?

To give me time to catch my breath and take my bearings I climbed up on a shoeshiner's stand, and while the Greek youth worked over my shoes I read the clippings. Among things less definite, they told me that there might be a conference at the office of the general manager of the threatened lines some time during the forenoon. As a starter I decided to go to the general manager's office. After a little trouble I found it, half a mile away on an upper floor of the old Western Union Building, at Broadway and Dey Street. On a venture I sent my personal card in to the general manager, and his secretary came out to the anteroom where I stood and asked my business with his superior. I told him I was a reporter. He looked at me curiously, as though I must be a new variety of the species—as indeed I was; and then he told me the general manager had nothing to say for publication just then. As I turned away he halted me.

"Possibly you'd better wait round a bit," he hinted. "Later on there might be something you would want."

Live News From the Leg Man

HAVING nothing better to do, I waited round. Various persons passed in and out; and in about ten minutes there came in, together, five men. By certain unmistakable marks of their craft I recognized them as reporters, but there was one thing about them that puzzled and rather startled me—the average age of the five. In the towns where I had worked reporters almost invariably were young chaps; generally they were men still in their early twenties. When a man reached, say, thirty he had either risen to the dignity of some inside job or else he had gone into some other business. But two out of this group were middle-aged, and one was downright elderly—he had a gray mustache, and his hair, what there was of it, was almost white. Later on I was to comprehend that here I beheld one of the big tragedies, perhaps the biggest tragedy, of the New York newspaper game.

Aside from the fascination of the calling itself, the thing that lures many a young fellow just out of college into newspaper work is the certainty that if he shows aptitude and adaptability he can within a year or two be earning his forty or his fifty or his sixty dollars a week, and be having a bully, fine exciting time while earning it. But the sad part of it is that, unless he develops a talent for some special line of newspaper endeavor or shows the executive instinct that lands him in an editorial berth, he is still at thirty earning what he earned at twenty. At forty he is probably earning even less than he did at thirty, and a newer generation of reporters is growing up round him and calling him "Pop." But if rum or irregular living doesn't get him it is a foregone conclusion that his enthusiasm will last until he dies, because this trade of being a reporter fastens on a man.

There is the endlessly shifting succession of interesting jobs to handle; the constant change of base and action; the fact that never are two days exactly alike; and, most of all, there is the personal equation of vanity and self-interest to be reckoned, since in their own little world each man's work is balanced daily against that of his fellows. These things keep a reporter young in his enthusiasms after his hair turns white and his kneejoints rust. He may grow callous to human emotions, even though maintaining a certain artificial sympathy for purely professional uses; he may grow cynical—next to policemen, city newspaper men are the most skeptical people on earth, I reckon—but the fine fire of his youthful ardor will burn always.

Three of the five men who entered now were of this young-old type that I learned to know so well later. The fourth was a nondescript, a suit of clothes wrapped round a nonentity; but the fifth, a chubby, blue-eyed, youthful-looking chap, was plainly the leader of the group. They collected in a corner, with the air of having nothing in particular to do, and I wormed my way into the circle and told them I was a reporter too.

The youngest of the lot looked at me keenly.

"New man—huh?" he asked.

I told him "Yes."

"Thought so," he said, and went on talking to the others.

I made myself small and quiet. Presently the secretary came, with duplicates enough to go round of a statement the general manager had prepared. Each man glanced through his carbon copy and then the leader said: "Strike headquarters next—eh?" They all seemed to agree with him and then made off, going, when they got outside, in different directions, being bound, as I discovered later, for the nearest telephone pay-stations. As for me I went back to my office, prepared to write something and incorporate the statement in it. The acting city editor seemed slightly surprised to see me; and, to my surprise, he wouldn't let me write anything.

"You're doing the leg work on this story," he said, "and you'd better not lose any more time getting back on the job. Turn over what you've got to Keefe, yonder—he'll rewrite it—and you hustle right back on the assignment. And don't come in with what you get—telephone it in!"

This was my abrupt introduction to the system by which most of the live news is handled for the New York evening newspapers and, in a measure, for the morning papers too—a system of which I had never heard before. Its continued use has bred up two distinct and separate types of news-specialists—the leg man, who gets the story, but rarely writes it; and the rewrite man, who writes the story, but rarely gets it. A combination of causes is responsible for its development—the growth of the city, with its increasing distances; the need of haste to meet the editions that pile out one upon the others' heels; and, most of all, the universal spread of the telephone. To my mind the uniform precision with which it works out is the most marvelous single feature of that most marvelous of human mechanisms—a New York evening newspaper. It enables a paper to accomplish the seemingly impossible six days a week and many times a day.

Let a big story break—a fire, a crime, anything where the action is hurried and unexpected—and the leg man is promptly on hand. Within the quickest possible passage of time he collects his stuff, a scrap here and a scrap there, until he has enough to make a coherent and connected narrative. Then he dives for a near-by telephone and over the wire pours out his tale to the rewrite man, who, hunched up in a soundproof booth at the other end of the wire, is taking notes as fast as his pencil can skip. If he is a good leg man he supplies something besides the mere recital of names and facts—in quick, illuminating sentences he draws a picture that makes the rewrite man see the thing himself. This done, the rewrite man jumps for his typewriter and rattles off the story, a paragraph at a time; very often from the depths of his own imagination he draws the flashes of humor, the darting touches of local color, the nuggets of graphic description, which lift that particular story out of the ruck and make it fairly sizzle with life and movement.

In my opinion the best police reporter in New York is a certain stolid, quiet man of forty-five or thereabout. His sense of news values is a part of him. He knows what details to play up; by instinct seemingly he knows invariably how to begin his story over the telephone and when to leave off; he never wastes an unnecessary word nor leaves out a necessary one. Nearly always, if the rewrite man puts the story together in the order in which he got it from this man, he will make no mistake—the story in print will be right. Through writing his stories as he sent them in, three men I have in mind made reputations that enabled them to graduate out of newspaper work into connections with leading magazines. Yet in all his twenty-five years as a police reporter this man has never with his own hand written a single line for publication in a newspaper. Inversely, some of the strongest and most effective stories of big news events—stories that made people talk and caused them to write letters to editors—were done by rewrite men sitting in cluttered offices miles away from the places where the events occurred.

I Learn to Share and Share Alike

WITHIN an hour I was to get another needed lesson in the business of reporting in New York. I surrendered my notes to the waiting Keefe, dusted out and hurried up to a hotel near the Grand Central Station where the labor leaders were in session; and for the first time I found out that, when covering a big story, the men representing the various papers work together, each sharing with all the others what he independently may learn. If a man is caught holding back some valuable detail that one act of double-dealing ends his usefulness and destroys his standing. The other men will conspire against him and intrigue against him, and plot to deceive and mislead him until they drive him out of his job. Moreover, if a man for any reason save sheer laziness falls down on his assignment the other men will protect his paper from a beating, and by protecting it will protect him. In the towns where I had worked before we had a different code—there it was every man for himself always. Here it was every man for every other man.

City editors rail against these news combines, but it was the instinct of self-preservation that long ago drove the leg men into tight and fast organizations. They learned that an exclusive news coup—a beat as it is called in the East or a scoop in the West—is praised today and forgotten tomorrow; but the man who scores a beat today, and tomorrow gets beaten, maybe will lose his job. So, regardless of their personal and private feelings for one another, the reporters stand together. This is in a measure a trade secret—telling it here may unravel a puzzle for persons who have perhaps wondered why, when a big news story comes along, each paper in each edition will have the same facts that all the other papers have—no more and no less.

I didn't know all this, however, on that day when I hustled uptown to cover the strikers' end of the L strike story; and my ignorance came very near getting me into disrepute right at the outset. The pursuit of facts led us to the residence of Mr. August Belmont, the head of the Interborough system, where, as we learned

(Continued on Page 57)

He Had Written Me That it Would be a Pleasure for Him to Find an Opening for Me in New York

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PHILADELPHIA, MAY 24, 1913

An Insurance Experiment

MISSOURI is seeking by a very drastic antitrust law to force fire-insurance companies to compete in making rates, instead of making them by joint agreement as at present.

If that appeals to you in principle, consider for a moment how it would operate in practice.

Turning to fire-insurance statistics for 1912 you will find that about eighty per cent of the gross income of the companies went for losses and expenses, while about eight per cent went to the stockholders as dividends. Evidently, on the whole, the companies cannot write insurance a great deal cheaper than at present and remain solvent; and if they do not remain solvent your insurance is worthless. Losses and expenses remaining as at present, their gross income cannot—with safety to the insured—be very greatly reduced; but they can write some insurance very much cheaper than they do at present—and make it up on other insurance.

Undoubtedly that is what would happen under universal competition in ratemaking. Who would get the benefit of the very cheap insurance—you, as a mere ordinary citizen, or the big buyers of insurance, with their own experts?

When there was competition in freight rates—through the rebate system—you know who got the very low rates. The Standard Oil Company, the packers, the steel mills, and other big shippers got them; while the small, ordinary shipper footed the bill.

From a selfish point of view, if we were carrying several million dollars of fire insurance we should not mind seeing competition in rates; but if we were carrying only a few thousand dollars we very decidedly should mind.

The Belgian General Strike

FOR the first time a great political end has apparently been won by means of a general strike. Nearly a million Belgian workmen have one vote each; four hundred thousand wealthier citizens have two votes each; and three hundred thousand who stand still higher in the social scale have three votes each. This unequal suffrage has kept the clerical party in control of the government for many years, and seemed likely to keep it in control forever. To force a change, three or four hundred thousand workmen went on strike, and the number gradually rose to half a million. Industry throughout the whole kingdom was crippled or paralyzed.

At the end of ten days the government, by advice of the king, accepted the compromise proposed by the Socialists, whereby a commission was appointed to arrange a "one man, one vote" suffrage law. This is generally regarded as a substantial victory for the strikers.

Nevertheless, generally speaking, the general strike remains as doubtful an expedient as before. The Belgian situation was peculiar. The country is small and overwhelmingly industrial. The men had a cause that appealed to all open minds. The facts that the strikers stuck to their colors with increasing numbers and that there was not the least disorder throughout the strike show a thoroughness of organization that could hardly be matched in any other country for so relatively great a part of the population. If so large a portion of the total population went on strike in this country the strikers would number six millions.

The Belgians, of course, are entitled to their victory. Their steadiness and discipline were admirable, and they were at all times absolutely within their legal rights.

Advancing Freight Rates

THREE years ago, when the railroads applied for a ten per cent increase in freight rates, we were very decidedly of opinion that they were not entitled to it; and that was the opinion of the Interstate Commerce Commission after an exhaustive hearing. Eastern roads are now moving for a five per cent advance in freight rates and can show some pretty good reasons why they should have it.

For three years railroad expenses have been quite steadily increasing in a ratio greater than the increase in revenue. Advance in wages recently secured by firemen and engineers will, of course, still further augment expenses. Other wage advances will be demanded. One of the strongest railroad bond issues ever brought out in this country was offered to the public only last month at better than four and a half per cent, and only a portion of it was taken. Roads of first-class financial standing are paying five and a half and six per cent on short-term notes for capital to meet their requirements. Weak lines are paying pawnbrokers' rates. There is no reason to presume that labor, supplies and capital will cost less. The presumption is the other way.

To be sure, the roads are doing tolerably well now. Eight months of the current fiscal year show, roughly, two hundred million dollars' gain in gross and seventy millions' gain in net; but their case deserves most respectful attention and careful consideration by the Interstate Commerce Commission.

We do not think it should be the policy of the Government that the roads are never, under any circumstances, to be granted an increase in rates. They are entitled to an impartial judgment on the facts, and we have no doubt they will get it.

Comptroller Murray

THERE used to be a set of professional bank-spawners. Their scheme was to pick out a likely looking town and send thither an adroit promoter, who would enlist several local men of some prominence that were not averse to figuring as bank directors and officers. Subscriptions to the capital stock were easily secured and the infant institution put on its legs. Whereupon the promoter collected his commissions and went his way, leaving the new bank to stand or fall as it might. Perhaps there was no need whatever for an additional bank in that town; in which case the new concern would simply weaken the older ones without becoming strong itself. The local men to which its fate was intrusted might have little experience or aptitude for banking; yet all express requirements of the law were duly complied with, and a comptroller might easily take the comfortable attitude that, since the letter of the law was obeyed, it was none of his affair.

However, Comptroller Murray—who retired the other day after completing two terms under three presidents—exerted all the discretionary power vested in him to break up this professional bank-spawning, and succeeded. He was not required to do it, but he knew that professional bank-promoting was bad for the banking business as a whole, and bad for the public; so he took off his coat and went after it. This was of a piece with his whole administration of the comptrollership. He was not satisfied to do merely what was required. He looked always to the permanent interests of the banking business and of the public, exerting all the discretion the law vested in him to forward both—for which he deserves grateful remembrance.

Children of Magna Charta

BESIDES being the cornerstone of the English constitution and our own, Magna Charta is popularly referred to as the foundation of our liberty. But, as Professor Adams lucidly points out in his Origin of the English Constitution, the Great Charter as a matter of fact was a decidedly reactionary document. Far from looking forward, it looked backward a hundred years. Essentially it reaffirmed and reëstablished the old feudal law, which the innovations of John's predecessors and of John himself were tending to break down in the direction of the modern state. So far as the documents go, it was the king who was the progressive, while the barons were standing pat with a firmness that Uncle Joseph Cannon might envy. Indeed, Professor Edward Jenks has declared that the Great Charter, from its powerfully reactionary character proved "a positive stumbling-block in the path of progress."

Magna Charta bulks so large in constitutional history, not from any radical character of the document itself but because it was extorted from the king by force thereby establishing the invaluable precedent that the king himself may be compelled to obey the law whenever it is to the interest of a party more powerful than the throne that he shall obey it. Virtually, having the upper hand, the barons declared the law to suit their own interests and made the king subscribe—from which it may be inferred that the cornerstone of our liberty is not found in any document, but consists in the right of the dominant interest in a state to have its will respected. Constitutions that seek to prevent this—as, for example, by throttling the present dominant interest of democracy—are scarcely true children of Magna Charta.

Making Art Popular

CHICAGO has been enjoying an international exhibition of post-impressionistic art. It contains canvases and sculptures by futurists that are supposed to be largely theoretical. Some of the more obvious theories are that it makes no difference whether one of a lady's legs is seven feet long while the other is only three, or whether her head looks like a soft-boiled egg that some one has mussed up in an attempt to crack the shell. Other canvases and sculptures are by cubists, which are so purely theoretical that, in the representation of a nude figure ascending a stairway, it is utterly impossible to tell which is the figure and which the stairway; while a vulgar eye would readily mistake the picture of a king and queen for a diagram of the inside of a threshing machine that had been hit by a cyclone.

Bevies of people of both sexes and all ages surged by the canvases, catalogue in hand, laughing fit to kill. Some of them would have gone to an exhibition of merely impressionistic art and seriously strained their minds in an earnest effort to discover the beauties and meanings the critics told them were discoverable. But here was art the critics themselves said they might laugh at without shame—and they indulged the license to the limit. To make art galleries more popular, we suggest the posting of signs reading: "You can laugh here whenever you feel like it."

An Official Marriage Bureau

WE HAVE been reading a thick sheaf of letters which provoke a guess that there must be something like a million persons in the United States, about equally divided as to sex, who want to get married, but do not know a suitable mate. The man wants a companion, a housekeeper—sometimes a little stake; the woman wants to work for her own home and man and children instead of for strangers. Both are lonesome; both are so situated that they do not meet many persons of the opposite sex.

Now we palaver a great deal about the beauty, sanctity and importance of marriage; but when we find a person who publicly confesses a desire to marry we treat that person with contempt. These husband-seeking and wife-seeking letters—obviously honest and reasonable as most of them are—we regard as a joke. Why is that? What human need is more important or rational, or—by all our canons—more admirable than the one these lonesome letter-writers express? Why does this mating, which in the abstract is regarded with such lofty sentiments, always in the concrete provoke a snicker?

We wonder if it would be possible to treat these mate-seekers seriously! There is one serious obstacle to an official marriage bureau, however. Reading the letters, we notice that in a great majority of cases the writers are either middle-aged men or young women. Apparently the woman past forty considers her case hopeless, while the man under thirty prefers to manage for himself.

Wall Street's Pessimism

SUPPOSE you were engaged in selling apples; that the price of apples dropped lower and lower week after week; and that the cheaper apples became, the fewer people came to buy them. Naturally you would see the world through a glass darkly. It would look to you as though things in general had just about gone to smash.

Now that is about the position of the portion of Wall Street which derives its livelihood from the Stock Exchange—which is the portion that the public hears from most copiously. For six months up to about a month ago stocks declined very steadily until they reached a point where people began making comparisons with the low level established by the panic of 1907; and the volume of trade in stocks fell off about as steadily as prices did. The cheaper stocks became, the fewer people bought them. It was a condition that would engender gloom in any business.

The importance of Stock Exchange opinion may easily be exaggerated, yet it is by no means negligible. Day-to-day or week-to-week fluctuations in the stock market often have no significance whatever; but there is seldom a six-months movement all in one direction without a very valid reason. In this case there was dear money, the financial commotion and uncertainty in Europe arising out of the Balkan War—and at home more or less nervousness over the forthcoming shift of political power at Washington. But with all these causes removed there will be much pessimism in Wall Street unless the trade in stocks picks up. It is difficult to persuade any man that all is right with the world when he is not making his office expenses.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

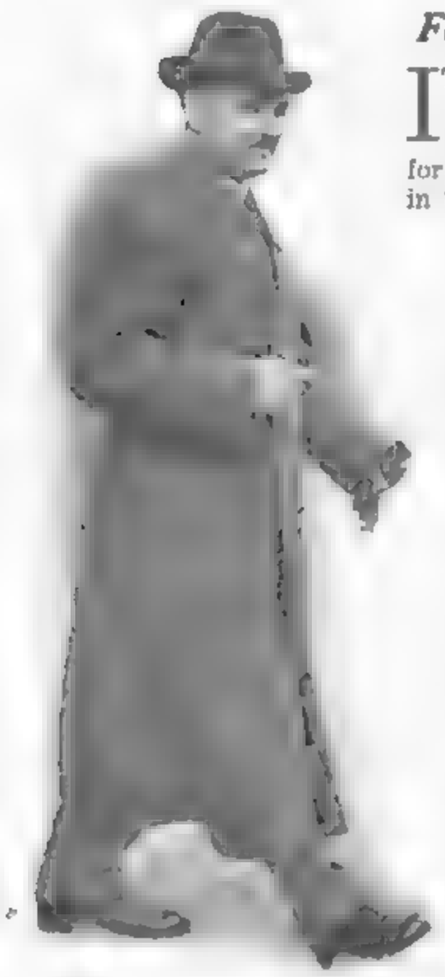

PHOTO. BY HARRIS & EWING, WASHINGTON, D. C.

The Cabinet Specialist in Silence

Farmer Houston

IT NOW becomes my pleasant duty to bestow the large radium medal for skillful silence on the man in this new Administration who can—and does—keep his own affairs closest under cover; the man who, when it is his turn to say nothing, says even less than that; the man who, in short, is scientifically obmutescent when no language from him is required by the specifications.

For a period, especially when he was garnering his Cabinet, President Wilson was a likely candidate for this decoration; but in the very act of collating that coruscating constellation of coadjutors the President injured his own chances to such an extent that, apt as he is at holding his conversation in restraint, and his plans and purposes, he fails to qualify. Wherefore Dr. David Franklin Houston, secretary of agriculture, will now step three paces forward and receive the glittering reward of merit. When it comes to saying nothing about what he has in mind, Doctor Houston, I am here to assert, has the laconic former Senator Wetmore, who spoke two hundred and forty-seven words in eighteen years of public life, looking like J. Ham Lewis, who spoke two hundred and forty-seven million words in eighteen months of the same.

We have all heard how Doctor Houston, with the letter in his pocket inviting him to be secretary of agriculture, rode for twenty-six hours in the train with a carful of expert St. Louis politicians on the way to the inauguration, each one of whom knew exactly who was to be in the Cabinet, and heard them nominate some hundred and twenty-two Democrats for the job he himself had—listening interestedly, but imparting no light; but that performance pales into loquaciousness when compared with a previous one.

The reserved doctor hails originally from North Carolina; and one of his close Washington friends is Logan W. Page, a Virginian, who is one of the road experts of the Department of Agriculture. A few days before the inauguration Page received a telegram from Houston directing him to secure for Houston two rooms and bath, and a room for the children and nurse, for occupancy during those festivities. Mr. Page has lived in Washington for a long time. He knows what Washington hotelkeepers do to strangers who seek the shelter of their inns during such functions. Also he was well aware that the salary of the chancellor of Washington University of St. Louis, which was the position held by his friend Houston, would stand no such strain as the desired accommodations would entail.

Page studied the telegram carefully. He was of the opinion his friend Houston had suddenly struck a gold mine on the university campus or that he was unaware of the heights to which Washington hotel rates can soar at inauguration-time. He concluded there was no El Dorado in it, but conversely a lack of information; so he replied to his dear friend Houston that he, Page, would protect him against himself and would do no such thing. Later there came another wire saying Mrs. Houston and the children had decided not to come at that time; and would Page kindly get Houston a parlor, bedroom and bath? Page was firm. In his capacity as next friend he did not intend to allow Houston to waste his substance in this manner; and he took hold of the matter firmly and secured one small room for the chancellor at a price of five dollars a day—enough, in all conscience, for any chancellor to pay!

The Exit of Tama Jim

A DAY or two before Houston came, Page, feeling well satisfied over the aid he had extended in conserving the Houston bankroll, went down to the Department of Agriculture to attend the going-away ceremonies of Mr. Tama Jim Wilson, who took root there some sixteen years before. Mr. Wilson addressed his faithful colleagues, including Mr. Page; wished them well; intimated that perhaps the Constitution was being violated by the appointment of a successor to him; and told them he wished he could inform them as to the identity of the next secretary of agriculture—but he could not.

Whereupon up rose a man who said:

"Why, I can tell you. It's a man named Houston, from St. Louis. I saw Mr. Bryan today and he told me so."

"What's that?" gasped Page. "Say that again!"

"It's a man named Houston, from St. Louis."

"Let me out of here!" implored Page. "Give me space and air—principally air! A man named Houston, from St. Louis, and I've got him stuck away in a hall bedroom! Now what do you think of that?"

Well, there is only one thing to think about it, and that one thing is—as previously thought in this illuminating address—that the medal belongs to David Franklin Houston, secretary of agriculture. He certainly can keep his own counsel.

Down in St. Louis, whither he came from Texas in 1908, they say he is the quietest man who ever lived there, and the most deliberate. Haste and Houston do not assimilate. The students at Washington University report that he takes much time in deciding matters that come before him, hearing all sides without question or comment, and dismissing each person concerned with no intimation of what the decision will be. Then he weighs the evidence and finally hands down his decree. He may be quicker on the trigger in the Department of Agriculture, and that has not developed yet; but there are evidences that he will take his time, which is about all the time there is.

Houston is a husky, broad-shouldered, grave and self-contained man, who has been an educator all his life. He was a tutor in ancient languages in the College of South Carolina and a graduate student there in 1887 and 1888, and superintendent of the city schools of Spartanburg, South Carolina, from 1888 until 1891. He studied political science at Harvard for three years after that and then went to the University of Texas, where he taught political science until 1902, becoming dean in 1899. He was president of the Agricultural and Mechanical College of Texas from 1902 to 1905, when he went back to the University of Texas as president, remaining there until he went as chancellor to the Washington University in 1908.

At Washington University he was known as a cordial but reserved person, rather remote in his dealings with the student body.

There are times when he is not so reserved, however. Indeed, in moments of relaxation he has been an actor—has trod the boards. The alumnæ of Mary Institute, in St. Louis, which is an adjunct of Washington University, gave a play once, when Doctor Houston essayed the only male part and, it is reported, showed great talent at the histrionic art. At least that is what the students said, albeit he had no offers to go into vaudeville afterward.

This was merely by way of diversion, for Houston is a tremendous student and an efficient executive. He developed Washington University to a marked degree, raising the research work in quality and effectiveness by bringing in scientists of the first class; and the reorganization of the medical school was largely his work. He is chairman of the Rockefeller Sanitary Commission—the hookworm men; and was—and may be now—president of the Harvard Graduates' Club.

A methodical man is Houston, systematic enough to satisfy the most exacting. He runs his life by rules. One is never to answer the telephone except between certain hours in the afternoon; another is not to permit himself to be disturbed when he is at his meals; and still another is never to transact any business after dinner. He has a fine family of children.

His great characteristic, however, is his ability to remain silent. If he organizes himself on that basis in the Department of Agriculture there will be many happy, happy half hours down there on the Mall when the impetuous statesmen are dashing against him for jobs, for seeds, for whatever they think he has to help them along in their careers as statesmen, such as extra copies of the Horse Book, and a few ferns now and then for decorative purposes—when Mrs. Statesman is giving a tea.

Investigating the Baseball Trust

Statuary
Easily Cleaned
Among its infinite uses, such as cleaning pots and pans, bathroom accessories, etc., Old Dutch Cleanser is especially valuable on marble statuary.
Removes that yellow tinge, which common soaps only intensify. All dirt, and discolorations quickly respond to its cleaning qualities. Equally effective on tiles, mirrors, glass and bric-a-brac.
Old Dutch Cleanser halves the work and time—doubles the satisfaction.
Many Other Uses and Full Directions On Large Sifter Can
10c
Old Dutch Cleanser

FOR MR. FLUFFYCUFFLES

(Continued from Page 20)

Meanwhile the shopman is pointing out the clandestine niceties of the garment. "See here," says he, lifting up the flowered kimono sleeve; "it's got an undersleeve of white. Nothing unmanly about the thing, either. And cheap, too. Just think—only twenty-five dollars! Of course I have these silks and printed stuffs made abroad or I couldn't possibly sell at such a price."

In comparison with many of the other trifles you have been shown, this robe, with the modestly drawn blinds in the sleeve, is indeed wonderfully inexpensive. Yet there need be nothing essentially depressing to the troubled billionaire in this fact. Not all negligées are so humbly priced. It is quite possible to sip your morning chocolate in a tufted silk robe, imported from France or England, that costs one hundred and fifty dollars; and even the smoking jacket you don in the evening may make an inlet of fifty dollars in your surplus.

Now for Mr. Fluffycuffle's wraps and suits. When you enter this domain your conception of a man as a mere derby-hatted, tweed-and-madras-covered grub recedes among the legends of the Cave Age. You realize as you flit about from garment to garment that not much longer is he going to be submerged under the chiffons and passementerie of his feminine rival. If things go on at their present rate of progress his cutaway is going to be looped up with rhinestones and his trousers beaded their entire length.

The first encouragement to this belief came in a chic creation of pongee, "made for a customer who was going to Palm Beach." Here again the lithe Lionel was employed for the display of the garment, and as he pivoted about in the coat mere woman noted with amazement how it flowed over the highlands of his shoulders and was absorbed in the valley of his shapely waist. Under such conditions it is quite clear that the charming heroine is not in the future going to preëmpt that garb of "clinging white." This is where the silkworm turns—in man's long-delayed favor.

"Just look at the line!" exclaims the shopman enthusiastically. "Isn't it perfect? That's the way we're making sack-coats today. And, by the way, did you know that men's clothes always follow those of women? For instance, when women were wearing full skirts we had peg-top trousers and baggy coats. Nowadays the close-fitting coats and narrower trousers are the direct result of feminine modes."

Dressing the Summer Man

This particular disciple of the Empire frock is made to order for seventy-five-dollars—the usual price here for all sacksuits—and it alternates with white flannels as being the correct lounging wear for summer mornings at seashore and mountain. Mix it up with the other things prescribed by fashion, and a man is sure to look like Main Street during Old Home Week. Furthermore, he is going to represent a value in dollars and cents that will confound oldtime beliefs in the cheapness of men's clothes.

In the first place, the seventy-five-dollar flannel or pongee will be abetted by one of those hand-embroidered, hand-plaited shirts at twenty-five dollars. If it is strewn with violets there will be combined with the shirt a mauve-colored scarf of knitted silk at four dollars and fifty cents. The hat this man wears will probably be a fine panama at fifty dollars, and the walking-stick he twiddles in his hand may be of French origin and cost another half-hundred. His twelve-dollar buckskin shoes will reveal finest white silk hose at five dollars a pair; and, though as yet there is no challenging glimpse of little colored ribbons under that cobwebby linen shirt, you may be sure the fashionably dressed man will wear silk underwear at from fifteen to twenty-five dollars a set. Even his leather belt will represent five dollars, as may also the fine silk or linen handkerchief. As for the luxuries implicated there is no limit to their possibilities. Jewelry worth three hundred dollars, an amber cigarette holder at fifty dollars, a cigarette case at fifty dollars—these are only a few of the suggestions necessary to roll up a fine, bouncing six-hundred-dollar summer man.

When you consider, too, the fact that this lounging garb must be fortified by many changes—that there must be at least three suits of flannel and pongee, together with seven or eight negligée shirts and a dozen or more scarfs—you commence to get something of an insight into the truth of the assertion regarding the expense of a fashionable wardrobe. You see, then, how easy it is for a man to invest three or four thousand dollars in his clothes—and still miss a few of the relishes.

Regarding this, the shopman has a few final remarks.

"The man in the ordinary walks of life," says he, "has very little idea of the cost of really fashionable dressing. Take, for instance, the evening suit. Any number of men think of it as a grand piano—a kind of a once-in-a-lifetime purchase. The society man, on the contrary, realizes that this garment has a new spasm every year—some little touch which differentiates it from that of the last season. Consequently he makes a quick turnover in this stock. He buys one every year—yes, and the fact is, often two a year—a heavy material for winter and a lightweight for summer. As we charge two hundred dollars for an evening suit combined with the Tuxedo you can easily see what a good beginning evening clothes make in our three-thousand-dollar allowance.

"Still another thing that must be reckoned in considering the cost of a society man's wardrobe is the necessity for special clothes," continued the shopman. "There now are riding clothes. Styles in these change more often than the general public would readily believe; and your horseman will undoubtedly make an out-and-out change of clothes and accessories once a season. Then there are hosts of sports connected with horseback riding that make imperative many expensive extras. If, for instance, a man rides to hounds he must have a hunting frock coat and a hunting full-dress coat of scarlet, both of which will cost at least fifty dollars, and often more."

The Question of Overcoats

"Polo is another sport demanding rather expensive accessories. Your silk polo vest, with its changeable colors, is never made to order for less than fifteen dollars; a fine polo helmet, or its substitute, the silk-covered cap, costs from six to nine dollars; the special polo belt is two dollars and fifty cents; and one of the polo overcoats can never be had under forty dollars. Here, you see, is already quite a gap in the clothes fund; yet I have not mentioned puttees at twelve dollars, English hunting hats at ten dollars, silk-velvet hunting caps of British manufacture at fifteen dollars, and many other necessities bound to confront the horsy man.

"If, however, we content ourselves with looking over the clothes responsibilities of the ordinary man, we find our hands full. Why, just look at the question of overcoats alone! Let nobody think that the winter overcoat and the summer overcoat are going to cover the situation. Not for a moment! Just stop and think it out for yourself. Commence at the top of the ladder, with the fur-lined overcoat worn by the society man for winter evening dress. You can't possibly get such a one in any decent fur for less than one thousand dollars, and those lined with the sumptuous Alaskan sables are five thousand dollars. This, too, doesn't exhaust the expense of man's furs; for if the man motors he will want a rough-and-tumble coat of raccoon or other inexpensive fur at, say, three hundred dollars.

"Then, going down to mere fabrics, we have the elegant Chesterfield, the correct garment for afternoon dress and often worn with evening clothes. We charge one hundred and twenty-five dollars to make this coat; and there must, of course, be one for winter and a lighter weight for summer wear. Continuing our descent, we reach the 'doggy,' slangy, unceremonious slip-on of tweeds and those other scrambled materials from the British Isles. This garment generally has the raglan sleeve and the full bell skirts. Properly speaking, it should never be worn except in the country; but you see it, with the belted ulster, which is equally rough and ready, used constantly for business wear. When properly made it is not an inexpensive garment, for it ranges in price from fifty-five to seventy-five dollars.

"Raincoats are another costly item. If you wish to get the best imported smock you pay forty-five or fifty dollars for it.

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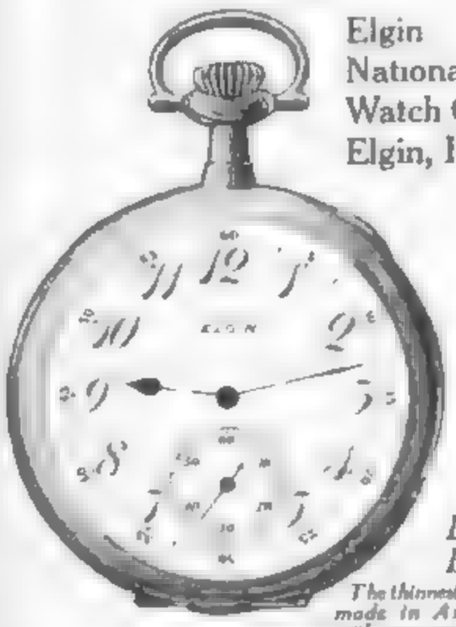

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Elgin National Watch Co.
Elgin, Ill.

And if you are an enthusiastic sportsman you will have an extra gabardine for riding wear and a rainproof slip-on for motor wear. Speaking of the latter, too, don't forget that your winter robe of leather or fur must be supplemented by a pongee or linen dust-coat for summer wear. Do not forget, either, that many men possess two street raincoats—a heavy one for winter and a lighter weight one for summer. Altogether, the more you look at the subject the more you see that the clothes problem for men is fairly overcast with overcoats, and that to dress well there must be a special coat for each type of costume."

"But," you interrupt rather timidly, "do American men really go in for all this decoration?"

"More and more every year," the shopman replies decisively. "Just to illustrate—I have a customer who orders every season something like this: Four sacksuits of brown, two double-breasted and two single-breasted; four suits of brown, ditto; two evening suits with Tuxedo jackets—and so on in proportion. When I go to his country place I take with me the latest and most expensive accessories, and he orders perhaps a thousand dollars' worth of shirts, neckties and hose. He spends five thousand dollars with me every year, and he is only one of a number of profitable patrons."

It is an immense relief to hear the fashionable tailor speak a word against the myth of the Englishman's perfect dressing. The fashionable tailor has won this title through no conflict with common-sense. On the contrary, he is conservative to the last degree. He does not design flamboyant novelties. No swarm of noisy ties and shirts has alighted on his shelves. He simply makes suits and coats to fit as well as the latest mode from England will permit.

As to English Clothes

"English tailoring better than ours?" He scoffs at the very first question. "Don't believe it for one moment! The thing for which most English suits are fitted—the only fit they've got, by the way—is to be altered by American tailors. We've always got one or two of them on hand brought in by customers who found they looked conspicuous on Fifth Avenue in the famous Piccadilly pucker or the bally St. James skimp. Here's one this very minute!" And with the word he laid before me a sackcoat of brown cheviot.

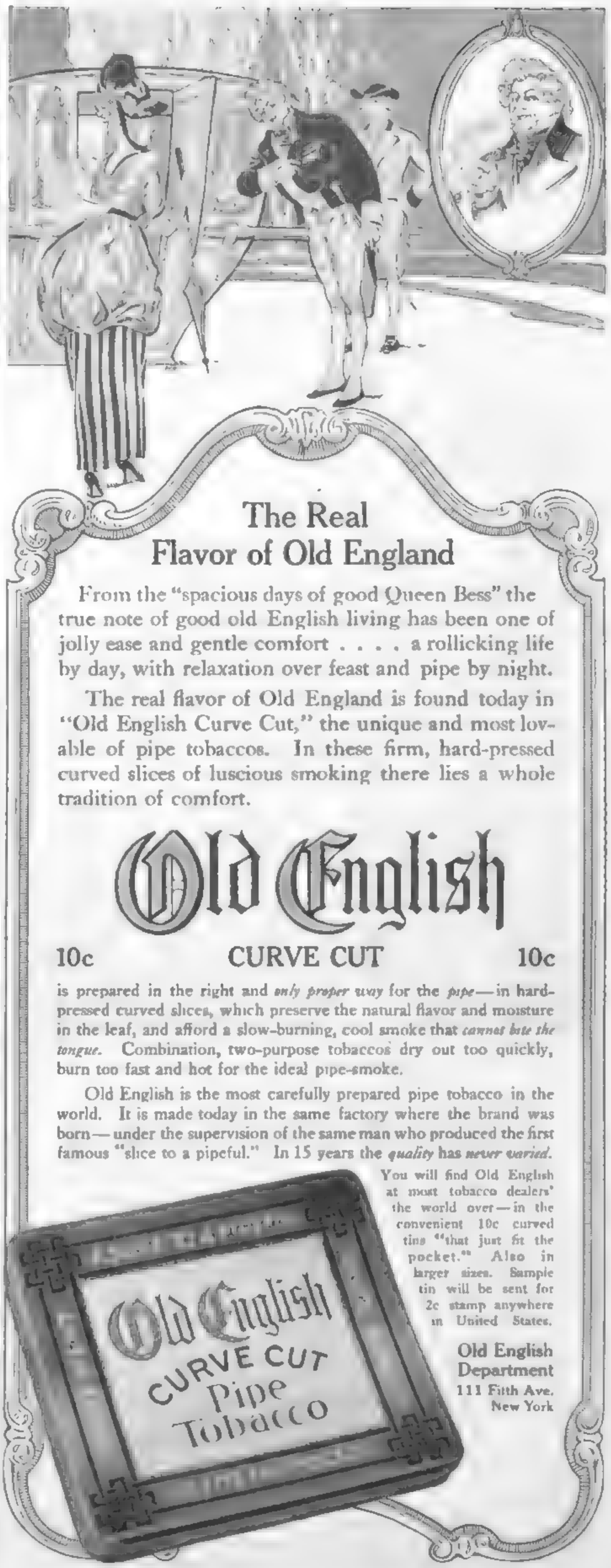
"Look at those seams!" he ejaculated, pointing to the lining. "They're made for the nearsighted, all right. Now just see the difference in our own tailoring! The stitches are so fine they're invisible. Not only that, but the American linings and finish are so much better all the way through. As a matter of fact, English tailors are not nearly such careful workmen as the French and Italian tailors employed in most American establishments."

"But how about the cut?" you persist.

"You mean the wound? The approved English togs look as though they had been operated on by a progressive surgeon. They might all have been worn by the younger brother of the wearer. Over here, though, we're old-fashioned enough to like our clothes to look as though they belonged to us."

That we do receive our inspiration from English styles is, however, freely admitted by all. Modify modes as we may, eliminate the outgrown effect as we do, the oracle of men's clothes speaks clearly from the foggy banks of the Thames. There, now, is the cutaway, a garment that has almost entirely supplanted, for afternoon wear, the dignified frock coat. The cutaway is distinctly English in tone and has what may be called the true English slink. Just at present it lives ably up to its name by being cut away from all the traditional moorings of a coat. The very smartest have only one button in front, and from this the trail tapers backward until it reaches almost to the knees; if any more is taken away from the front we may anticipate, in fact, that whimsical period when the essential rearward pendant will dangle loosely from a cord at the neck.

To make up for the deficiencies of the coat, the vests of the present time have taken to themselves new responsibilities. Formerly a mere bandage of ugly lining, with a quotation of cloth used down where it could not possibly show, the waistcoat of all save evening clothes comes well up to the neck and is frequently garnished with tiny lapels of its own. This forward vest is an English loan, as are also the extremely



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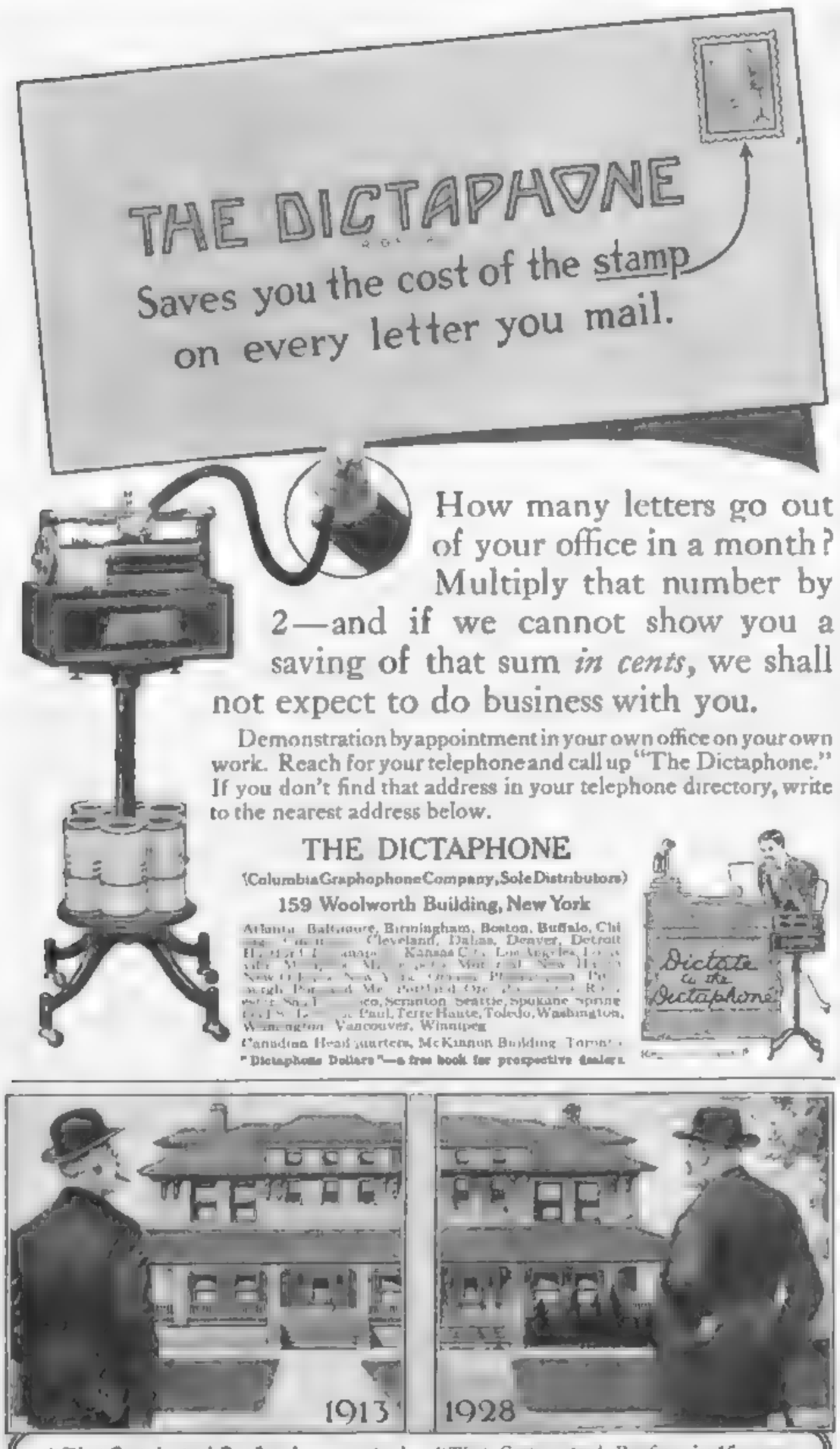

How many letters go out of your office in a month? Multiply that number by 2—and if we cannot show you a saving of that sum *in cents*, we shall not expect to do business with you.

Demonstration by appointment in your own office on your own work. Reach for your telephone and call up "The Dictaphone." If you don't find that address in your telephone directory, write to the nearest address below.

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To get an absolutely dependable roof—one that will outlast its 15-year guarantee—look for the *Certain-teed* Quality label on each Roll and Crate of Shingles—there for your protection—this roof costs less.

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short sleeves and the unpadded, narrow shoulders to be observed in all the present costumes.

About no other domain of men's attire, however, does the British superstition cling so closely as to evening clothes. Many fashionable men will tell you that no respectable evening suits can be made out of England. Put up they may with other suits of American origin, but their patriotism flags signally at this one point; so firmly planted, in fact, is this belief that every year the representative of a London tailoring house spends several weeks at one of the big hotels in the city of New York for the sole purpose of taking measurements and orders for evening clothes.

Naturally enough the fashionable tailor just mentioned denies the superiority of these alien products. The same faults observed in other suits are, he tells you, apparent here also. Anent this garment, however, he has a word to say regarding other obstacles.

"The trouble with the average man," says he, "is that he refuses to keep up with the styles in evening clothes. Of course your gay blade, who goes out to several affairs in an evening, buys one or two evening suits a year. He understands that the evening suit bought during the Cleveland administration would look just about as queer nowadays as a high-wheel bicycle. With the ordinary man, however, it's different.

"Last year I made up my mind to give some of my customers a jolt. In going over my accounts I discovered that a number of my patrons hadn't bought a new evening suit in the last five years. So I sat me down and wrote to these a letter that ran about as follows: 'Do you realize that it's about time to can that old evening suit of yours? This is how things have changed since you last ordered.' And I pointed the moral with a picture of the latest thing in evening togs. It did waken up some of the men. They came in and either ordered a new suit or had the old one altered to suit present requirements; but you'd be surprised how many of them are still dozing in their old swallowtails!"

New Styles in Glad Raiment

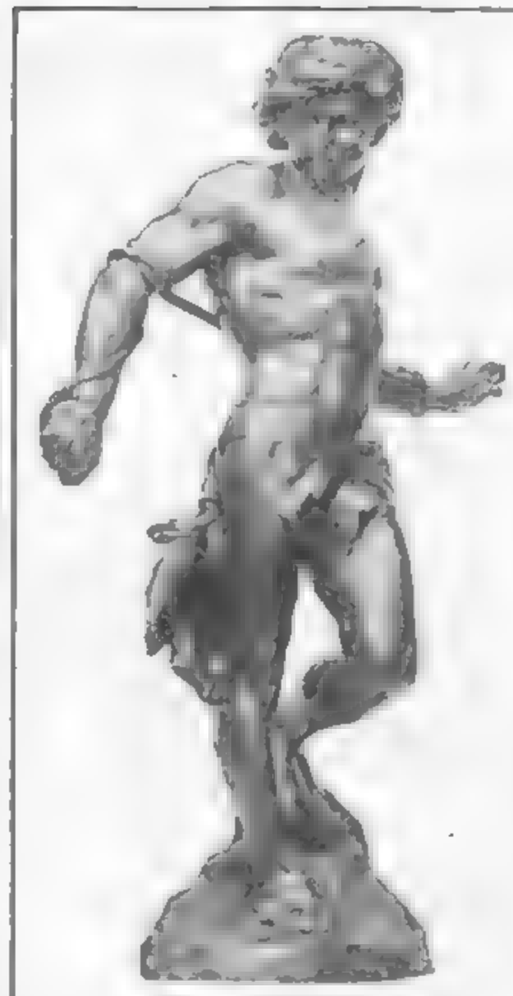
"What is the change that has taken place?" is the logical question at this point.

The explanation is enthusiastic and complete. It seems that in the old days trousers were roomy enough to provide two satisfactory hobble skirts of the present period. Furthermore, both the vest and the front of the coat were ruled off in perfectly straight lines. Last of all, the tails swished amply and almost superciliously about the knees. Now, however, what a difference! The whole suit breaks into the figure with the secrecy of a burglar. The trousers are snug; the sleeves are often cuffed; the distinctive coat-ends hug so closely that they look more like fish scales than swallowtails. Finally, instead of the old-fashioned straight lines across the front, we have all the lines running upward. The vest is notched below the nether button, and the whole effect promotes that wasplike waist which seems to be the ambition of the Beau Brummel of today.

As for braid, it occupies a prominent position—not only on the evening suit but on many other hitherto inaccessible garments. It edges the fashionable cutaway and its waistcoat; it roams absent-mindedly down the trousers of the evening suit; and it is even used nowadays on the coat and waistcoat of the business suit. But that isn't all. Not content with the trimmings, the creators of men's clothes are urging more ornate materials. Many business suits, for instance, show a flecking of lavender; checks are being unchecked again; and many of the evening suits are now made of cloth with a clandestine silk stripe.

Satisfied as to the latest things in suits and coats, I next turned to the subject of hats. This seemed to promise much. All winter long I had noticed gentlemen going up and down Fifth Avenue with heads sodded in mossy green velours toques. Many of these had pert little bows flapping in the back, and I was waiting for spring to watch the violets and primroses sprout in those cool, shadowy depths. So I went into a prominent hatmaker's and asked for the latest advice—whether flowers or feathers would predominate in the season's fashionable millinery.

The hatmaker refused to give away advance fashions, but he showed me very affably how it was possible to run up a satisfactory hat bill.



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If some article of food, or the usual table beverage, is found to interfere with one's welfare and comfort, it's time to break away.

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It makes no difference. No matter what the selection, no matter what make of roll, there will be real music because he is going to play it on the

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Put on *any* roll, pedal easily, naturally and think only of the music just as if you were playing by hand. The interpretation will be human, individual, lifelike, full of color, contrast and expression, the perfect realization of your own wishes because:

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DENVER 1626 California St | SAN FRANCISCO 310 Sutter St

"The finest of our hats," said he, "are of English make and are comparatively high-priced. An English opera hat of ribbed silk costs ten dollars; a silk hat is also ten dollars, and even the English bowler costs six dollars. A straw hat that is imported costs from three dollars to six or eight; and one of the sporty English caps that a man must have for golfing and all outdoor wear is generally all of four dollars. So, just for ordinary occasions, hats will cross the thirty-five-dollar mark. Then look at all the special headwear demanded by various sports. Here, for example, is this little hunting cap of green silk velvet—ten dollars; and we sell any number of them! The pith helmet you see before you is a polo hat and costs six dollars. That other helmet beside it is a tropical one and, with the silk pugaree band, is worth ten dollars. Those fine Austrian velours in green and fawn are nine dollars, and the feather in each costs two dollars extra. The fishing helmet with the fly rim angles for four dollars. Last of all, the extra fine Panama can hardly be bought under fifty dollars. Oh, yes; it is very easy to spend one hundred and twenty-five dollars with us and still skip a few of the luxuries."

Similarly breathless, too, is the tale of the fashionable shoedealer. "I've just fitted out a college boy with eighty dollars' worth of shoes!" is the cheerful opening remark of this gentleman. Asked how he did it, he is ready with his explanation:

"Well, you see," says he, "we sell nothing but fine benchmade shoes of the best leathers. They're the sort of shoes that are better during the second year of wear than the first, and we charge ten or twelve dollars a pair for them. A man, to be properly shod, must have a pair of dancing pumps; a pair of white buckskins; high-topped patent leathers for dress wear; russet Oxfords; calfskin Oxfords; russet boots; puttees for riding, and heavy storm bluchers. There, you see, is your eighty dollars. And, of course, any man who feels piqued at the smallness of this may indulge in all sorts of fancy footgear. For instance, he may have a pair of riding boots in French or Russia calf. These, with tops, cost about twenty-seven dollars. Or he may have, at ten dollars, a pair of English gaiter pumps. Gaiters, by the way, are rather costly. The best of them cost five or six dollars, and you have to keep a big supply of them to be immaculate."

Solomon in All His Glory——

Let us sum up: One hundred and fifty dollars for shoes; one hundred and twenty-five dollars for hats; thousands for suits and accessories—and there is yet the problem of jewelry. This, too, is an overshadowing item. The fine watch that a man carries is apt to cost two hundred or even three hundred dollars. The thin platinum chain garlanded about the waistcoat is often set with pearls and costs two hundred dollars more. The various pastel shades of the negligee shirts exact their penalty of matching cuff-links and pins. And the little platters of mother-of-pearl, set with pearls and opals, which constitute the most fashionable jewelry for evening clothes, make in themselves a costly teaset.

Very often, too, the fashionable man will want his own specially designed jewelry. For instance, one scarfpin shown me by a Fifth Avenue jeweler was in the form of a Roman coin of the time of Marcus Aurelius. It was of burnished gold, without any gems; yet the work of duplication had been so exacting that this pin cost thirty-five dollars. Another original bit was a gold ring in the shape of a dolphin flaked with seafoam of emeralds. This was ready for the customer who had ordered it at two hundred and fifty dollars. Still another order was a set of turquoise matrix at fifty dollars.

Regarding this last, the jeweler had a contemptuous word of comment. "Turquoise!" he scoffed. "And he a man!"

This led naturally enough to a question of the gems that might properly be worn by the real, brawny, virile man. In this itemization opals led as being the most fashionable. Black opals are particularly smart and also particularly expensive. However, here as in other realms of masculine dress there is observed a constant shift of styles, and to maintain a reputation for correct dressing men must change their type of jewelry almost as often as they change their type of waistcoats.

You cannot help thinking that Louis le Grand in his brocades and laces had little on Smith of Newport.

Queen Quality Shoes

Always Style Leaders

QUEEN QUALITY Shoes have a wonderful flexibility of sole, a uniformity of workmanship and a style distinctiveness that have made them famous.

Over a *million women* are to-day wearing them because in *no other* shoes are *all* these qualities so *perfectly* combined.

Here are some of the new models the Queen Quality dealer in your town will show you:

836— White Washable Buck Button Oxford, Welt.

4831A— White Washable Buck Pump, Welt.

2622— Patent Blucher Oxford, Welt.

436— Gun Metal Calf Pump, Welt.

2236TC—Tan Calf Button Oxford, Welt.

338 White Washable Buck Button Boot, Welt.

$3.50, $3.75, $4.00, $4.25, $4.50 and $5.00

A Few Unusual Styles $5.50 and $6.00

You can order your shoes from any Queen Quality Dealer through Parcel Post System.

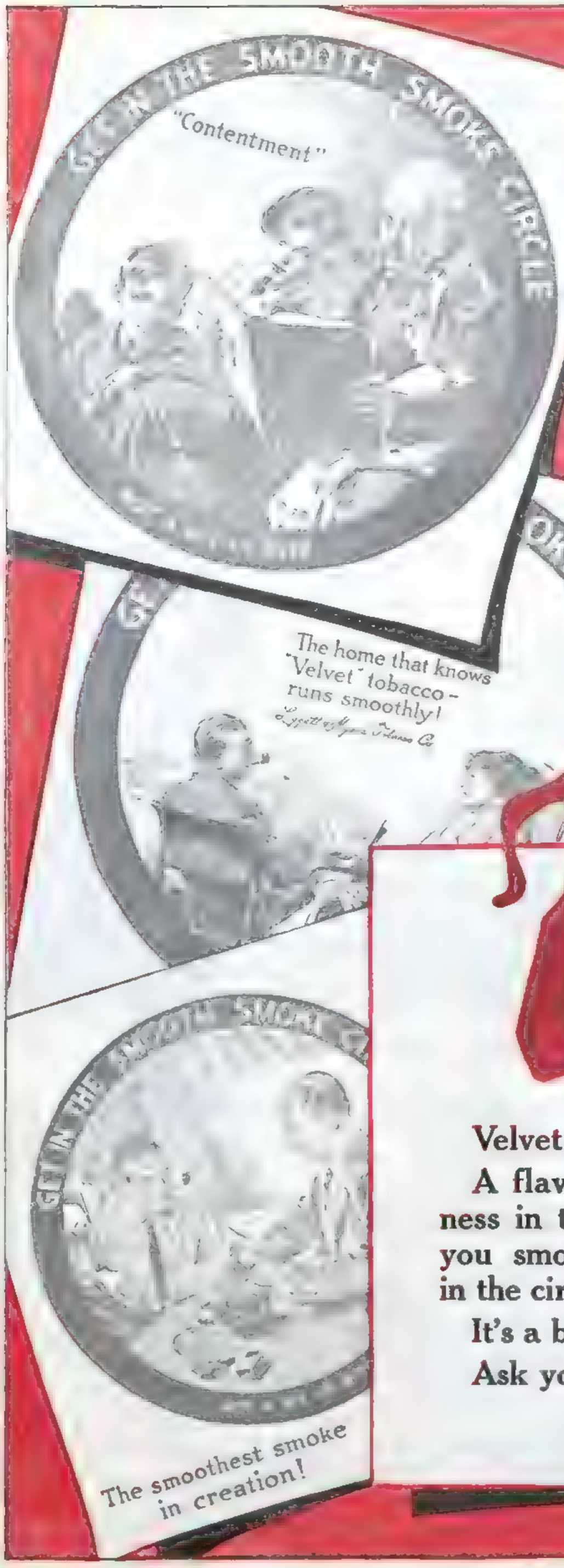
See that the Queen Quality trade mark is stamped on every pair.

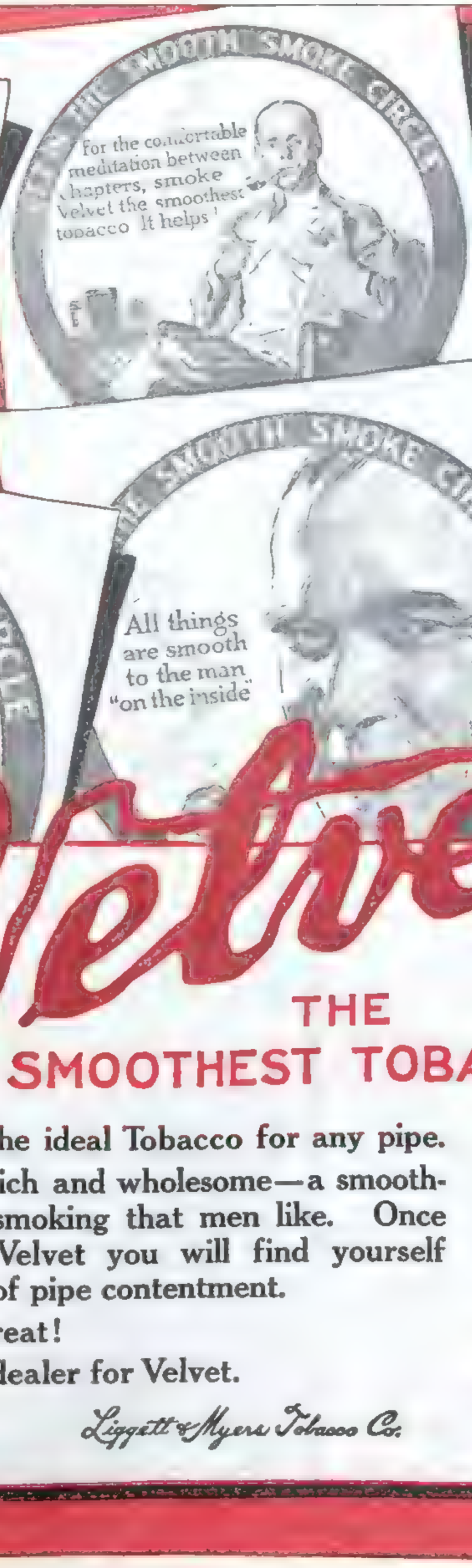
Thirty-eight hundred dealers handle "Queen Quality" shoes. Below we give you the names of a few in the leading cities for your convenience.

[illegible] Department Store
[illegible]
Memphis, Tenn.—R. E. Caraline & Penny

Mexico City, Mexico—Lucas Diener
[illegible]

THOMAS G. PLANT COMPANY
BOSTON, MASS., U. S. A.


IN THE SMOOTH SMOKE CIRCLE
"Contentment"
The home that knows "Velvet" tobacco – runs smoothly!
Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.
The smoothest smoke in creation!


THE SMOOTH SMOKE CIRCLE
"For the comfortable meditation between chapters, smoke Velvet the smoothest tobacco. It helps!"
All things are smooth to the man "on the inside"

Velvet

THE SMOOTHEST TOBACCO

Velvet is the ideal Tobacco for any pipe.

A flavor rich and wholesome—a smoothness in the smoking that men like. Once you smoke Velvet you will find yourself in the circle of pipe contentment.

It's a big treat!

Ask your dealer for Velvet.

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

10c TINS

Handy 5c bags or one pound glass humidor jars.

GET IN THE SMOOTH SMOKE CIRCLE
NOT A BIT OF BITE
"Velvet" tobacco is good news to any pipe!
"Great!
Velvet
THE SMOOTHEST TOBACCO
Business — relaxation-pleasure— "It Helps!"
"A great smoke for busy people"
TOBACCO

"Dad wants your DIAMOND SPECIAL, our LAWN MOWER is no good"

When you ask your boy to mow the lawn, give him a good, easy-running machine. It's more than a man's job to push with a poor lawn mower.

A lawn mower has two vital points—the cutting parts and the adjustment.

Poor cutting parts mean dull blades and an unsightly lawn.

Poor adjustment means hard-running and short life for the machine. The energy that should go to cut the grass is eaten up in friction between blades and in the bearings. Thus the machine wears out quickly. To be sure that you get a mower that is made right and that will stay right get a

"W. & B." LAWN MOWER

We have been making the very best cutting parts for 59 years. The material, temper, dimensions of parts and adjustment of "W. & B." mowers are the result of this long experience.

"W. & B." lawn mowers run easy, cut close and smooth. The knives stay sharp. Adjustment is perfect and good service is given for years.

All live dealers sell these mowers. Look for "W. & B." on the handle.

Here are the two leaders

The Diamond Special Ball Bearing Lawn Mower, the easiest running mower you can buy

The Junior Lawn Mower, slightly lower in price, is the best ten inch drive wheel mower on the market.

Write for illustrated folder and send us your dealer's name

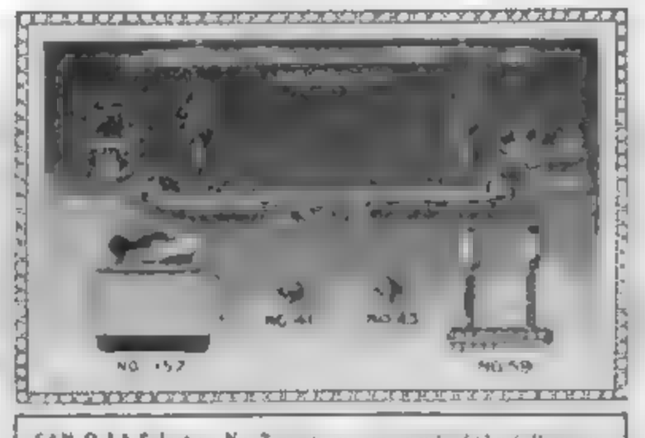
DEALERS—Stock the complete "W. & B." line. It's a live, quick moving, satisfaction giving mower that will make friends for you. Order of your jobber. If he cannot supply you, write us direct.

THE WHITMAN & BARNES MFG. CO., General Offices, AKRON, O.

Established 1854

New York Store, 64 Reade St. Canadian Office and Factory, St. Catharines, Ont.

A. J. Barnes, Expert Agent, 90 West St., New York. European Office, 149 Queen Victoria St., London, E. C.



No. 953
SAN-O-LA
Soap and Tumbler Holder Outfit complete as shown, $2.55.
Many other styles and prices.

No. 945
SAN-O-LA
Shaving Mug and Brush Holder, $1.25.
No mug or brush furnished

SAN-O-LA Selection No. 2 consists of the following

No. 998	18 inch Glass Shelf	$1 65
No. 41	Robe Hook	16
No. 43	Robe Hook	13
No. 178	Tumbler Holder	60
No. 312	Wall Soap Dish	30
No. 1157	Paper Holder	30
No. 301	18-inch Towel Bar	33
No. 59	Soap Dish	55
	The complete outfit	$4 02

Real Bathroom Luxury is *Not* Expensive

Perhaps you have long intended to get some of these luxurious and convenient fixtures. You will never know the full charm and comfort of a well-ordered bathroom *until you do!* And the expense is *not* great. You can obtain the highest type of bathroom ware—fit for a lifetime of service—at very moderate cost.

ART BRASS COMPANY'S

SAN-O-LA

BATH ROOM WARE

is made of *solid brass* and polished smoothly. Then it is given an exquisite finish of heavy nickel plate—as beautiful as the finest silver plate and far more durable. We Warrant it for Five Years.

[illegible] mbination. Look for the name—Art Brass Co., New York—*plainly stamped on each article*

Art Brass Company 200 East 134th Street New York.

THE HOOKER-UP-THE-BACK

Continued from Page 7

That was one reason why I broke with Jo. It wasn't only his mother. I told him he couldn't ever give me the things I want anyway. You can't help wanting 'em—seeing them all round every day on women that aren't half as good-looking as you are! I want low-cut dresses too. My neck's like milk. I want silk underneath, and fur coming up on my coat collar to make my cheeks look pink. I'm sick of hooking other women up. I want to stand in front of a mirror, looking at myself, polishing my pink nails with a silver thing and having somebody else hook me up!"

In Sadie Corn's eyes there was a mist that could not be traced to neuralgia or peppermint.

"Julia, girl," said Sadie Corn, "ever since the world began there's been hookers and hooked. And there always will be. I was born a hooker. So were you. Time was when I used to cry out against it too. But shucks! I know better now. I wouldn't change places. Being a hooker gives you such an all-round experience like of mankind. The hooked only get a front view. They only see faces and arms and chests. But the hookers—they see the necks and shoulderblades of this world, as well as faces. It's mighty broadening—being a hooker. It's the hookers that keep this world together, Julia, and fastened up right. It wouldn't amount to much if it had to depend on such as that!" She nodded her head in the direction the cerise figure had taken. "The height of her ambition is to get the cuticle of her nails trained back so perfectly that it won't have to be cut; and she don't feel decently dressed to be seen in public unless she's wearing one of those breastplates of orchids. Envy her! Why, Julia, don't you know that as you were standing here in your black dress as she passed she was envying you!"

"Envying me!" said Julia, and laughed a short laugh that had little of mirth in it. "You don't understand, Sadie!"

Sadie Corn smiled a rather sad little smile.

"Oh, yes, I do understand. Don't think because a woman's homely, and always has been, that she doesn't have the same heartaches that a pretty woman has. She's built just the same inside."

Julia turned her head to stare at her wide-eyed. It was a long and trying stare, as though she now saw Sadie Corn for the first time.

Sadie, smiling up at the girl, stood it bravely. Then, with a sudden little gesture, Julia patted the wrinkled, sallow cheek and was off down the hall and round the corner to Two-eighteen.

The lights still blazed in the bedroom. Julia closed the door and stood with her back to it, looking about the disordered chamber. In that marvelous way a room has of reflecting the very personality of its absent owner, Room Two-eighteen bore silent testimony to the manner of woman who had just left it. The air was close and overpoweringly sweet with perfume—sachet, powder—the scent of a bedroom after a vain and selfish woman has left it. The litter of toilet articles lay scattered about on the dresser. Chairs and bed held garments of lace and silk. A bewildering negligee hung limply over a couch; and next it stood a patent-leather slipper, its mate on the floor.

Julia saw these things in one accustomed glance. Then she advanced to the middle of the room and stooped to pick up a pink wadded bedroom slipper from where it lay under the bed. And her hand touched a coat of velvet and fur that had been flung across the counterpane—touched it and rested there. The coat was of stamped velvet and fur. Great cuffs of fur there were, and a sumptuous collar that rolled from neck to waist. There was a lining of vivid orange. Julia straightened up and stood regarding the garment, her hands on her hips.

"I wonder if it's draped in the back," she said to herself, and picked it up. It was draped in the back—bewitchingly. She held it at arm's length, turning it this way and that. Then, as though obeying some powerful force she could not resist, Julia plunged her arms into the satin of the sleeves and brought the great soft revers up about her throat. The great, gorgeous, shimmering thing completely hid her grubby little black gown. She stepped to the mirror and stood surveying herself in a sort of ecstasy. Her cheeks glowed rose-pink against the dark fur, as she had known they would. Her lovely little head, with its coils of black hair, rose flowerlike from the clinging garment. She was still standing there, lips parted, eyes wide with delight, when the door opened and closed—and Venner, of Two-twenty-three, strode into the room.

"You little beauty!" exclaimed Two-twenty-three.

Julia had wheeled about. She stood staring at him, eyes and lips wide with fright now. One hand clutched the fur at her breast.

"Why, what ——" she gasped.

Two-twenty-three laughed.

"I knew I'd find you here. I made an excuse to come up. Old Nutcracker Face in the hall thinks I went to my own room." He took two quick steps forward. "You raving little Cinderella beauty, you!"—And he gathered Julia, coat and all, into his arms.

"Let me go!" panted Julia, fighting with all the strength of her young arms. "Let me go!"

"You'll have coats like this," Two-twenty-three was saying in her ear—"a dozen of them! And dresses too; and laces and furs! You'll be ten times the beauty you are now! And that's saying something. Listen! You meet me to-morrow ——"

There came a ring—sudden and startling—from the telephone on the wall near the door. The man muttered something and turned. Julia pushed him away, loosened the coat with fingers that shook and dropped it to the floor. It lay in a shimmering circle about the tired feet in their worn, cracked boots. And one foot was raised suddenly and kicked the silken garment into a heap.

The telephone bell sounded again. Venner, of Two-twenty-three, plunged his hand into his pocket, took out something and pressed it in Julia's palm, shutting her fingers over it. Julia did not need to open them and look to see—she knew by the feel of the crumpled paper, stiff and crackling. He was making for the door, with some last instructions that she did not hear, before she spoke. The telephone bell had stopped its insistent ringing.

Julia raised her arm and hurled at him with all her might the yellow-backed paper he had thrust in her hand.

"I'll—I'll get my man to whip you for this!" she panted. "Jo'll pull those eyelashes of yours out and use 'em for couplings. You miserable little ——"

The outside door opened again, striking Two-twenty-three squarely in the back. He crumpled up against the wall with an oath.

Sadie Corn, in the doorway, gave no heed to him. Her eyes searched Julia's flushed face. What she saw there seemed to satisfy her. She turned to him then grimly.

"What are you doing here?" Sadie asked briskly.

Two-twenty-three muttered something about the wrong room by mistake. Julia laughed.

"He lies!" she said, and pointed to the floor. "That bill belongs to him."

Sadie Corn motioned to him.

"Pick it up!" she said.

"I don't—want it!" snarled Two-twenty-three.

"Pick—it—up!" articulated Sadie Corn very carefully. He came forward, stooped, put the bill in his pocket. "You check out tonight!" said Sadie Corn. Then, at a muttered remonstrance from him: "Oh, yes, you will! So will Two-eighteen. Huh? Oh, I guess she will! Say, what do you think a floor clerk's for? A human keyrack? I'll give you until twelve. I'm off watch at twelve-thirty." Then, to Julia, as he slunk off: "Why didn't you answer the phone? That was me ringing!"

A sob caught Julia in the throat, but she turned it into a laugh.

"I didn't hardly hear it. I was busy promising him a licking from Jo."

Sadie Corn opened the door.

"Come on down the hall. I've left no one at the desk. It was Jo I was telephoning you for."

Julia grasped her arm with gripping fingers.

"Jo! He ain't ——"

Sadie Corn took the girl's hand in hers.

The Hospitality of Ample Light

THE porch is an evening institution. Its usefulness is measured by the kind of light you provide. Without additional expense National Mazda lamps will give you better, whiter light and three times as much of it as carbon lamps. You can burn a 25 watt National Mazda lamp all evening for less than a cent. It is the ideal lamp for pleasure, protection, hospitality and economy—the lamp that triples the lighting power of electricity

Put a National Mazda Lamp in Every Socket

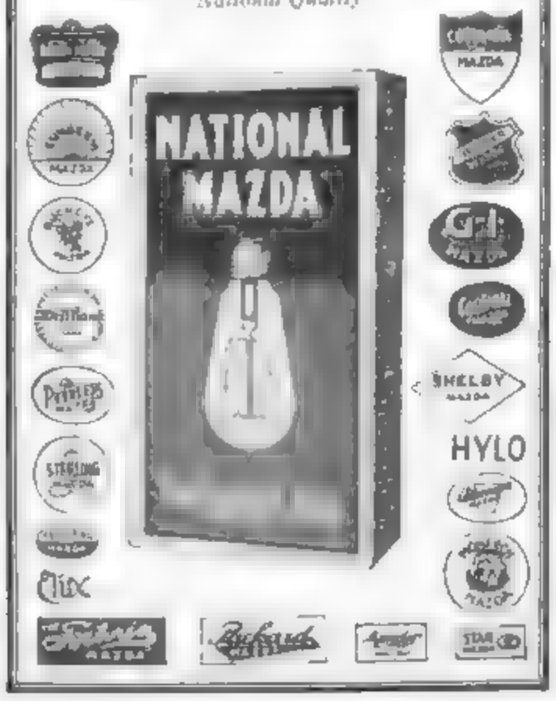
Run an extension cord down to your porch [illegible] portable lamp. Put a National Mazda lamp in the socket and [illegible] the entrance of the Quality light. National Mazda lamps make every room a living room. Holophane globes and reflectors provide scientific distribution of light without waste.

Send for the "National Index to Proper Lighting of Homes"—free. It tells how to select the right lamp for every room. Our House Wiring booklet, also free, shows how easily and inexpensively you can wire any home for electricity.

NATIONAL QUALITY LAMP DIVISION

of General Electric Co.
No. 2 Nela Park, Cleveland, Ohio

Any of these labels is a guaranty of National Quality



"Jo's all right! But Jo's mother won't bother you any more, Sadie. You'll never need to give up your housekeeping nest-egg for her again. Jo told me to tell you."

Julia stared at her for one dreadful moment, her fist, with the knuckles showing white, pressed against her mouth. A little moan came from her that, repeated over and over, took the form of words:

"Oh, Sadie, if I could only take back what I said to Jo! If I could only take back what I said to Jo! He'll never forgive me now! And I'll never forgive myself!"

"He'll forgive you," said Sadie Corn; "but you'll never forgive yourself. That's as it should be. That, you know, is our punishment for what we say in thoughtlessness and anger."

They turned the corridor corner. Standing before the desk near the stairway was the tall figure of Donahue, house detective. Donahue had always said that Julia was too pretty to be a hotel employee.

"Straighten up, Julia!" whispered Sadie Corn. "And smile if it kills you—unless you want to make me tell the whole of it to Donahue."

Donahue, the keen-eyed, balancing, as was his wont, from toe to heel and back again, his chin thrust out inquiringly, surveyed the pair.

"Off watch?" inquired Donahue pleasantly, staring at Julia's eyes. "What's wrong with Julia?"

"Neuralgy!" said Sadie Corn crisply. "I've just told her to quit rubbing her head with peppermint. She's got the stuff into her eyes."

She picked up the bottle on her desk and studied its label, frowning. "Run along downstairs, Julia. I'll see if they won't send you some hot tea."

Donahue, hands clasped behind him, was walking off in his leisurely, light-footed way.

"Everything serene?" he called back over his big shoulder.

The neuralgic eye closed and opened, perhaps with another twinge.

"Everything's serene!" said Sadie Corn.

Moving the Crowd

SO GREAT is the congestion in London streets becoming and so much attention is being given to possible remedies for this condition that the Institution of Electrical Engineers, a conservative organization, recently invited an expert to give them a lecture on moving sidewalks for London, and followed up the lecture with a discussion. No serious engineering problem stands in the way of efficient moving sidewalks, the lecturer declared. He proposed a system of such walks in subways, through the crowded sections of the city, to be used in place of subway trains—utilizing some of the existing subways, or building new ones if preferred.

The public would easily learn, he predicted, to step on the slow-moving sidewalk, and then over to faster and faster ones, until an express-speed line had been reached.

A speed equal to the tube train's speed would be practicable, while the capacity would be very much greater. At the borders of the congested district the moving sidewalks would furnish facilities for transferring passengers to the ordinary electric suburban trains.

Contents Unknown

WHEN former Governor Hawley, of Idaho, was prosecuting attorney in the mining districts of the state a reform wave hit Idaho City and the reformers made it as uncomfortable as possible for the whisky-sellers.

A general storekeeper was suspected of selling liquor without a license. Hawley summoned the driver of a freight wagon before the grand jury to testify whether he had hauled whisky from Boisé to Idaho City for the storekeeper.

The driver was sworn. Hawley questioned him:

"Did you or did you not haul two barrels of whisky from Boise to Idaho City on May twelfth, addressed to John Doe?"

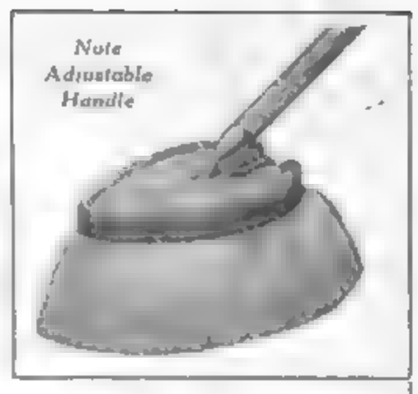
"Oi hauled two barrels," the driver swore, "but Oi don't know phwat was in thim."

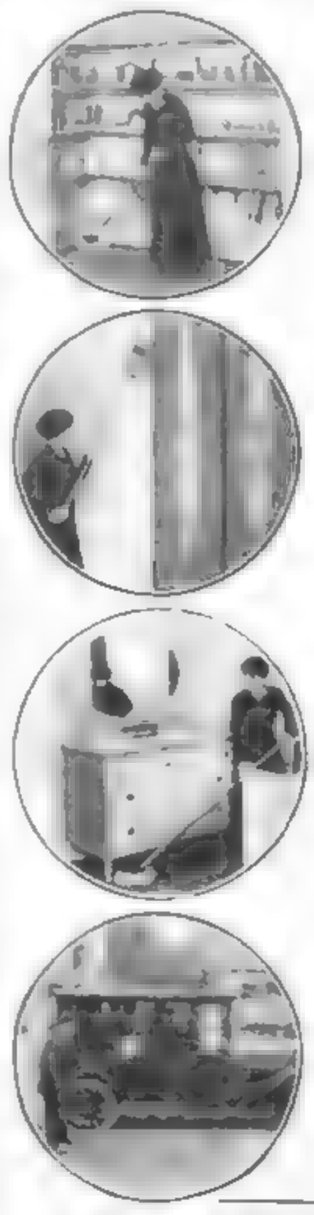
"Was not the word 'whisky' painted on one end of the barrels?"

"Well," answered the driver, "it said Pure Rye Whisky on wan ind av th' barrel, an' John Doe on th' other; an' Oi don't know which wuz in th' barrel!"

A REVELATION—
Sani-Genic Polish Mop

Gets into the corners where dirt and germs gather
Cleans and polishes from cellar to garret





The Sanitary Way—
No Dust

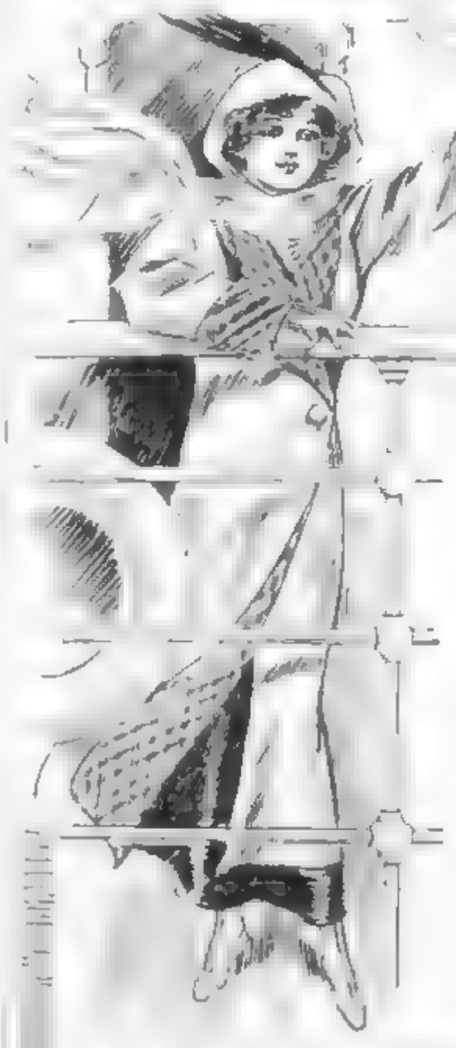
The Easy Way—
No Exertion

THE SANI-GENIC Polish Mop—Sanitary and Hygienic—is heart shaped, having a pointed nose to get at the dirt in the corners. *With its self-adjusting handle* (another exclusive Sani-Genic feature) it is easy to reach those hard-to-get-at places, such as under radiators and beds, or over doors and mouldings. And it is so padded that it prevents marring the furniture. *Strength, simplicity* and *durability*, the *keynote of its construction. Rapid and efficient—10 hours' work can be done in one.* Clean your house thoroughly without removing rugs, pictures, draperies or curtains.

The Sani-Genic Polish Mop is ideal for polishing and cleaning hardwood floors, fine furniture, automobiles, pianos, oil paintings and picture frames. *Refreshens, brightens,* keeps them like new.

A week's trial *to show you* the many advantages of the Sani-Genic Polish Mop. Get a Sani-Genic Polish Mop. Try it for a week. If it doesn't please you, return it and get your money back without question. Ask your dealer. If he cannot supply you *accept no substitute;* send us his name with yours and $1.50 and we will send you prepaid this remarkable household help with "our money back" guarantee. Reference—any bank in Cincinnati. Write today.

The Sani-Genic Mop & Polish Co.
15 Sanigenic Building CINCINNATI, OHIO



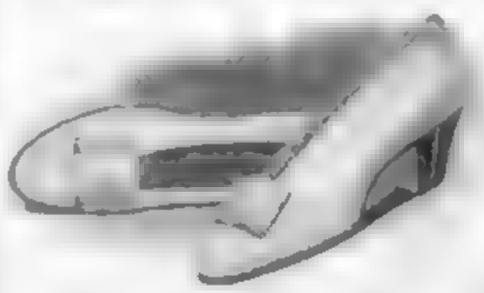
LA FRANCE SHOE for WOMEN

WHEN *La Belle Américaine* sets forth for the shores of *La Belle France*, she'll journey more comfortably, and possess more of that peace of mind which comes from correct dressing if she takes along a good supply of LA FRANCE shoes.

LA FRANCE will make any American woman proud she's wearing "home-product" footgear, wherever she goes.

In order that you won't be disappointed in finding LA FRANCE, write for our Spring 1913 Style Book, and we'll tell you what dealer will supply you.

WILLIAMS, CLARK & COMPANY
377 Washington Street, LYNN, MASS.



No. 6568 is a trim pump illustrated in White Nu-Buck, but also made in Sterling (patent) Calf.

No. 6458 is a Gun Metal on Elan last well shoe. Also in Sterling (patent) Calf

In The 5¢ TIN

"What are the wild waves saying?"
"Smoke Stag, brother, smoke Stag."

The IDEA is so simple:

To put the finest of smoking tobacco in a 5 CENT TIN—so you can buy HALF as much at a time—and smoke it WHILE IT'S FRESH.

The wonder's not that we thought of it, but that it was not done long ago.

Yet that convenient 5 Cent Tin marks a new era in smoking. It has ABOLISHED dried-up tobacco.

Stag is a GREAT SMOKE—but the greatest thing about it is that you always smoke it when it is in PERFECT CONDITION.

¶ The 5 Cent Tin slips easily even into a vest pocket. ¶ Doesn't bulge or wear out any pocket. ¶ Much handier to use.

"EVER-LASTING-LY GOOD"

P. LORILLARD CO. ESTABLISHED 1760

STAG

MR. JONES AND THE NOBILITY

(Concluded from Page 15)

"If you could—plead for me, sir!" he muttered. "A first offense—in the firm's interests!"

"You do a great deal for the firm, Jones," said Mr. Samuel dryly—"a great deal. H'm! H'm!" He laid the stones together and he absolutely smiled. "A dreadful thing to rob a great collector!" he went on. "A dreadful thing to do! H'm! H'm!" He looked at the clock. "If I am not mistaken," he added, "Sir—er—Henry Critchley will be here in five minutes."

"If the new zonal had blown I could bear prison better," said Jones, and immediately realized that his speech was quite out of order. There was a heavy screen across the end of the room, covering a safe and some books where the partners hung their coats. Mr. Samuel pointed to it.

"I did it for the best, my lud," said Jones wearily; "quite on my own, your worship. No blame to Mosenthals'."

"Get behind that," said Mr. Samuel, "and wait there. There are more things in Heaven and earth, Jones, than you dream of."

The kindliness in Mr. Samuel's voice made little Jones sniff drearily. He got behind the screen and, quite without thought, put on Mr. Amos' hat, which was two sizes too large for him, so as to be ready to go with the police. Also a pair of gray gloves; then he stood waiting.

The office boy announced Sir Henry Critchley. To Jones' surprise the baronet came in calmly, unruffled, with no word of complaint on his lips, and Mr. Samuel's greeting was of icy smoothness.

As through a dream Jones heard Sir Henry observe that he had seen the stone and had come to make a bargain.

"A little off," said Sir Henry lightly, "a teetle off the price. Your messenger, of course, is back."

"Yes," said Mr. Samuel quietly; "just returned."

"Then, if I might see the diamond —— You are very trusting, Mr. Mosenthal, to send one man with this stone."

"We know our men," said Samuel—"especially this one."

Behind the screen Mr. Jones lifted Mr. Amos' hat solemnly.

"If I might see it, then," said Sir Henry at once. "Come, say thirty thousand and it's a deal. Just show it again, will you? A fine stone, Mosenthal; I missed it at Christie's."

Some portions of a top hat and half an eye came round the screen. Mr. Jones saw his employer take the box from a small safe and lay the great blue diamond on the table. There was no sun now, but the electric light was switched on and sent the rays of glory round the somber office.

Sir Henry picked the stone up; he fingered it. He looked at it. He grew suddenly very white; he held the great jewel toward the light and sat down quite suddenly.

"Then—what—where?" he muttered, and was silent.

Across the stillness Mr. Amos' voice was as clear as the facets on the jewel.

"It was a pretty little plot, Mr. Henry Critchley!" he said coolly. "There is another diamond here, which is your property. I should like the name of the maker; it is well done; he knew the real blue stone well, evidently."

The second stone was laid on the table; with a click the light above them went off—and while one still shone in the dimness the other was dull and lifeless.

"A pretty plot!" said Mr. Amos savagely now. "To ruin a poor clerk of mine and save yourself from all pursuit until this diamond was made ten of in Rotterdam! Eh, Mr. Critchley?"

The man at the table looked exceedingly like—save that he breathed—the surprised man Jones had left on the roof in Paris. His jaw worked a little, but his white lips formed no words.

"I got this letter this afternoon"—Samuel Mosenthal picked one up—"from your half brother, Sir Henry; but if the plot had worked I might have imagined it to have been delayed. You overlooked the possibility of my clerk proving himself a little too ——" Mr. Samuel looked at the screen. "Shall we call it too devoted for you?"

"But—how—how?" muttered Critchley. "Have you two blue diamonds? I—the other ——" Here he collapsed again. Surprise had undone him.

Mr. Samuel smiled softly.

"My messenger," he observed, "is a man who does not stick at trifles. He missed his first train and traveled up with you. Foolishly you took that diamond out to look at it. My messenger, believing it to be his, helped himself as you slept. Sir Henry Critchley is a well-known man. We do not care to prosecute and give Sir Henry the pain of seeing your name in a fresh case. Another time don't drink until you are out of the woods."

Mr. Critchley recovered himself.

"But that nimby-pimby, namby—sallow little cockney!" he gasped.

"Mr. Jones is a very desperate person—in—er—disguise," said Mr. Samuel with a cough. "That he does not spend the night in a prison as a thief is due to his—er—cleverness. May I ask how you got into Critchley Hall?"

Henry Critchley grinned.

"A wire from Marseilles: 'Mr. Henry Critchley goes down tomorrow with an assistant to reconstruct electricity.' I am an electrical engineer by trade. I had only to keep your fool away from the servants. We waited until there was only Jones for you to send."

"A very foolish error!" said Mr. Samuel. "A wise man walks in grooves, but you never know where stupidity's next step will go. We'll keep this replica for expenses. Now go!"

"That slack-jawed, undersized gruh!" said Mr. Critchley—"with his eyes on the roses!"

He staggered out of the room cursing softly.

"Jones," said Mr. Samuel crisply, "come out!"

"All that abuse, sir?" said Mr. Jones nervously.

"Was, of course, merely natural reprisal," said Mr. Samuel unsteadily. "Er—quite so. And ignorance, Jones. Now directly," the merchant went on, "you put those stones on the table I knew that one was false, and I saw the whole clever plot. I happened to find out today that Sir Henry has a half brother, extraordinarily like him—and a regular bad lot. We had never seen Sir Henry; the whole preposterous thing ought to have come off."

"But to return here!" stammered Jones.

"Can't you see, you ——" Mr. Samuel swallowed the word fool with extreme difficulty. "This Critchley changed the stones and saw you seal up the mock one—then was playing bluff, coming straight here before any one was likely to have noticed the exchange, with eager offers to buy. He asks to see the diamond. I open the box—you would only just have come in. He cries out: 'But this is paste—a mock diamond! Where is the stone you sent down?' Arrest of humble Mr. Jones, who has done this thing. Noble wrath of Sir Henry Critchley, great collector of jewels. Denial of Mr. Jones—useless! He had sole charge of the blue diamond. He brought a mock one here, meaning to slip away tonight with his booty, trusting that the change might not be discovered. Sir Henry, a man above suspicion, thunders for the stone he came to buy. Mr. Jones is ruined."

"It—It was positively iniquitous!" stammered little Mr. Jones. "How—How did you reason it out, Mr. Samuel? How?"

"Some people's wits," said Mr. Samuel dryly, "are trained to go fast. They must be. I have to thank you, Jones, for saving us quite a large sum of money."

Mr. Jones nodded in silence.

"I understand you make a hobby of gardening," said Mr. Samuel. "My car will call for you on Sunday to take you to see the conservatories at my place in Surrey."

Jones stammered his thanks and departed.

"A fool," said Mr. Samuel to himself, "is a very valuable asset at times. A wise man would have taken a wise course and made a muddle of it. But I would give a good deal to know," went on Mr. Samuel, "how things leak out in this office."

Over a sausage for his tea, Mr. Jones decided that he would not tell Anna. So much danger might upset her.

"She would not understand the strong motives that made me a thief," said Mr. Jones to himself as he sterilized potting earth with the water in the teakettle.

Editor's Note—This is the second of four stories by Dorothea Conyers. The third will appear in an early issue.

Make This the Coolest Summer You Ever Knew

Start a breeze when you please with a "STANDARD" Fan! In two seconds you can attach it to any electric-light socket. Snap the button, and it begins to blow out the hot, stuffy air, envelops you in billows of cooling comfort, and fills you with fresh, new energy. If you can afford electric lights you can afford the glorious comfort of a "STANDARD" Fan this summer.

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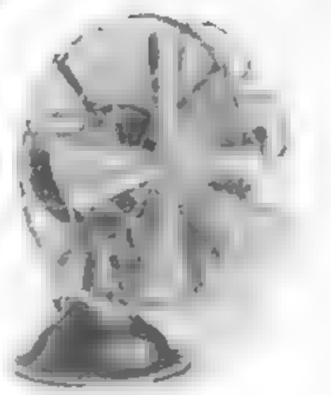
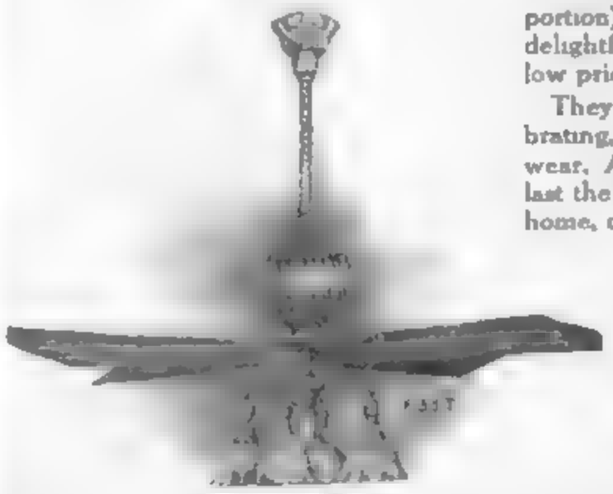


New Induction Type A. C. 8-Inch Fan in Desk Position

Induction Type A. C. 12-Inch Fan in Desk Position



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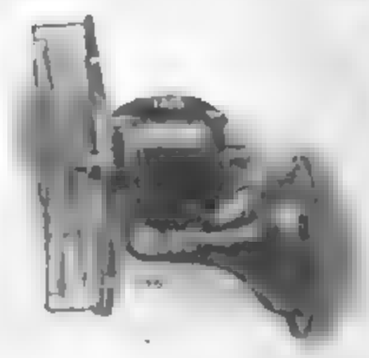
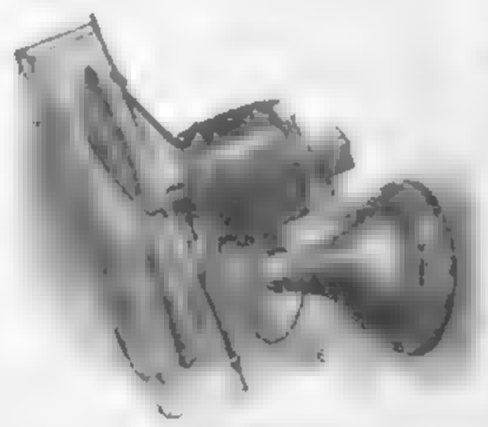
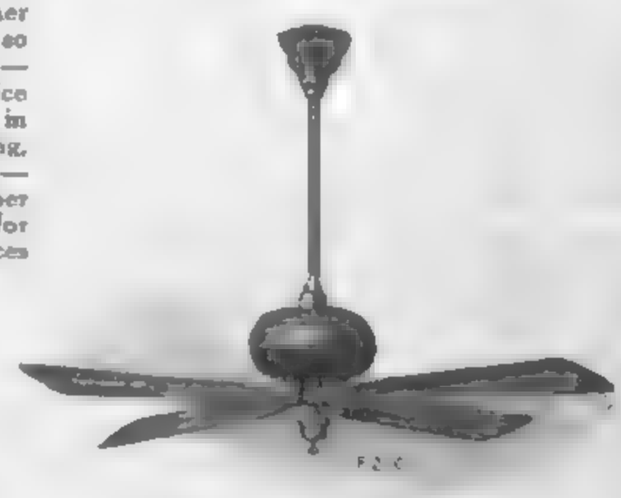


New Induction Type A. C. 8-Inch Fan in Wall Bracket Position



16-Inch Gear Type Oscillator in Wall Bracket Position A. C. and D. C.



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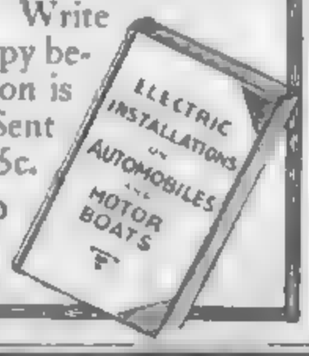

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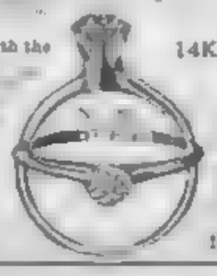

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What Swept the American Flag From the Sea?—1815-1915

(Continued from Page 10.

of national American marine insurance such as Canada is contemplating, to overcome the highly discriminatory rates against the St. Lawrence."

Let us have nautical schools that will graduate—not a paltry two hundred or three hundred boys, as in New York; but twenty thousand or thirty thousand—say, enough to replace our navy every year. Let us stick a gold band on the caps of these boys, with the words Naval Reserve on it, and pay each boy a retaining fee, with guaranty of a pension. If you want to know the details of this plan write to Mr. Coulby, of Cleveland, the authority on Great Lakes transportation. Suppose thirty thousand high-school boys of the sea were paid a retaining fee of fifty dollars a year—which is England's maximum—that would amount to only one million five hundred thousand dollars. We paid six times that to the St. Louis Exposition: thirteen times that to the San Francisco Exposition—to celebrate what? Panama, costing four hundred million dollars, built for foreign ships; no United States ships to apply. If you paid one hundred dollars a boy that would be only three millions. We waste sixteen times that on rivers and harbors every year.

"Bar foreign ship pools out of our harbors entirely," says Mr. Study-Chair Theorist. "They break our laws on restraint of trade and rebates. Kick 'em out!"

Let us change our tonnage laws—say the little-cargo ships. Charge the other fellows; don't charge us.

Give us a Government shipping bureau for sailors in every leading port in the United States, and rescue our sailors from the crimp and boarding-house shark—says the Seamen's Union.

Railroads get thirty-four million dollars for carrying United States mail—say the ships. Ships get from six hundred thousand to nine hundred thousand dollars. What's that?—demand the foghorns. As long as that's that, don't get apoplexy over subsidies!

To all of which suggested remedies, Mr. Average American replies:

From 1870 to 1890 we paid almost as much for foreign freights on the seas as our national revenue—that is, our revenue was $3,950,000,000; our foreign freights, $3,300,000,000.

The only hopeful thing about our merchant marine is that it can't grow worse.

European Shipping Laws

It is quite plain that something has to be done—and done quick; done by Uncle Sam, with his chin shoved out and his shirtsleeves up. All right! Go ahead! Do something! Can you guarantee to deliver the goods—to hand Sammy an armful of boats, making good as to cash, and men, and speed, and rates, and foreign trade? Now then—How much is it going to cost?—demands Mr. Average American.

There isn't any use of argufying all up in the air as to a merchant marine for Uncle Sam! If arguments could have established a merchant marine Uncle Sam would have had whole armadas on all the Seven Seas years ago! Let us submit every suggested remedy to the test, not of your opinion or mine—which do not matter a cat's-paw of air—but to the test of the facts from experience—facts with rock bottom, which cannot be budged.

"Give us free ships like England!" "Let us buy our ships in the cheapest market and bring them in under the United States flag, for both ocean and coastal trade."

Has England really free ships? Nominally, yes! Men may buy ships for English traffic in any market in the world and bring them in under the British flag; but ships receiving subsidies, mail subventions and naval reserve fees for seamen must be built in British yards, under the supervision of the Admiralty, and cannot be sold to a foreign power without permission of the Admiralty. That permission is only given when the ships are obsolete or no longer seaworthy. Then they are repainted, rerigged, renamed and sold to Japan, Norway, South America, or go into the irregular trade known as the tramp class.

Another point: Lloyd's classification and register of ships practically determine the marine insurance rate; for England does three-quarters of the marine insurance of the world. Now note the point: Lloyd's will not accord as high classification—which means as cheap rates—to foreign-built ships as to home-built ships. This is perfectly natural. We need have no grouch on the subject of insurance. It is perfectly natural that home inspectors should give higher classification to home-built ships, of which they have supervised every stage of construction with builders—whose methods have been known for fifty years—than to foreign-built ships, inspected only at stated intervals of construction and constructed after methods differing from British yards.

Nominally, yes—England has free ships. In reality free ships are no more universally possible with her than with the United States, where, under exigency of war or commerce, foreign-built ships have been admitted to United States registry. Both Germany and France formerly bought their ships abroad; but the German emperor soon saw that the policy of free ships was subsidizing foreign labor against German labor—and German bounties were paid only to ships built at home. Under that policy Germany has built up one of the strongest young marines in the world. France had a similar experience and Japan is now in the transition period.

If We Had Free Ships

Norway has had a custom of going over to England and buying cheap ships, rerigging and putting on a Norwegian crew cheaper than a British; but this custom was stealing away English traffic, and the Board of Trade has of late discouraged it by refusing permission for the sake of ships under bounty or subsidy acts.

There is another damage to a nation from free ships. What causes costliness in the construction of a ship is not labor or material. It is lack of standardizing—the attempt by one yard to construct a dozen different types of ships. In England each yard is given over to its own type—one to battleships; another to merchantmen; another to coasters—and cost can be reduced to a minimum. Admit free ships and what becomes of the increase in building that permits of standardizing? It is said this reason influenced the Emperor of Germany in building up home shipyards.

For foreign commerce, American law already admits foreign-built ships to United States registry under certain limitations; but not a single ship has applied for entry under those limitations.

There is another sense in which shippers sometimes advocate free ships. They mean by free ships the right of foreign ships to enter coastal and domestic and lake commerce not exclusively reserved to ships built in United States yards.

"What would be the effect of a free-ship law on domestic traffic?" a steamship man was asked by the House Committee on Marine.

"Foreign ships, with their cheaper crews, would come in like a swarm of bees and drive us out."

Two of the biggest steamship men in the country—the manager of the Southern Pacific Line and the former manager of the old Clyde Line—testified that free ships, as to coastal trade, would bankrupt every railroad in the United States. This is probably an exaggeration; but in matters of vital importance the thing is not to take this person's opinion or that person's opinion, but to register the facts of actual experience. The Great Lakes are protected from free ships. Shipping there is exclusively reserved to domestic United States and home-built vessels; and shipping on the Great Lakes is characterized by several distinctions:

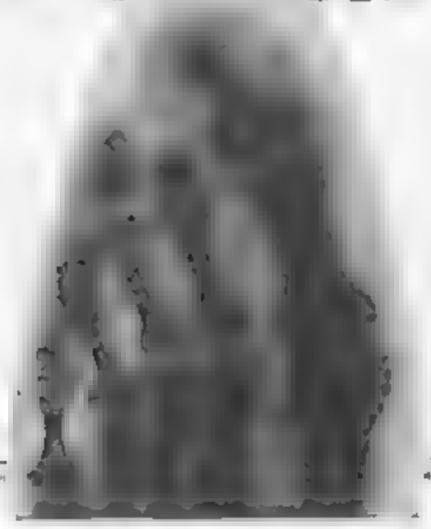
It is the cheapest transportation in the world.

It is the one area in America where railway and waterway coördinate and work together instead of fighting each other.

Wages paid seamen on the Great Lakes are the highest in America.

Wages paid dockworkers on the Great Lakes are the highest in America—notwithstanding which, transportation is the cheapest in the world; and there are fewer

Bent Bones



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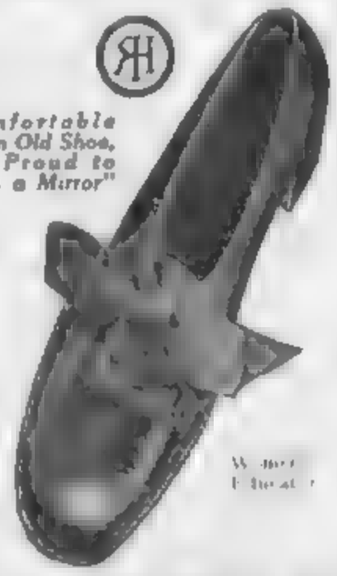

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labor troubles than in any other marine traffic of the United States.

When you say "Abolish the navigation laws"—if you mean throw open the coasts of the United States to all the flags of the world—you will meet with a solid front of opposition: (1) from the shipbuilders, who have expressed their views to Congress; (2) from the labor unions of the United States, who in 1906 presented their unanimous views to the Marine Commission. But if by abolishing the navigation laws you mean revising the marine treaties, which have confiscated American commerce since 1828—going over every statute from A to Z and codifying all marine law, as England did in the middle of the last century—your suggestion would receive the approbation of all friends of a United States marine.

When you advocate putting shipping under interstate commerce regulation, listen to the evidence of a marine expert. Says Mr. Schwerin, vice-president of the Pacific Mail: "In order to meet competition and changing trade conditions we must be able to make or change a rate at a second's notice." Japan regulates the foreign rates of her subsidized ocean traffickers; but note the points—Japan's object is to dominate foreign seas; and with that aim, autocratically and on the instant, she raises subsidies, lowers rates, dictates the minimum wage to coolie labor. American commerce would not tolerate such a spirit for a second. German state-owned railroads carry material for German shipyards at cost and give rebates on freights for export on German ships to the extent of twenty and thirty per cent. Such rebates are illegal in the United States; so think just exactly what the consequences would be if foreign shipping—that is, American shipments to foreign ports—were put under interstate regulation!

By regulation perhaps you mean prohibiting foreign ships engaged in pools and combines from the right to enter United States harbors. Very well—listen to expert evidence again! Remember there is practically not a foreign liner of first rank in the world that is not a party to foreign combines and pools. Says Mr. Schwerin, of the Pacific Mail: "If you should debar the foreign ships from coming to the ports of America for one month you would have the worst financial crash this country has ever seen." It would practically result in an embargo on United States ports in times of peace; for we have only a dozen ocean traffickers under the United States flag to carry out the country's exports, and foreign nations might retaliate by barring out United States ships.

How Local Charges Divert Traffic

"Let us divorce railroads and ships," says one side. "Let us link them up closer to coördinate and coöperate as to harbors and terminals and rates," says the other side. Again, what are the facts of experience? On the Lakes, where rail and water coöperate, twice as much commerce is carried as through the Suez Canal; six times as much as experts expect through Panama—and the transportation is the cheapest in the world. On the Mississippi, where rail and water have fought to the death, with the exception of one strong Pittsburgh concern, nearly all waterlines are dead, and rates are three times higher by rail than by water. On the Atlantic seaboard, where rail and water are at daggers' points, eighty million dollars' worth of publicly and privately built canals have been bought up, smothered and killed by the railroads.

In Germany canal, riverway, railroad and ocean work in utter harmony, directed by the state. The same is true of Japan, of the Netherlands and, to a great extent, of England. What is the use of New York's spending a hundred million dollars on her harbor front if railroad switching charges and differentials and ferry lighterage divert traffic to cheaper waterfronts, like Montreal? In Montreal, under Government direction, grain can be handled at one-quarter of a cent in and one-quarter out. In New York the charge is nearly always at least five-eighths. On shipments that have to be ferried, on the authority of Herbert Knox Smith, handling charges, storage, shifting and ferrying—in other words, lack of a city-owned beltline for freight transfers—amount to as high as three cents a hundred; on grain, sometimes as high as five cents and a half. What is the use of railroads reducing rates to interior points and steamers to foreign ports when

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GUITERMAN BROS.
ST. PAUL, MINN.

the reductions are gobbled up in transfer charges? Out of fifty ports in the United States only fourteen have publicly owned wharves—only ten have open piers for general traffic. "Our terminals nullify cheap water carriage," says Herbert Knox Smith. "Channels alone do not give transportation. Waterways are public highways, but terminals are the tollgates."

While Los Angeles was a corporation-owned harbor only two steamship lines called. When the city took over the harbor eighteen lines called. The same story could be told of Pensacola, of Mobile, of New Orleans, of San Francisco. Railroads should be feeders of steamship lines, as foreign lines should be feeders of railroads. That is the foreign system under strictest government regulation. You can divorce them if you want to. You can tie commerce up in bowknots of strangulation if you want to—as France did preceding the Revolution—as England did preceding Elizabeth's clean sweep of monopoly; but the point is, would your regulations revive the dying merchant marine or hari-kari it?

When you come to the marine treaties you have Uncle Sam tied up in bowknots, and century-old cobwebs, and ball and chain to the ankle, all right! Take no man's opinion! Take facts!

There used to be some forty of these treaties. Today there are only some twenty plus. The others were abrogated in nearly all cases by the foreign nation—not by Uncle Sam. The abrogation did not produce war or bring a financial cataclasm, because in each treaty there is a clause providing for abrogation on due notice. These treaties are supposed to provide absolute equality of treatment—that is, Norway to give the same treatment to United States ships as the United States gives to Norway. The same of Belgium, Japan and the rest. Now, when you examine the facts this supposed sameness of treatment is a joke.

Of all United States commerce that Belgian ships carry, seventy-one per cent of the exports are carried to nations other than Belgium; eighty-four per cent of the imports are carried from nations other than Belgium. Now discriminatory duties are not aimed at commerce that a nation's ships carry to its own home ports or from its own home ports. Such duties aim to force into United States ships what is called indirect trade—say, commerce to and from a third nation, which Belgian ships are now carrying to and from the United States.

Reciprocity in Name Only

Of the enormous commerce that British vessels carry, sixty-nine per cent is for British ports, fifty-six per cent is from British ports; so that discriminatory duties would affect British ships but little—only on that thirty to forty per cent which British ships are now carrying to and from other nations.

For every dollar of United States freight that Norwegian ships convey to Norwegian ports they carry sixty-four dollars' worth to other nations. United States ships carry not one dollar of United States freight to and from Norway. You see how reciprocity in marine works out in this case, don't you?

Take Austria! The United States has forty ports for one that Austria has. United States ships never go to Austria. Marine reciprocity here practically gives the case to Austria.

We remit taxes to the foreigner. We have no ships for the foreigner to remit taxes to us. The reciprocity practically gives our commerce to his ships.

In 1900 not one United States vessel went to or came from Germany, Russia, Sweden, Norway, Denmark, the Netherlands, Italy, Austria, Hungary or Greece. Their ships came to us in swarms. Where was the reciprocity? It was a reciprocity that practically gave United States freight to their cheap labor as against high-priced American labor.

Now, bear in mind, the idea is not to raise the tariff on goods in foreign ships, but to lower the tariff on goods in United States ships; for the difficulty is not to get the outwardbound cargo, but the backbound cargo to United States ports.

Would such reduction restore the United States marine? As stated before, opinion does not count here, but only the facts of the past.

When England stole away supremacy on the sea from the Dutch she did it in 1651 by forbidding the importation of goods from the Dutch Republic except in British-built and British-owned ships. That, more than defeat in pitched battle, was what swept the Dutch ships from the highways of the world. Once her rival had been ruined, England late in the last century abolished the old law and established free shipping. Under that law English shipping doubled and trebled in ten years.

Congressman Ayres' bill of 1913 was to put a higher tax on foreign ships. The old remedy was to lower the tax on home ships.

Early American navigation had precisely the same record as early English trade, as to the Dutch. In 1789 the Republic decreed a reduction on cargoes in United States ships. At once United States shipping went up in bounds: ninety per cent of United States commerce went and came in United States ships. By 1795 United States ships were carrying ninety-two per cent of United States commerce—today they are carrying less than nine per cent. The wonderful East India and China traffic, which built up such fortunes for Boston and Salem men a century ago, grew under this fostering policy of a rebate on import duties to cargoes in United States clippers. There was also a difference of from thirty to fifty cents in tonnage taxes on home and foreign ships entering United States ports. Then came the War of 1812, with a loss of fifteen hundred and ninety-two ships at the hands of privateers. When the war closed, in 1815, maritime reciprocity was established between England and the United States. By 1820 the United States was carrying only between eighty-nine and ninety per cent of United States commerce. British vessels had come in by thousands. In 1816 marine reciprocity was granted to Sweden and to Algiers—in 1818 to the Netherlands, Prussia, Hamburg and Bremen.

The Obvious Remedy

In 1828 reciprocity was granted for indirect trade—that is any nations with these treaties could send in her ships to carry United States commerce to and from not only that nation's ports but any ports. By 1828 shipping at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, had dropped from forty thousand tons of sail to five thousand. By 1860 United States ships were carrying only from sixty-three to sixty-nine per cent of United States commerce.

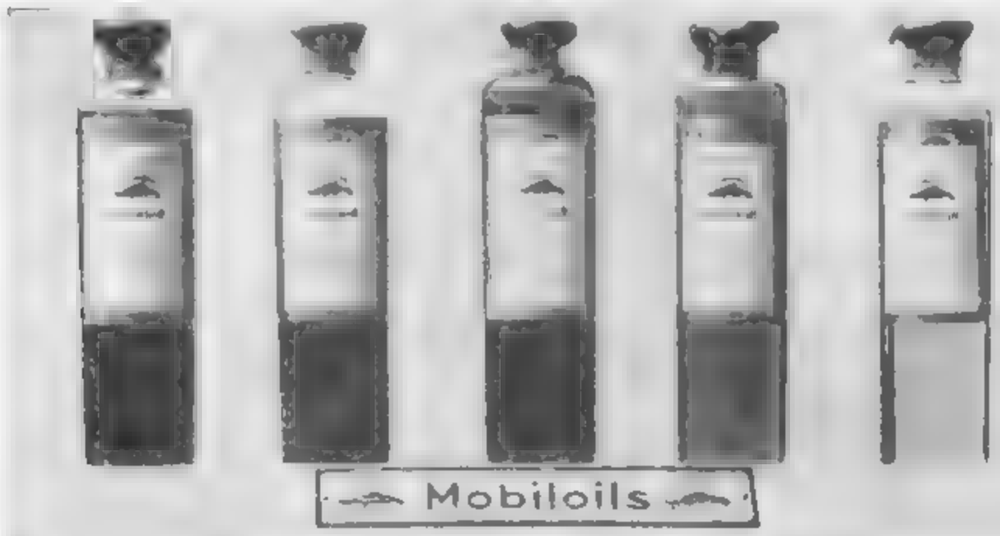
Meanwhile two or three big new factors had come into the game. Civil War was brewing in the United States. Though England professed reciprocity and had permitted foreign-built ships to come in, Lloyd's refused to give foreign-built ships as high rating as British-built ships, and England had begun a policy of heavily subsidizing her ocean liners. In spite of this, sixty per cent of the new ships in British trade came from United States yards. In 1854 two hundred and sixty-seven vessels were bought by English shipowners from American yards. Then Lloyd's got busy throwing foreign ships out of the highest rating, and England took the wisest step in all the course of her centuries of garnered wisdom: she took marine matters out of the hands of the House of Commons and put them under the management of experts in the Board of Trade.

As to taking navigation affairs out of the hands of blundering politicians and putting them in the hands of experts—call it a Board of Trade, Department of Navigation, anything you like—there can be no difference of opinion. England, Germany and Japan are examples of what experts can do. The United States is a pretty good example of what politicians do. Once you put things in the hands of experts, the rest—nautical school, naval reserves, employment agencies for sailors, national insurance—will follow naturally.

Would the Middle West tolerate sustaining a new Government bureau? It was Mr. Hill who voiced this objection before a marine commission. Says the Coast to the Middle West: "We have given you millions for your rivers and lakes. We have granted you one hundred and ninety-two million acres of public land to build railroads. We have expended millions on your irrigation. Now give us help to send the products of your railroads and irrigation to foreign markets. Let us get together! Let us cease subsidizing the foreigner with three hundred per cent higher ocean freights against your Western farm products! What to do, we do not yet know; but we do know that the whole nation must get together on this subject of a merchant marine and do whatever will build one up."

Why several grades?

Here are five 4-ounce bottles. Each is filled with a different grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil.



The grades all differ in thickness, or "body."

These oils meet the most severe physical tests that have ever been exacted from automobile lubricating oils. In sheer lubricating quality they stand alone.

But that, of itself, is not sufficient.

To properly reach the many friction points the oil's "body" must be suited to your feed system.

To make this condition plainer, a homely illustration may be taken from the sewing room:

A fine thread is often too light for the wear required. A heavy thread is often too thick to pass through the eye of the needle.

Neither meets requirements.

So it is with automobile lubricating oil

Quality equal, the heaviest-bodied oil will prove the most durable. But to be of service it must be able to properly pass through your lubricating system.

The conditions to be met are complex. The problem is serious.

Motors differ.

Feed systems differ.

Before the oil which best combines durability with ability to meet the feed requirements of your car can be determined, the construction of your motor must be known and carefully considered.

We have undertaken this problem with the thoroughness that has established our standing in the general lubricating field.

Every year we analyze the motor-construction of each of the season's models. Guided by this analysis and by practical experience we determine the correct grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil for each make of car.

Our findings we list in a lubricating chart, printed in part on this page.

The oil specified for your car in this chart is the scientifically-correct grade for your motor.

The superior efficiency of these oils has been thoroughly proven by practical tests.

If you use oil of lower lubricating quality, or of less-correct "body" than that specified for your car, loss of power, unnecessary friction, and ultimate serious damage must result.

A word about ourselves.

Lubrication with us is both a business and a profession.

Throughout the world the lubricating counsel of the Vacuum Oil Company is sought by engineers who must meet the most rigid efficiency standards.

Our clientele includes thousands of manufacturing plants—located in practically every civilized country.

We supply the floating armaments of the world's leading naval powers.

We supply the aeroplane fleets of the leading military powers.

Outside of the home field we supply over seventy foreign automobile manufacturers.

The lubricating chart on this page represents our professional advice.

We suggest that you note down the grade specified for your car.

In buying Gargoyle Mobiloil from dealers it is safest to order either a full barrel, half barrel, or a sealed five-gallon or one gallon can.

Make certain that you see the name and our red Gargoyle on the container.

A booklet, containing our complete lubricating chart, together with points on lubrication, will be mailed you on request.

The various grades, refined and filtered to remove free carbon, are:

Gargoyle Mobiloil "A"
Gargoyle Mobiloil "B"
Gargoyle Mobiloil "D"
Gargoyle Mobiloil "E"
Gargoyle Mobiloil "Arctic"

They are put up in 1 and 5 gallon ***sealed cans,*** in half-barrels and barrels. ***All are branded with the Gargoyle, which is our mark of manufacture.*** They can be secured from all reliable garages, automobile supply stores, and others who supply lubricants.

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A guide to correct Automobile lubrication

Explanation: **In the schedule, the letter opposite the car indicates the grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil that should be used. For example, "A" means "Gargoyle Mobiloil A." "Arc." means "Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic." For all electric vehicles use Gargoyle Mobiloil A. The recommendations cover both pleasure and commercial vehicles unless otherwise noted.**

MODEL OF	1909		1910		1911		1912		1913	
CARS	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
Abbott Detroit	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A	A	Arc	A	Arc
Acme	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	A	A	A	Arc	A	Arc
American	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Apperson	A		A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Autocar (2 cyl.)	A		A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
" (4 cyl.)	A		A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Avery			A	E	A	E	A	E	A	E
Bear	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (2 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
" (4 cyl.)	A	Arc	D	A	A	A	A	A		
Cadillac (1 cyl.)	D	A								
" (2 cyl.)	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Carter-car	A	A	A	E	A	E	A	Arc	A	A
" (Coupé)					A	A	A	A	A	A
Case										
Chalmers	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Chase	B	B	B	B	B	B	B	B	B	B
Cole			Arc	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Columbia	A	A	E	E	A	A	A	A	A	A
" (Knight)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Courier Car	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Daniels	A	A	A	AE	A	A	A	A	A	A
" (Knight)	A	A	A	E	A	E	A	A	A	A
Dorris	A	A	A	E	A	E	A	Arc	Arc	Arc
De Dion	B	B	B	EA	B	EA	B	A	B	A
Detroit Electric	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A
Elmore	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
E M F	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A		
Enger	B	A	A	A	B	A	A	A	B	A
Everitt (4 cyl.)			B	E	B	E	A	A	A	A
Ford	E	E	A	Arc	E	E	E	E	E	E
Franklin	B	A	B	A	B	A	A	A	A	A
" (Conrad)	B	A	B	A	B	A	A	A	A	A
G. M. C.							Arc	Arc	A	Arc
Garford					A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Grant	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A	A	Arc
Hartford	A	A	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A	A	Arc
Haynes (4 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A	Arc	E	E	E	E
" (6 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A	A	E	E	E	E
Hudson									A	Arc
Hupmobile (20 D)	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A
" (32 D)									A	Arc
I H C (Auto Wagon)									A	A
International	E	A	E	A	E	E	E	A	A	A

MODEL OF	1909		1910		1911		1912		1913	
CARS	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
Jackson	A	E	A	E	A	E	A	E	A	E
" (4 cyl.)	A	E	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Kelly	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Kelly Springfield									Arc	Arc
Knox	A	F	A	F	A	A	A	A	A	A
Knox Kar			Arc	Arc	A	Arc	A	A	A	A
Lafayette	B	A	B	A	A	A	B	A	B	A
Lambert			A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Lancaster	B	A	B	A	B	Arc	B	A	B	A
Lexington	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Locomobile	A	A	A	Arc	A	A	A	A	A	A
Mack	A	A	A	E	A	E	E	E	E	E
Marion	A	A	A	E	A	E	A	Arc	A	A
Marmon	Arc	Arc	A	E	A	A	A	A	A	A
Matheson	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	A	A	A	A	A
Maxwell (2 cyl.)	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E
" (4 cyl.)	E	E	E	E	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" (6 cyl.)									Arc	A
Mercer	A	E	A	E	A	E	A	E	A	E
Metz									A	A

MODEL OF	1909		1910		1911		1912		1913	
CARS	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
Mitchell			A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Moon	A	A	A	E	A	E	A	E	A	E
National	A	E	A	Arc	A	A	A	A	A	A
Oakland	A	E	A	E	A	A	A	A	A	A
Oldsmobile	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Overland	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Paige	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Paige Detroit	A	A	A	E	A	E	A	E	A	A
Panhard	A	E	A	E	A	E	A	E	A	A
" (Knight)	A	E	A	E	A	E	A	E	A	A
Peerless	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Pierce Arrow	A	A	A	Arc	A	A	A	A	A	A
" (Coupé)	A	A	A	Arc	A	A	A	A	A	A
Pope Hartford	A	A	A	Arc	A	A	A	A	A	A
Premier	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Pullman	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Queen	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Reading	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Regal	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Renault	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Reo	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
S. G. V.	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Selden	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Simplex									A	Arc
Sorensen	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	A	A	A	A	Arc
Speedwell	A	A	Arc	Arc	A	A	A	A	A	Arc
Marion									A	Arc
Stanley	D	D	D	D	D	D	D	D	D	D
Stearns	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
" (Knight)									A	Arc
Stevens Duryea	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc
Stevens Duryea (Knight)	A	A	Arc	Arc	A	A	A	A	A	A
Studebaker	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc
Stutz									A	Arc
Thomas	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
White	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
White Detroit									A	A
White Gas									Arc	Arc
Willys	D	D	D	D	D	D	D	D	D	D
Winton									A	A

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Largest makers of spectacles, eyeglasses and lenses in the world

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Address Dept. F

THE WHISTLING MAN

(Continued from Page 17)

She smiled faintly. "Make no mistake, Mr. Craig," she said, her voice quiet. "My Cousin Will, whatever you think of him, is not to be despised! He can make himself very attractive if he likes. Don't be deceived. Some day, I'm afraid, he'll marry Mary Adair! Their engagement is already announced!"

It was Angie that brought the colloquy to an abrupt, unlooked-for end.

A sudden stir in the room adjoining startled Craig, and he turned swiftly, just in time to see her slip through the door and draw it to behind her. "Hilda! Hilda!" she whispered shrilly. "Quick!" He was aware then that all the time Angie had been standing guard. "Quick, Hilda!" she shrilled.

Instantly her sister made her a gesture of warning; but at the signal Angie impatiently shook her head. "There's no one in the hall now! Bart's just gone! Hurry, they're coming for Mr. Adair!"

Craig gave a harsh exclamation.

"He's not dead, is he?"

For a moment Angie looked up at him silently. Her eyes burned luminously and there were dark hollows under them. She looked ghostly.

Her tone, when she spoke, was devoid of any expression.

"No, he's not dead," she said; "not yet anyway!"

Then with her bright, feverish eyes fixed on him she gave him a look and was gone. Her sister followed her.

At the door, though, Hilda Gawtry abruptly halted.

"Where are you going?" she asked Craig.

He had already opened the door.

"Downstairs, Miss Gawtry," he replied.

"To her?" she swiftly asked. Then when Craig nodded she laid a hand impulsively on his arm. "Why do you do it?" she asked. "Why? You can do no good, Mr. Craig!"

His eyes had lowered doggedly. "Maybe not," he returned; "but no one can stop me from trying."

He heard her catch at her breath.

"I was not trying to stop you," she answered wistfully; "I only wanted to save you from being hurt."

A doctor from the neighborhood had been called. Adair was conscious when he arrived, and after a brief examination the physician ordered him taken home. As Craig sped swiftly down the stairs old Adair was just being carried to his car.

The great bulk of a man lay back in the chair in which the four servants bore him, his eyes closed, his form inert. He was all but lifeless, Craig saw with a gasp, lifeless but for a spasmodic heaving of his breast. Craig groaned inwardly. In the bigness of the man's features, his huge face and head, there was something stalwart and heroic, a nobility, in fact, that must have impressed all that beheld the man. It impressed Craig, at any rate; and as he looked down from the stairs on this helpless wreck of a man, a giant laid low in his tracks, Craig felt for him a sudden unconquerable pity.

The slow feet of the bearers shuffled toward the door. They were gone then, and Craig looked quietly along the hall. Mary Adair was coming. She had thrown a soft silk coat over her shoulders now, and the whiteness of this seemed to accentuate the pallor of her face. Gawtry followed, his face, too, white and haggardly drawn. He was speaking to Mary Adair, but as he saw Craig he fell silent. Then he dropped back, watching Craig with his tired, troubled eyes. Mrs. Gawtry had disappeared.

As Mary Adair saw who stood there she fixed her gray eyes on him, her look as hard, as accusing as before. He would never forget, either, all the poignant reproach it conveyed. But steeling himself he went swiftly to her.

"Won't you listen to me?" he begged. Then: "Why, I can't let you think what you said of me!"

She shook her head fixedly.

"No, no, Mr. Craig; not now!" she said under her breath, her voice harsh. "I've had enough, Mr. Craig!"

Craig, though, was too galled to heed her.

"Yes, but you've got to hear me!" he returned doggedly. "You've got to!"

The Paint and the Painter

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She halted, then, and gazed up at him, her face set.

"Mr. Craig," she said, her voice even, unemotional, "I'd begun to believe in you. I'd begun to believe that perhaps I could trust you. After this, though, after what's happened here tonight, I wonder you can even face me! Good night, Mr. Craig, and goodby! I've said all I care to say to you!"

She swept toward the door.

"You've got to hear me!" he said grimly between his teeth. "I'm not a cheat! I'm not a coward! You shan't think it of me!" Then he glanced round him swiftly. Halfway up the stairs Hilda Gawtry stood, and she was staring at him, her face filled with trouble. Gawtry, too, stood looking on, near enough to hear. "Listen, Miss Adair!" Craig said. "Ever since I left France I've been tricked, cajoled, played with, and now I've had enough of it! The men that hounded my father shan't hound me! I'm going back to New York! I'm going to find out, too, who these fellows are! What's more, I'll make them pay for what they've done, no matter who they are!"

Then he made one last appeal to her.

"Won't you believe me? Won't you trust me?"

"Why, yes, Mr. Craig," she returned quietly, and gave a glance round her; "prove to me you've not sold yourself to the highest bidder. Do that, then perhaps I can trust you again."

Afterward, drawing her wrap about her she gave him another look and passed swiftly out into the night. Craig, dumfounded, stood there gaping after her.

A moment later, though, he awoke. Through the open door he could see they had lifted Adair into the limousine and that Mary Adair had followed.

"Miss Adair!" he called. "Miss Adair!"

He was conscious as he sprang through the doorway that Gawtry strove to halt him; but brushing him aside Craig darted after the car. It was already under way. Gathering speed it whirled out from under the porte-cochère, and only by a frantic effort was Craig enabled to overtake it. Running alongside he leaped upon the footboard. "Just a moment! Wait!" he cried; and as the car slowed down Craig reached in through the open window.

In his hand was the packet Hilda Gawtry had returned to him. It held his watch, his money, all his trinkets and all his papers too. There was no time to separate them. They were all he had in the world. With a grim, deliberate recklessness he leaned forward and dropped the packet into the lap of Mary Adair.

"There!" he said quietly. "If you can't trust me this will show that I at least trust you!"

Then he sprang down from the footboard and the car went on.

Gawtry was standing at the door. There were deep lines upon his face, his mouth was drawn haggardly, and in the light from the opened door Craig could see his eyes were burning feverishly. The moment he heard Craig's footfall sound on the gravel of the driveway he came hurrying to meet him.

"Leonard! Leonard!" he cried, his voice breaking harshly. "You gave something to that girl! What was it?"

Craig told him, and as Gawtry heard he let fall a deep, agitated cry.

"You gave her that? What?"

"Why not?" Craig demanded sharply.

Gawtry gasped as if in horror.

"Don't you know what you have done?"

Then when Craig shook his head, wondering now, Gawtry stared at him, his teeth bared in a ghastly rictus, the effigy of a grin.

"I'll tell you what you have done, Leonard," the words hauled from him deliberately; "you have ruined us all!"

Craig stared at him palely.

"Ruined?" he faltered. "What?"

Thrusting out his hands, Gawtry, with the same movement, shrugged in utter helplessness.

"It was Adair that ruined your father, Leonard! It was Adair that hounded him to his death! I did not tell you this before, I know—I dared not! Adair ruined his own brother, too, and he killed the man as well! For years besides, then, Adair has tried to ruin me! Year in and year out he has hounded me in the dark just as he hounded your father! Yes, Leonard!" said Gawtry, catching at his breath, "Adair was the one man you and I had to fear, and now you've flung yourself into his hands!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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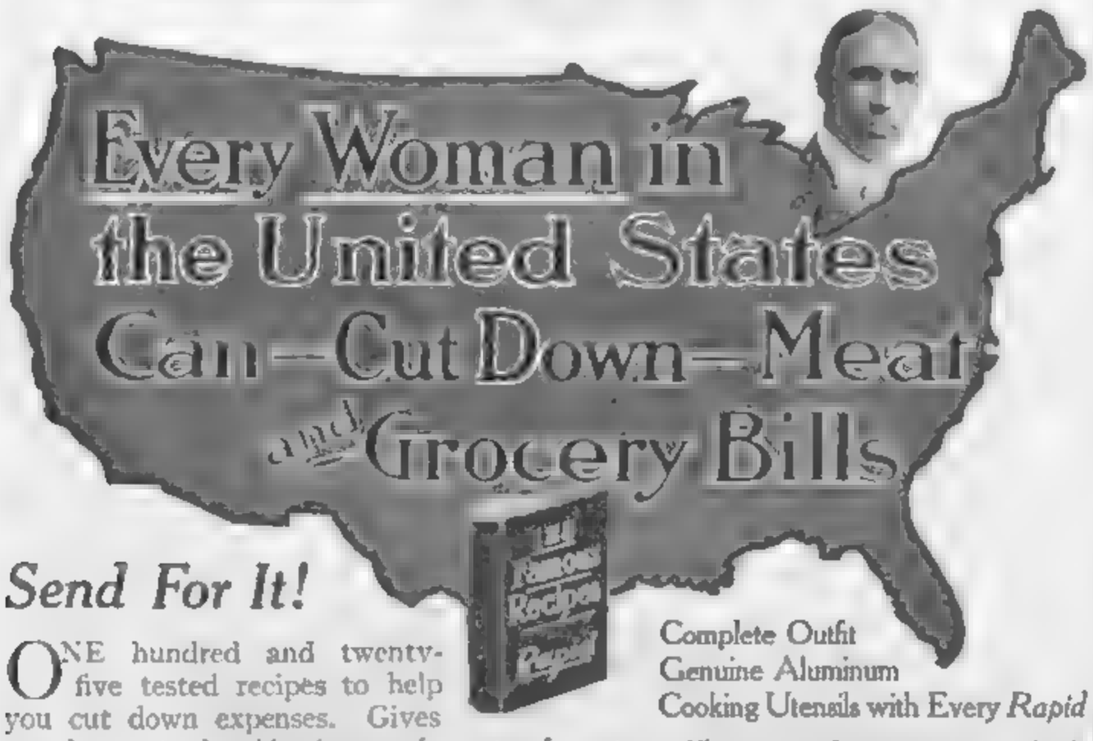

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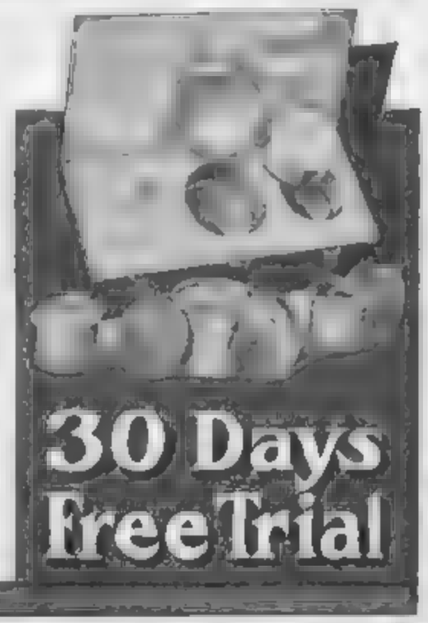

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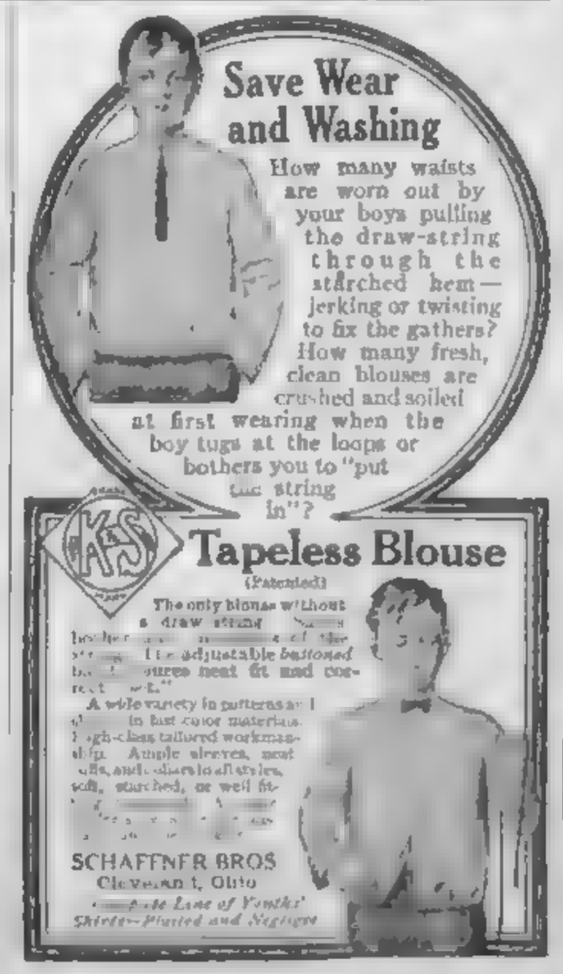
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BLIND MAN'S BUFF

(Continued from Page 13)

"So"—he was whispering—"three steps up from the street—two vestibules—and deep carpets. Deep carpets are bad!"

As he passed through the first vestibule this strange, impassive figure in dead black ran his fingers along the wall. There was the door, indeed, by which he would escape.

"Malvino the Magician!" cried a flunkey in gold lace as the inner doors swung open. Colwell was there, with extended hand. The hand of the other closed on it without hesitation, holding it for a moment.

"You speak no French? No? It is—most unfortunate. I speak things—and I am most awkward in your tongue. Is there the color blue here? I would touch it before I play."

He waved his cane toward the entrance. "The corridor? It is empty—yes? It is so in the bond. Thus," he cried, his teeth glowing at the circle of faces before him—"Thus am I to take away that which is mine—is it not?"

Colwell elevated a knowing eyebrow at his companions. Colwell had not been a plumber's assistant for nothing in the days of his youth. He had plugged the keyslots with molten lead. Once closed it would require the aid of a carpenter, not a locksmith—not even a magical locksmith—to negotiate the doors of the cloakroom. Colwell did not begrudge his walletful of small change at auction bridge, but he was decidedly averse to letting it fall into the hands of this blind beggar.

They helped him out of his coat. "My cane too!" he said as he handed the cane to Colwell. It was of ebony, as thin as a baton and without ornament of any kind, save a platinum top. "It is—my faithful Achates! It is—a little brother to my poor senses. It is wonderful ——" He swayed slightly and put out a hand to steady himself against Colwell. "But tonight, gentlemen, in your honor Malvino disarms himself, for the—how is it?—the fifty little millionaires—ha-ha!—who are so good as to receive me."

"Am I," he continued, "to have the honor of shaking the hands of the gentlemen? I do not know." He paused as though embarrassed, shrugged his shoulders deprecatingly; and then, smiling: "Myself, as a person, is not present if you so desire—only my talents, which you buy and pay for. Ah, I am awkward in your tongue. Sometimes, gentlemen, I am the guest—sometimes I am only the monkey, with his tricks. You understand? I thank you, sir. Saunders, of Texas Union? Ah, of the landed gentry of this great country! I am indeed pleasured."

A smile went the rounds. Saunders, of Texas Union, who was shaking the hand of the mask with one hand and discreetly feeling the muscles under the black-sleeved arm with the other, had been a puddler at Homestead until his talents for ragtime rescued him from oblivion and gave him Texas Union as a pocket-piece. He brought forward Jones, of Pacific Cascade; Welton, of Tonopah Magnet; Smithers, of Excelsior Common; Jamieson, of Alleghany Western—and so on down the line. The guest, in his naïveté, seemed under the impression that the handles to the names referred to ancestral acres. These men had been named in the daily papers so often in connection with their pet manipulations in the market that they themselves had come to accept the nomenclature, using it much as an Englishman would say Kitchener, of Khartum; or Marlborough, of Blenheim.

So the mask was passed round the room. He was well worth seeing at close range. He accepted each hand with a steely grip; concentrated the vague blackness of his mask on each face, and spoke briefly and in halting phrases. In laying aside his cane he seemed to have lost something of the poise that distinguished the great Malvino on the street or on the stage; and he leaned heavily on a shoulder here, on an arm there, as he was passed from one to another. There was a tremor of excitement in the room. A diversion had been promised; but what it was to be the honorable gentlemen of the committee had kept to themselves and their confederates. Colwell, Saunders and Mason—of Independent Guano—whispered together for a moment; and when the circle of introductions was complete the guest was led to the center of the room. He took his place at the head of the big table, exploring it nervously with his fingers while he waited for the company to be seated.

What followed was somewhat tame, and they expressed themselves to that effect occasionally behind their hands. They had seen the same thing before; a two-dollar bill gave the veriest street loafer the same privilege every afternoon and evening at the Victoria—except for a few parlor pieces the Magician reserved for private entertainments. But even the makings of these were to be had for a few pennies in any one of the numerous shops in Sixth Avenue devoted to the properties of magic. It was merely quickness of hand against slowness of eye. It is said that the persistency of vision amounts to one-hundredth of a second. These fingers found ample room to work in that slit of time. Yet the circle looked on languidly, like an audience at a championship fistfight tolerating the preliminaries.

The performer had borrowed a pack of cards bearing the unbroken seal of the club, and was playing a solitary game at whist, cards faced—a trick of Malvino's, by the way, which has never been satisfactorily explained—when suddenly the barons of Tonopah, Alleghany—and so forth—sat up with a thrill of anticipation. It was evident to all, except perhaps the performer himself, that the apex of the evening was at hand. Mason softly opened the electric-switch cabinet; Colwell and Saunders moved carelessly toward the table, taking up positions on each hand of the mask, as though for a better view of the game.

Then came blank, overwhelming darkness! There was the scuffle of feet; the snapping impact of body against body; a gasp; a half-uttered cry of pain; then:

"Confound him!" It was the voice of Colwell, breathing hard. "He's like a bull—— Gad! Can't you ——"

Then another voice—that of Saunders: "Steady—I've got him! Ready?"

The unseen struggle ceased suddenly. There were several in that thrilled circle that grew sick. It seemed evident that the honorable gentlemen of the committee had overpowered the Magician, were about to strip him of his mask—to show him up as the charlatan who had too long duped a city. They wanted their money's worth. Colwell was laughing, short, sharp; he had the mask now—they could hear the silken ribbon rip as it came away.

"Now! Mason, let him have it!"

The words ended in a roar of mingled rage and pain; there came a sharp snap-snap—as of bones coming away from their sockets; and simultaneously the muffled explosion and the blinding glare of the camera flashlight. And in the one-hundredth of a second of incandescence there was indelibly imprinted on the vision of the audience the figure of the Magician holding two men at arm's length, each by the wrist, their features hideously contorted. Then dead darkness fell, in the midst of which hung the imprinted scene in silhouette against a phosphorescent pall.

Some one thought of the lights. It was the Magician himself. This curious circumstance was not noted until later. The switch clicked and the chandeliers sprang into being again. Colwell held the torn mask in his hand. Every eye, still straining for sight after the shock of the flashlight, sought the blind face of the performer. It was horribly blind now, stripped of its silk ribbon. Covering the eyesockets like plasters were great black disks larger than silver dollars. He stumbled across the room—almost fell against the table; his uncertain hand sought Colwell's arm, traveled down its length and took from the fingers the torn mask and replaced it. The master of ceremonies gazed at the cadaverous face, fascinated. The room was deathly silent. The Magician flashed his teeth in a poor attempt at a smile. His voice, when he spoke, was in whispers as crisp as leaves:

"Ah—my poor eyes! I do not sell —— Gentlemen, I am clumsy with your words. Let me not offend those who are my friends among you when I say I do not sell you my private self—it is only the monkey in me you can buy."

Colwell and Saunders were making efforts to soothe their arms, which were suffering exquisitely. Several men pushed forward, ashamed, to bridge the embarrassment with their apologies to the Magician, who

stared at them imperturbably with the mask. Things gradually came to rights, except for the honorable gentlemen of the committee, who took the first chance to retire with their troubles. The hands of the mask were like steel and when he wrenched the bones in their sockets he had not dealt lightly.

"We proceed," said the Magician with a deprecating wave of his hand. "The room! I am to be your prisoner. It is so written."

The few members who knew of Colwell's precautions of plugging the keyslots with lead thought wryly of the fact now. If this thing went any further the Pegasus Club would be the butt of the town!

"We will forget that," said Welton, of Tonopah Magnet, assuming leadership in a movement to make amends. "Besides," he added with a laugh, "we haven't given you a chance to go through our pockets yet. You would have to escape empty-handed."

"Your pardon!" said the mask with a grand bow. "I have already taken the opportunity."

So saying he displayed the contents of his capacious pockets. He had at least a score of wallets and several rolls of banknotes. The room exploded in a cry of amazement. Then the truth flashed upon them. When they passed the guest from hand to hand his nimble fingers had been busy substituting wads of paper for wallets.

"The hour is late," he continued, feeling the face of his watch. "I must be gone in five minutes. The room—if you will."

Welton, of Tonopah Magnet, roaring with laughter, took the Magician—they admitted now he was at least that—and led him to the door of the cloakroom.

"One favor!" said the mask at the threshold. "My coat—my hat—my faithful cane. Ah! I thank you. I bid you good night!"

The naïveté of the words was masterly. Welton, of Tonopah Magnet, drew the door shut with a slam and the lock clicked. He faced the others and turned his trousers pockets inside out comically. He was not worrying about the safety of his cash, but he did admire the deftness of those fingers.

"I am glad to say he left my watch," he said; and he put his watch on the table. It was lacking five minutes of midnight. "What gets me," he continued, turning toward the closed door, "is how we are going to get the poor devil out without a battering ram! Colwell has most certainly earned everlasting fame by his brilliant entertainment this evening."

The keys were useless now that the spring locks had snapped shut on the prisoner. Some one suggested sending for the engineer; but one and all agreed that the game must be played out in common decency. They all retired to the lounging room to give the blind beggar five minutes to find out the trick that had been played on him.

At the end of five minutes they sent for the engineer, and that grimy individual appeared, loaded down with tools; he expressed it as his reverend opinion that a damned fine door was about to be turned into scrap. There was one chance—that a gasoline torch might blow the lead from the keyslot. But, no—the molten metal only completed the upsetting of the fine mechanism. There was nothing to do but to cut round the lock with a compass saw.

"Cheer up, Malvino!" said Welton through the door. "We will be with you in another minute."

Just then Godahl ran in from the street. He threw his hat and coat to an attendant.

"Ha! The devil to pay—eh?" he cried excitedly. "I just this minute heard of it; and I rushed here."

"What?" said a number of voices at once.

The usually exquisite Godahl was somewhat disheveled and his eyes were red.

"Malvino!" cried he, staring at them as though perplexed at their blandness. "Do you mean to say you don't know why he didn't show up this evening?"

"Didn't show up! What do you mean?"

"You really don't know?" cried Godahl, his eyes blazing.

"No! What? Tell us the answer!" said some one with a laugh.

"The police found him bound and gagged in a deserted cab in Central Park. They've got him in Bellevue Hospital now, raving. By Gad! if I ——"

The room laughed. Even the grimy engineer boring a hole to start his compass saw looked over his shoulder and grinned at Godahl.

"Don't excite yourself, Godahl," said Welton, of Tonopah Magnet. "Somebody's been stringing you. We've got Malvino here now. Gad, I wish we didn't have him! You're just in time to help us out of a devil of a mess. That humorist Colwell has plugged the locks with lead; and we can't get the blind beggar out without sawing the door down. He's sweating blood in there now."

"In there?" cried Godahl, pushing his way through the ring round the engineer.

"In there!" repeated Welton. "The kleptomaniac has got a cool ten thousand of mine."

"No!"

"Yes!" said Welton, mimicking Godahl's tone. "You didn't know there was that much money in the world, eh?"

"Let me get this straight," said Godahl, laying a hand on the engineer's arm to stop his work. "You think you have Malvino locked in there with your wallets? I tell you Malvino hasn't been within a mile of this place tonight!"

"I'll lay you a thousand on it!" cried Welton.

"Tut! tut! Believe me, you are betting on the wrong card." Godahl's eyes danced.

"I lay you a thousand on it!" reiterated the Tonopah magnate. "We'll have to let Malvino hold my stake until we get him out. Gad, he went through me so clean I couldn't swear at this minute that I've got on socks!"

"You are betting on a sure thing?"

"I'm taking candy from a child," retorted Welton.

"I take you!" cried Godahl, his eyes twinkling. "Anybody else want any candy? I warn you!"

There were several. It wasn't every day in the week that they could get Godahl on the hip.

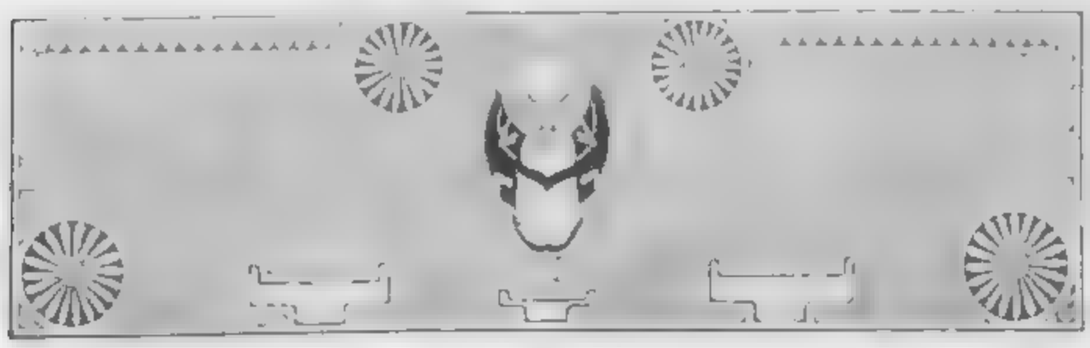
"I warn you again," said Godahl as he accepted the markers, "that Malvino is not in that room. If anybody is there, it is an impostor. You can prove it in a minute by telephoning Bellevue."

The biting saw completed its half circle about the lock; the door swung open. The room was empty!

Several volunteers ran to the rear door. Their sharp chorus of amazement started the crowd tumbling after them. The rear door was off its hinges! It stood propped against the jamb. A child could see what had happened. The prisoner, laden with the cash of the fifty little millionaires, had simply drawn the bolts of the two hinges and lifted the door out of its frame. On the floor was a wad of handbills like those the rogue had left in his dupes' pockets in place of their wallets. They read: "Malvino! He Has No Eyes! Watch His Fingers!"

The fifty little millionaires gazed at each other dumbfounded, feeling their pockets the while. The infallible Godahl fell into a chair, roaring with laughter. He threw back his head, kicked out his heels, buried his hands wrist-deep in the crisp bills that lined his pockets—all in cold, hard cash! On the whole, he had never spent a more profitable evening.

As for Malvino the Magician, that charlatan could be mighty thankful that it was not he whom the honorable gentlemen of the committee had subjected to manhandling. For Malvino had the eyes of a hawk. So much Godahl had ascertained earlier in the evening when he, in the guise of a murderous cabby, was subjecting the Italian to the indignity of a gag.



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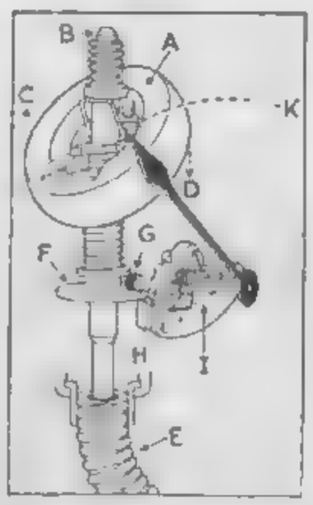

Note the picture-diagram. A gyroscope (A) revolves on a spindle (B). When motionless the gyroscope rests at the angle shown. When in motion the gyroscope tends to assume the position indicated (C-D). The faster the speed the more nearly horizontal the gyroscope becomes. This gradual change of position is produced by centrifugal force—an invariable force controlled by Nature's Law. The speed that changes its position comes direct from the wheel of the car to which the shaft (E) is directly attached. Thus every impulse is transmitted at once and immediately effects a change in the gyroscope's position.

The Road Moves the Pointer

As the gyroscope changes its position—as the lower edge rises—a spool (F) on the spindle (B) rises uniformly with that edge—exactly the same distance. On the rim of the spool rests a movable pinion (G) which is raised in unison with the spool. The pinion is attached to a crank arm (H) which has its axis at the point marked (I). The indicating hand in the picture moves on the same axis, from point (J) to point (K), according to how high the spool is raised and how far this crank arm is turned.

Thus every speed impulse of the car is shown in the hand immediately, smoothly and accurately. Each speed impulse goes from the road to the hand through direct connection.

There is no other way to show speed more simply. No way, today, to build speedometers with fewer moving parts. Can you think of a way that can be more reliable—a better way to show the speed than to reproduce the speed itself?

This simple construction means great durability, instant speed indication and permanent accuracy.

And No Weather Effect

It means absolute freedom from any effect due to changing weather.

The Jones in competitive temperature tests at Columbia University, Armour Institute and the United States Bureau of Standards won the Accuracy Title by remaining absolutely accurate at all speeds in all variations of temperature. We will send you the records of these tests. See what the figures show.

The Final Authority

The Jones in a 30-day test in England before the Royal Automobile Club competed with 15 makes of speedometers from America and Europe. Each instrument traveled 2,000 miles to show supremacy in eight different points. The Jones made the only perfect score. It won on all points by wide margins over all the other makes and was awarded the club's gold medal.

This club, in Europe, is considered the World's final authority on motor car matters.

The Jones showed no wear, no inaccuracies, required no adjustments, no attention whatever. The Jones at the end was in perfect condition.

THE NEW JONES SPEED-

Absolute Accuracy at all Speeds in Summer and

The picture above shows a saucer track banked to 45°. The faster the cars go the higher they tend to climb toward the top, illustrating the relation between centrifugal force and speed. The speed of steam engines is controlled by centrifugal force. There is no surer way to control or *indicate speed.*

What Owners Know

An owner from whom we have heard recently has used his Jones over 120,000 miles without any adjustment, without any fault. He has it now on its fifth automobile. It has thus outlasted four cars without any attention.

12-year-old Jones are as good today as when they were first purchased. We have this testimony from owners.

Any New Jones today is longer-lived, more durable than these instruments.

Don't you want the speedometer that doesn't give trouble and that shows the exact speed throughout so many years?

The thousands of owners who have used it for years know that it is a wonderful instrument in accuracy and strength.

You may know a Jones owner. Ask him and see. Nine rulers of Europe use the Jones Speedometer on their private cars—those of England, Russia, Germany, Spain, Belgium, Italy, Sweden, Denmark and Siam. Also the presidents of Switzerland and France.

These men, who can buy the best, use the Jones for the same reasons that Americans do—for accuracy and durability.

Send for All the Facts

Find out all reasons why you should have the New Jones Speedometer on your new car—why we finish parts to the accuracy of one ten-thousandth part of an inch—why each instrument gets 16 tests for perfection—why we use 58 steel balls in the bearings—how we get steadiness, instantaneous indication, and how we maintain the unfailing accuracy that has made the Jones world-famous.

Any motor car maker will put on a New Jones if you specify it plainly, no matter what speedometer he may specify in his catalog as regular equipment.

More than one hundred thousand of the best cars made will carry the New Jones Speedometer this year.

Write for the Jones facts. Get them now. You'll want the New Jones when you know them. Then tell the dealer who sells you your new car to put the New Jones on it. Write for the books to

THE JONES SPEEDOMETER
Broadway at 76th Street New York

OMETER
Winter Weather

Illustration of Instrument about four-fifths actual size

Jones Prices

Though the New Jones is simple and has few parts, each instrument is nearly six months in the making. Each part, made as Mr. Jones makes it, requires careful work. Innumerable tests and inspections are given these parts to gain perfect finish and fit. Then the parts that fit perfectly are selected by hand for each instrument.

That is why Jones prices are higher than the prices of some other speedometers. The cost is in accurate simplicity, durability and beautiful finish. The New Jones is one of the handsomest instruments ever built for any purpose.

The New Jones Speedometer is sold under an absolute guarantee of satisfaction, and is backed by branch houses in all the principal cities of the world.

Note these features: Larger (and stationary) speed scale. Larger mileage figures. Steady, large, pointer hand, read like a watch in the dark. Instant reset of trip odometer by pushing a button, etc.

The New Jones Model 60

70-mile-per-hour speed scale. Season mileage to 100,000 miles. Trip mileage to 100 miles. Instantaneous trip mileage reset. Price . . . **$60**

Same with clock and electric light additional. Price **$100**

The New Jones Model 175

With clock and electric light attachment. 80-mile-per-hour speed scale. Season mileage to 100,000 miles. Trip mileage to 100 miles. Instantaneous trip mileage reset. Price . . . **$125**

Same without clock and light. Price . . . **$75**

Model 175

The Jones Autolog
The Recording Speedometer

The New Jones Model 125—the Last Word in Motor Car Equipment

The Jones "Gyroscope-Principle" Speedometer which keeps accurate record of every movement of the car, telling the speed, the time of day, the time the car stands idle, the time spent in motion, and the speed at which it ran while in motion. An interesting record for efficient chauffeurs and car owners. An accountant for operating expense that gives many suggestions for cutting down up-keep.

Your Exchange Opportunity

Write for sample chart, detailed explanation and our exchange proposition by which we make liberal allowance for any make of speedometer in exchange for the Autolog. We'll allow full list price in exchange for any Jones instrument which is new.

The Autolog (Recording Speedometer) is the last word in speed indication, the latest invention of Mr. Jones. Chelsea clock movement of the highest quality in combination with 60-mile-per-hour speed scale and odometer.

Price of the Autolog complete is $125

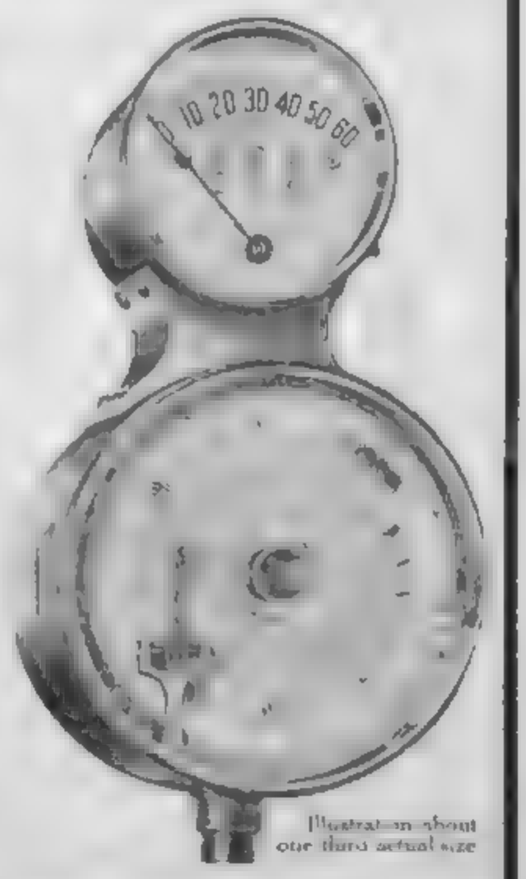

Illustration about one-third actual size

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27 Main Street, Holyoke, Massachusetts
Twenty Nine Mills

OLD HEMPSTEAD BOND — SECURITY TRUST BOND

ADVENTURES UNDERGROUND

(Concluded from Page 11)

"What's that?" he demanded. "Never saw the woman! Take her along! Teach her a lesson! Don't like to be hard on these people—never had any opportunities in early life, I suppose; but when it comes to picking a man's pocket and then saying you're his wife—it's a little too much!"

The cheeks of the accused began to turn mottled red.

"John Keyes, you must be mad!" she snorted. "You'll have everybody believing you! A nice thing it would be for Sarah Maude and Artie if I had to spend the night in jail—and you to come to court in the morning and pay a fine to get out your own wife!"

Officer Flynn looked from one to the other. The stooped man cleared his throat; his face broke up into little eddies of delight.

"All right, officer! Leave it at that," he said. "But I hope this'll be a lesson to you, mother—I do so. A man never knows what he's booked for on the Subway platform—picking a man's pocket!"

Officer Flynn's was not a mind that could come about with the twist of a tongue. He had seen tricks worth two of this. He had to be reasoned with. It was a matter of some minutes, and a crowd of several hundred amused people passing the story from mouth to mouth, before the mother of Artie and Sarah Maude was escorted spluttering to her car, attended by a stooped man who apparently gave as good as he took in a lively estate of matrimony whenever he could possibly hit upon it.

You look down that drift of heads that fills a car in the rush hour. An almost overwhelming sense of life at close quarters grips one sometimes in this press of spirits and faces—innumerable purposes, currents, motives in a little space, "thick as brown leaves in autumn," nearer than most of your own hopes. A woman with a profile that makes you wish you had lived a better life gets off at Manhattan. You snatch her seat from another woman, who stands talking about you to her companion.

Beside you a little working girl is reading The Gambler of the West. The Gambler of the West presents a profusion of exclamation points and a great deal of dialogue of the You-shall-be-mine!—I-will-marry-you-though-our-banns-be-drenched-with-blood stamp. She sits, pale and threadbare, bent over it, finding in it some answer deep as the cry she gives. Peter Cartier's eyes rest half shut upon her, and then run down the line.

"People!" He apostrophizes you on the street above and lifts his face to the pleasant night air. "Gad, they are interesting! Make a man almost willing to have been born!"

Fireproof Education

AFTER extensive investigation Insurance Engineering reaches the agreeable conclusion that at least two hundred and fifty thousand schoolhouses in the United States were "built to burn"; also, that the greater part of nearly twenty million children of the cities and towns under investigation are in real danger of fire and panic. Overcrowding, insufficient ventilation, unsafe heating apparatus, combustible construction, and doors swinging inward were the prevailing conditions. And of all the new or projected school buildings whose specifications were examined only ten per cent called for fireproof construction.

Not that anybody cares particularly. To be sure there is a school fire somewhere every schoolday in the year; but almost always the children scramble out with no greater injury than a fright and a few bruises. The money loss from school fires last year was three million dollars, which is a trivial matter for so rich a country. Occasionally a terrible tragedy happens—for we are unable to think of any tragedy more terrible in its social aspects than the burning up of children in a publicly owned and publicly built firetrap. However, the tragedy happens only once in a while, and we are comparatively rich in children as well as in money. Obviously the easiest way is to take the chances.

Like all normal persons we are hopeful of many lofty and far-reaching schemes of social reform; but, in view of society's general inability to shut the front door without pinching its fingers in the crack, we have moments of doubt.

FAULTLESS SHIRTS are the achievement of more than ordinary skill.

Their surpassing up-to-date style, originality of patterns, and refined workmanship are inspired by years of practical application of a high ideal.

Faultless Shirts

are the product of more than thirty distinct operations, one-fourth of which are critical examinations. They have hand-turned cuffs, evenly-matched stripes, extra strong button holes, and with the *real neck comfort* added the **Faultless Nek-Gard** neck-band which prevents your collar button touching the neck front or back.

All fabrics from percales to silks. Every kind of style, and hundreds of patterns $1.50, $2, $2.50 and up. Our "Demonstrator shirt" is $1. Get them of dealers. Look for the "Faultless" label. Write us for the Faultless "Day Shirt Book."

E. Rosenfeld & Co.
Makers of "Faultless" Pajamas and Night Shirts
Dept. A, Baltimore New York
In Canada the Nek-Gard is on Tooke Shirts

Tested fabrics

This Red Cedar Chest
$17.50

Get a Genuine "BLUE RIDGE"

Protect your furs and woolens against Moths and Insects. No dampness nor rot. This big "Blue Ridge" Red Cedar Chest, 39½ x 40½ x 15 inches, is actually $20. Made of [illegible]

BLUE RIDGE RED CEDAR CHEST CO., Dept. A, Beldsville N C

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Makes $1.50

That sounds almost unbelievable. But it's *true*—a proved fact. A 6-cent pound of ordinary sugar and the wonderful

EMPIRE CANDY FLOSS MACHINE

will turn the trick and do it every eight [illegible] from $75 to $125 per day [illegible] money making experience [illegible]

Write today to Dept. A 1 for Candy Floss Machine Catalog. Catalogue of popcorn and peanut roasters and ice cream cone machines on request.

Stevens Mfg. & Supply Co., Fisher Building, Chicago, Ill.

Lyon & Healy's Offer
A $50 Cornet for $30

We would like to have an opportunity to submit one of our new American Professional Cornets, price $30, in competition with any $50 Cornet in the world. We pay the express charges both ways. You cannot possibly lose anything by allowing us to send this instrument to you and we feel very certain you will save an even $20.

The same extraordinary value is presented by our American Professional Trombones, Mellophones and Baritones. Write today for our big Band Catalog containing 500 illustrations and lowest prices on good Band supplies of all kinds, including uniforms etc.

Easy Terms may be arranged. We have a new offer which we would like to place in the hands of every band leader and teacher. Write today and we will also send you a copy of our up-to-date Lyon & Healy Band Herald (free).

Lyon & Healy Band Instruments—
America's Standard for Fifty Years

LYON & HEALY, *World's Largest Music House*
29-44 E. Adams Street, CHICAGO

TO YOUR DOOR BY PARCEL POST $4

24 inches long, 8 inches deep, 14 inches wide.

RESISTO CASE
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

The dandiest roomiest, lightest weight traveler's case you ever [illegible]. Weighs ONLY 5 pounds. Handsome, strong and classy looking. Built to withstand the rough and tumble of travel. Rich brown [illegible] and edges heavy leather straps [illegible], linen lined, leather straps inside top and body and shirt fold.

Your initials lettered on free

You will be delighted with this splendid, serviceable waterproof case, which will hold all you want to carry.

Don't spend a *lot* of money for a suit-case when this one *looks* as well and *will serve you* as well as a much higher priced case. Sold only by mail direct from factory. Send $4.00 in currency or by post office or express money order. Personal checks not acceptable. Specify if you want Men's case (8 inches deep) or Women's case 6 inches deep). Remember, your money back without quibble or question if you are not satisfied. Address your order and send money to

RESISTO LUGGAGE CO.
Station I Newark, New Jersey

WE Pay You 6% Interest on $100 certificates of Deposit and 5% on smaller sums. The safety of [illegible]

Georgia State Savings Ass'n, 175 York Street, Savannah Ga

The second of the Hupmobile week-ends

The Patriarch of the Pool

He came with a rush out of the deep shadow of the pool, where the dead pine overhangs the bank—that old patriarch of the trout-tribe—and nailed the fly on your first cast. You knew he was there—you had dreamed all winter that he was there. And "The Missus"—who loves the wilderness as you love it—ran back to the Hupmobile for the net.

The dawn of that May morning had found you well out of the smoky city. Over the fragrant pine ridges and along the old "tote-road" the Hupmobile had whirled you.

* * *

The whip-poor-will pitches his monotonous chant as the shadows lengthen. Trout-filled creels are tumbled into the car. Back over the old "tote-road" the Hupmobile flies with you. Once the wild little people of your trout stream were a railroad journey away from you and your city home. The Hupmobile has brought them very close. You and yours are led back to nature in "The Car of the American Family."

Hupmobile

If you'll stop to think—there are very few cars in this country which possess a following that is utterly unaffected by any other car.

And it must be plain to you that the Hupmobile is one of the very few.

It is so individual, so distinctive, and is so widely known for long-continued-good-service, that it is almost non-competitive.

The Hupmobile owner does not change. He buys another Hupmobile. And for his used Hupmobile he asks and receives a price far above the ordinary allowance for second-hand cars.

We have repeatedly said that we believe the Hupmobile to be, in its class, the best car in the world.

And that is precisely the way the average Hupmobile owner feels about it.

Hupmobile "32" Roadster
$1000 f. o. b. Detroit

In Canada, $1180 f. o. b. Windsor

Four-cylinder motor, cylinders 3¼-inch bore by 5½-inch stroke, cast en bloc. Unit power plant.

Selective type transmission, sliding gears.

Irreversible, screw and double nut steering gear.

Full-floating rear axle.

Twelve by two inch brakes, external contracting and internal expanding.

Wheelbase, 106 inches.

Tires, 32 x 3½ inches.

Equipment of windshield, mohair top with envelope, Jiffy curtains, speedometer, quick detachable rims, rear shock absorber, gas headlights, Prest-O-Lite tank, oil lamps, tools and horn.

Finish, black with nickel trimmings.

"32" Touring Car $1000
In Canada, $1180

"32" Six-Passenger $1200
In Canada, $1430

"20" H. P. Runabout . . . . . $ 750
In Canada, $850

F. O. B. Detroit, *or Windsor*, fully equipped.

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A Hupmobile week-end at camp

Hupp Motor Car Company, 1229 Milwaukee Avenue Detroit, Michigan

The Active Man's Underwear

See the Superior Reinforced Crotch

Chasing a ball on the courts

or chasing a car on the streets, you high power fellows need Superior, The Active Man's Underwear. Run in it, jump in it, do what you will—the *reinforced crotch* doubles the strength right where the strain is greatest. Still better, Superior

—can't gap in the seat; can't bind in the crotch.

An exclusive Superior feature, "the lap without the gap," has banished forever these ordinary union suit discomforts. The seat can't gap because it interlocks like a close front collar. It can't bind in the crotch because it has no buttons to prevent free movement. It adjusts itself *instantly* to every position, and *always* sets snug and smooth.

For sale by good dealers everywhere—in all sizes, styles and fabrics. $1.50 to $5. In Canada, $2 to $7. Write today for free Style Book containing fabric samples.

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THE PERFECT UNION SUIT

Stop Forgetting!

Good memory is absolutely essential to success, for *memory is power*. Be successful. *Stop Forgetting!*

The Dickson Method of Memory Training

Write for booklet, testimonials, terms, address, etc. FREE, my $3 DeLuxe book, "How to Speak in Public."

Dickson Memory School 382 Auditorium Bldg., Chicago

The Best of Pliers for the Best of People. Utica Pliers are the highest standard that can be produced by human

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Your Vacation Money

By giving us part of your leisure time during the next two months, you can secure the money you need for your vacation. Whether you are planning a ten-dollar outing at camp or a hundred-dollar sea trip, you can carry out your intentions.

Last year many men and women earned their vacation money by securing from their friends and acquaintances subscriptions and renewals to

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The Ladies' Home Journal
The Country Gentleman

An hour or two a day was all that was needed. They were not obliged to leave home, nor to sacrifice their regular work.

If you want to earn your vacation money, we will show you how you can do so. Address your letter to

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THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

W. WILSON—HUMAN BEING

(Continued from Page 5)

Cabinet members and persons who have a right to see the President are allotted a few minutes each by Tumulty, and they are sent in as their turns come. The President is a most patient listener, but he and Tumulty have perfected a system that gets rid of the longest-winded caller when his time is up. Tumulty has an experienced eye. He can tell at a glance whether the President is ready to quit or whether he is interested. The door between Tumulty's office and the President's room is always open, and Tumulty strolls innocently in when it is time for the visitor to go.

He looks at the President. The President looks at him. There is a bit of wireless telegraphy in those glances.

"Mr. President!" says Tumulty.

"Ah," says the President, "here is my conscience. I am sorry, but I must submit to his exactions. Good morning!"

And out they go, while the next man or the next men come in.

Tumulty runs a book he calls a "tickler." It is a leather-covered book, with alphabetical divisions. In this book he enters under the proper headings all the important matters that should come before the President; and when he appears in the inside office with the tickler in his hand the President sighs, shunts off the caller as politely as possible and takes up the subject Tumulty has in mind.

No Frills at the White House

The President is cordial with his callers, and occasionally economizes with his time by walking out to the secretary's office and shaking hands with those assembled there, or with some of them, thus ridding himself of the necessity of seeing them one at a time. A marked characteristic is his considerate attitude toward everybody. Instead of ordering Tumulty to tell the secretary of state or the secretary *of* war to come over instanter, as other presidents have done, he always says: "Please ask the secretary of state if it would be convenient for him to come over for a few minutes"; or, "Please call up Senator Thus-and-So and say I would be glad to see him if he can spare the time to call."

The President keeps a pad of paper on his desk and the black-covered book. When he is talking to a man—or, rather, when a man is talking to him—he makes notes on the pad. These notes are made in shorthand, and the shorthand is as precise as if it were engraved. The characters are small and perfect. His handwriting also is small and precise. After the visitor leaves he transfers his notes—if they are important—to the black-covered book, writing the facts down in that painstaking hand. That book is a miracle of neatness. His attitude when making these notes is rather disconcerting to callers who do not know him. He is most deliberate. He takes his eyeglasses and wipes them carefully, adjusting them with much care. Then he is likely to select a small square of chamois from his desk furniture and wipe the nib of his pen and see that it is perfectly clean. These preliminaries over, he makes his notes as methodically and as precisely as if he were etching on a dry plate—and they look like etchings when he has finished, too—so sharp and exact are they.

At one o'clock the President goes over to luncheon. There are no frills on the luncheon. It is a family meal, with meat or fish, a couple of vegetables and a sweet—charlotte russe more likely than not. Then the President, instead of staying in his study, is very likely to hurry back or to have Secretary Tumulty come to him; and they go over things together. Otherwise he talks with the family or reads, and at two o'clock he is back again in his offices, where he sees people by appointment, and where he remains until four o'clock or thereabout. He calls it a day about that time and goes out for an automobile ride or for a walk. He takes along his daughters if they are about, or Mrs. Wilson if she isn't otherwise engaged—or a Cabinet member or some friend. They ride out into Maryland or Virginia, with a secret-service man along, and two special policemen chugging on motorcycles behind the machine.

He takes another hour at his mail between six and seven, and has dinner at seven. This is a simple meal—soup, a roast chicken, vegetables, a salad and a sweet. The dinner table at the White House is a plain American dinner table. It is the same sort of dinner table there used to be at Princeton when the President was there, and the elevation to the White House has introduced no frills in the way of fancy dishes or extravagances of service. It is a home meal served in a home fashion.

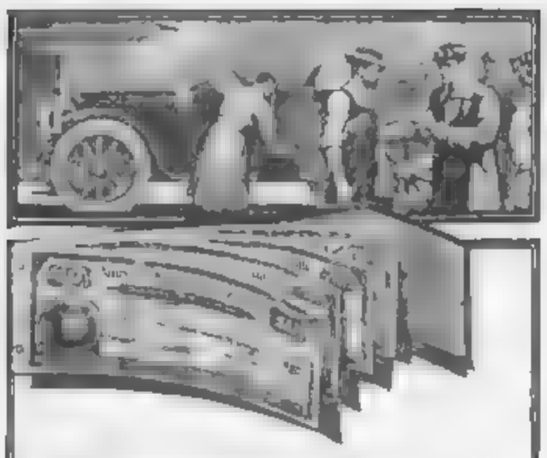
The President is very fond of the theater. His taste is catholic, but he prefers a show with laughs in it if there is a choice. Greatly to the disgust of the theater managers in Washington, who like to have the President at their theaters, President Wilson, after one experience, forbade all the display heretofore made when the President appeared in a local theater. It has been the custom to drape his box with flags, and the orchestra was keyed up to play The Star-Spangled Banner as the presidential party entered, while the audience rose and applauded. The President told the theater managers he wants none of that. He desires to go to the theater in the capacity of a citizen seeking entertainment—not as President of the United States. And now the orchestra does not play as he enters; nor do the people rise—though they applaud. Neither is the curtain held if the President is not there at opening time. The rule has been to hold the curtain until the president comes, no matter how late he may be. Mr. Taft, who was a constant theatergoer, was usually very prompt. President Roosevelt went occasionally, appearing at his own convenience. Before President Roosevelt's time, in the days of McKinley and Cleveland, it was news when a president went to the theater, and the event was worth a telegraphic dispatch to the newspapers, as were the first few visits of President Roosevelt. Since then, however, the visit of a president to the theater has become commonplace and attracts no attention. In the old days the advance agents used to scheme for days to get the president to go to their shows. Now, if the show has any merit at all, they are reasonably sure the president will drop in sometime during the week—or, to be exact, were reasonably sure during President Taft's time; and they also have assurances that President Wilson will go often.

A Lover of Good Stories

If the President elects to stay at home he spends the time after dinner with his family reading. A favorite pastime of his is to read aloud. He is an excellent reader and he delights in humor. He has as keen a sense of it as any one I know, and he can bring out the points in a humorous yarn to great advantage. He likes to tell stories, too, and has a great fund of them. He is especially apt in Scotch stories, being Scotch himself, once or twice removed; and there are few situations in which he cannot find some fun. He has a lot of experiences he tells about—experiences in college, while lecturing, while governor of New Jersey, and during his campaigning. One story he tells with great glee is about a lecture he gave in a New York church, which was filled. They took him in through the basement and shot him suddenly up into the pulpit where he was to lecture. The light blinded him, and his narration of how he received a wreath some one presented to him, and tried to shake hands with the pastor, is very funny. He writes and recites limericks and in a considerable degree has the gift of apt anecdote—that is, he can make a point with a story far better than any president we have had in recent years. And the man who tells him a new story—a new, clean story—is his friend.

One of the girls is a talented singer. The President is very fond of music and he often sings with his daughter. At his first Gridiron Dinner, in Washington, early in April, he joined in all the choruses and sang "Oh, gib me—oh, gib me—oh, how I wish you would—that watermillion hangin' on de vine!" with the best of them. He likes high comedy and he likes low comedy. One of the first plays he went to see after he came to Washington was a regular lost-will, ruined-castle, villain drama; and he enjoyed it hugely.

He is very conscientious about reading the letters that are passed up to him, and is on a continual search to find ideas from men outside concerning the great governmental policies. If a banker who is supposed to know what he is talking about writes to him concerning the monetary



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A safe kind to carry

Keep a few of these "A.B.A" Cheques in your pocketbook and you will never be caught short for want of cash.

They are as good as actual money and much safer. A thief cannot use them without your signature and they may be replaced if lost or stolen.

"A.B.A" Cheques

Hotels everywhere accept them in payment of bills. You can pay railway and steamship fares and make purchases with them. 50,000 banks have agreed to cash them at sight; no introduction needed, your counter-signature identifies you.

Get them at your Bank

If your bank is not yet supplied with "A.B.A." Cheques, write for information as to where they can be obtained in your vicinity.

BANKERS TRUST CO., New York City

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How, why, where, are you *gaining* or *losing* on each day's work?

That is the *knowledge* on which thousands of better businesses are *built*.

To learn how others succeed, send for this 32-page free book—"*Bossing the Business.*"

Among the many instances, it tells how a Chicago grocer devotes his entire time to his customers, yet gets a *daily* statement of sales and expenditures, and still saves $200.00 a year over old methods.

How a wholesale house puts out 6000 monthly statements on time—reaching customers ahead of the other fellow's—and reduces expenses in the department $1560.00 a year in the bargain.

How a western factory secured an absolutely accurate price and wage basis, and yet saved $372.00 *a week* by eliminating time and error in handling time tickets and material costs.

In short, whatever your business or department, this book will substitute facts for guess-work and make you really boss of your business whether you use an adding machine or not. Sent free of cost or obligation.

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610 Cedar St., Elyria, O.

question, that banker may be sure the President will give careful consideration to what he has written. Of course this applies only to writers who have opinions that carry weight.

Mr. Wilson's reading is varied. Though he is fond of humor and reads it for mental relaxation, he devotes many hours to heavier works. He is a ceaseless student of history and economics, and his knowledge of recent philosophical literature and of work in various lines of research—especially in ethnologic research—is extensive. He makes many notes in his shorthand as he reads, and if he has any writing to do with his own hand he uses that system of shorthand; for example, he wrote his inaugural address in shorthand before it was typewritten, and he made the first copy of the inaugural address on the typewriter himself.

He walks a good deal; and he is a rapid walker. He would play golf if he had time, but he is only an indifferent hand on the links. He is genuinely fond of baseball. He went to the opening game of the season in Washington, when the Washingtons and the New Yorks played; threw out the first ball; shook hands with the players, and had a fine time watching Washington beating the Yankees.

President Wilson does not care for society in the society sense of the word. He loathes the formalities and the sham of it. He will content himself with giving the required state functions, and let it go at that. He has resolved that no musty precedent or any of the so-called unwritten laws shall bind him.

He frequently goes out to Secretary Tumulty's house and plays with the six children in that fine family; and he frequently calls on other friends in Washington—the precedent being that the president must not call at any private house.

Pleasant Presidential Traits

Two marked characteristics are his loyalty to his friends, and his courage. He stands by, does Woodrow Wilson. And he seems not to be afraid of any man or any contingency. This does not mean he is impolitic, for he is politic—very; but it means he doesn't fear to go through with a proposition once he has made up his mind as to the justice of it, regardless of consequences. Since he came to Washington this has been shown repeatedly. Once, when charges were made against a certain man who had been his stanch friend—serious charges—the President took public occasion to show he did not believe the charges and that he still held this man in high regard. He did it effectively, but naturally; and no one was in any doubt as to where his sympathies were.

One thing patronage-seekers and favor-curriers have learned is that it is unsafe—oh, very unsafe—to make any charges of any kind against a man, or say anything to his detriment, unless the sayer is prepared to prove everything he says. The presidential mind instantly takes the other side of it and asks for proof. And if proof isn't forthcoming the charge usually redounds to the credit of the man against whom the accusation was made. Another thing that does not count with him is an allegation against the financial standing of a man. If a person is reported to him as broke, or with judgments against him, the President does not hold that as a barrier, but looks into the circumstances; and, if the man is honest and merely in hard luck, that is likely to help him instead of hurting him.

Likewise the President has great sympathy for the struggling housekeeper. He kept house once, after he was married, on a thousand dollars a year—his salary as an assistant professor; and he knows all about that end of life. He is very frank and outspoken in his conversation, gives his opinion freely, does not hesitate to question any statement made to him.

Wherefore I submit that Woodrow Wilson isn't musty, isn't dusty, isn't pedagogic, isn't priggish, isn't scholastic, isn't prudish, isn't arrogant, isn't what a lot of people think he is because he has been a schoolmaster most of his life; but that he is a man who likes his fellowmen and their fun and their fights, understands their foibles, respects their opinions, enjoys their games, laughs at the same sort of things, walks like them, talks like them, is one of them—a human being, not merely an incased intellect; and that he is going about a man's job in a very manly and a most American way.

Use the Bishopric System in Building Your New House

X Shows Stucco Board Used on Model House

This Music Room Finished with Bishopric Wall Board

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Shows How Bishopric Wall Board is Made

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Old-style building methods double the cost of stucco walls and inside finishing. The modern way—the Bishopric System—gives a better job and saves half the cost on frame walls and plastered interiors. Our Free Book tells all about the new way to build—how to save building money!

BISHOPRIC STUCCO OR PLASTER BOARD

Has a "Key" That Makes Stucco Stick

Stucco Board is made of patented, keyed lath, imbedded in toughened Asphalt-Mastic. Keyed lath grip cement as nothing else can—distribute the strain evenly. Asphalt-Mastic makes walls proof against dampness and changes in temperature

Easy to Apply Comes in sheets ready for use. Goes on dry. Just nail Stucco Board to bare studding and walls are ready at once for cement, plaster or stucco. No waste. One man can apply it faster than cement plasterers can follow

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Stays Stiff—Can't Warp

This is the only Wall Board reinforced with lath. Kiln-dried lath are imbedded in toughened Asphalt Mastic and surfaced with heavy, sized fibre board. Comes ready for use. Goes on dry. Nail it to bare studding and walls are ready at once for any kind of decoration. Edges [illegible] evenly. No packing needed.

$5,000 Anti-Warp Bond

Bishopric Wall Board will not warp, crack, shrink, buckle or pull loose in any climate, winter or summer. Lasts as long as the building. Our $5,000 Anti-Warp Bond protects every purchaser.

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Write! Send for new Bishopric Book, samples of Wall Board and Stucco Board and Architectural Blue Print [illegible] ing a Model House. Send 6c to cover cost of postage. [illegible] how to save building money. House plans are a [illegible] to all who are thinking of building. Write today!

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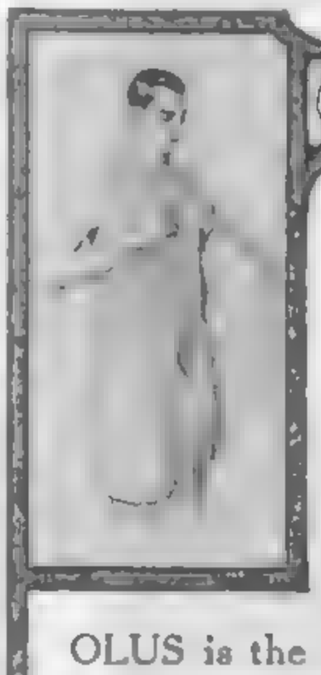
462 Este Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio
DEALERS: Write for Exclusive Agency Proposition.



OLUS

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Get at least one OLUS Union Suit this week—you'll never again buy any other kind of underwear.

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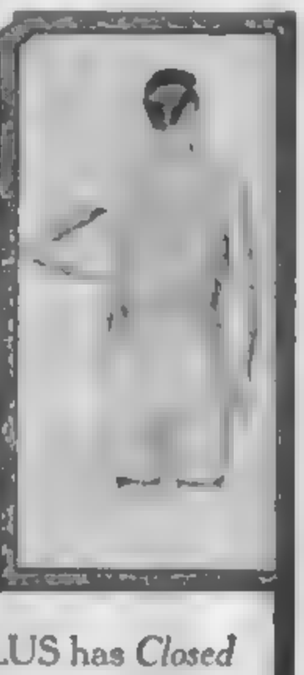

OLUS is the only underwear having the three following comfort-giving features.

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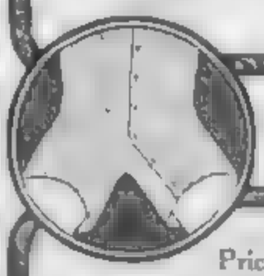

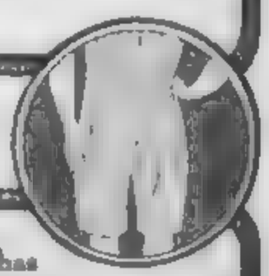

Prices from $1.00 upwards. Ask your dealer. If he has not yet stocked OLUS send us $1.00 and your size and we will see you are supplied.
Booklet Free. *To Dealers:* Your wholesaler carries OLUS.

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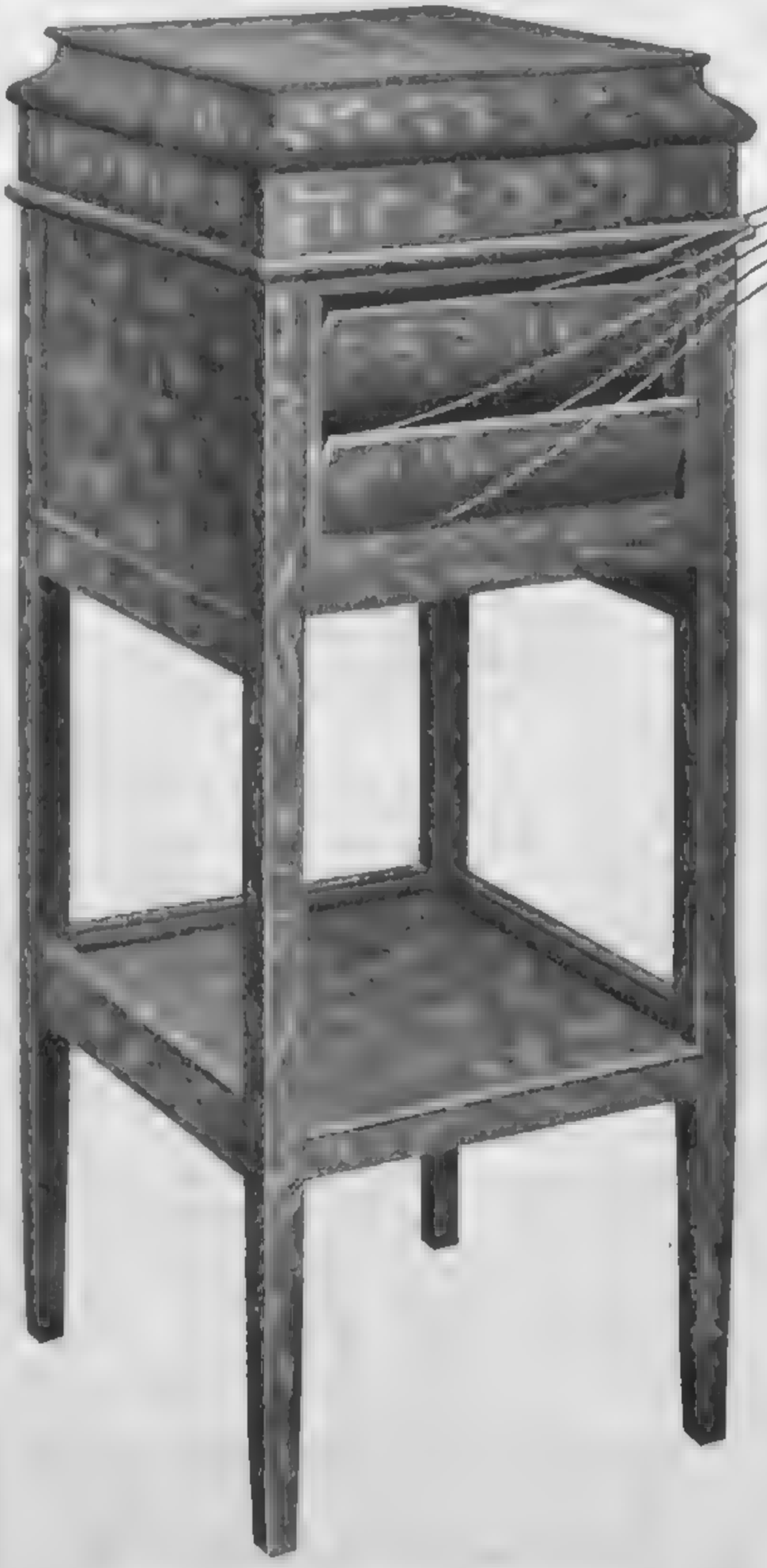
$50 will now purchase

Special terms to introduce the Improved Columbia "Regal"

8500 dealers are ready to deliver for free trial at home—to be paid at $5 a month after first payment is arranged.



Columbia Grafonola "Regal" in Quartered Oak

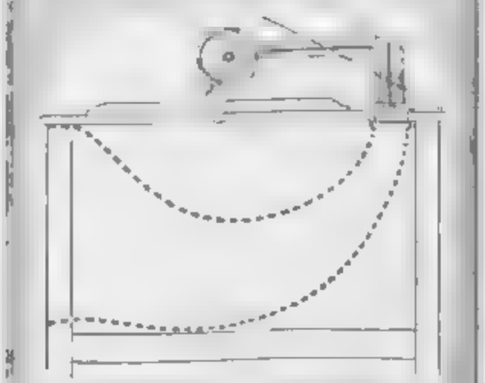
With lid down and tone-control leaves partly open. Shelf space for keeping disk records (10 selections in their original envelopes or in record albums

The cash price to hold good on these terms—not a cent of interest and no extras of any kind.

Your purchase money refunded if you find the "Regal" not exactly as represented.

IMPORTANT

This Columbia "Regal" Grafonola will play every record in the great Columbia catalogue—also every disc record on the market, of any manufacture.



The Tone-Arm and Tone-Chamber

One continuous uninterrupted passage scientifically proportioned, acoustically correct.

The Reproducer

Our new "Number Six"—the perfected product of many thousands of experimental models—a marvel of naturalness, purity, brilliance and roundness of tone

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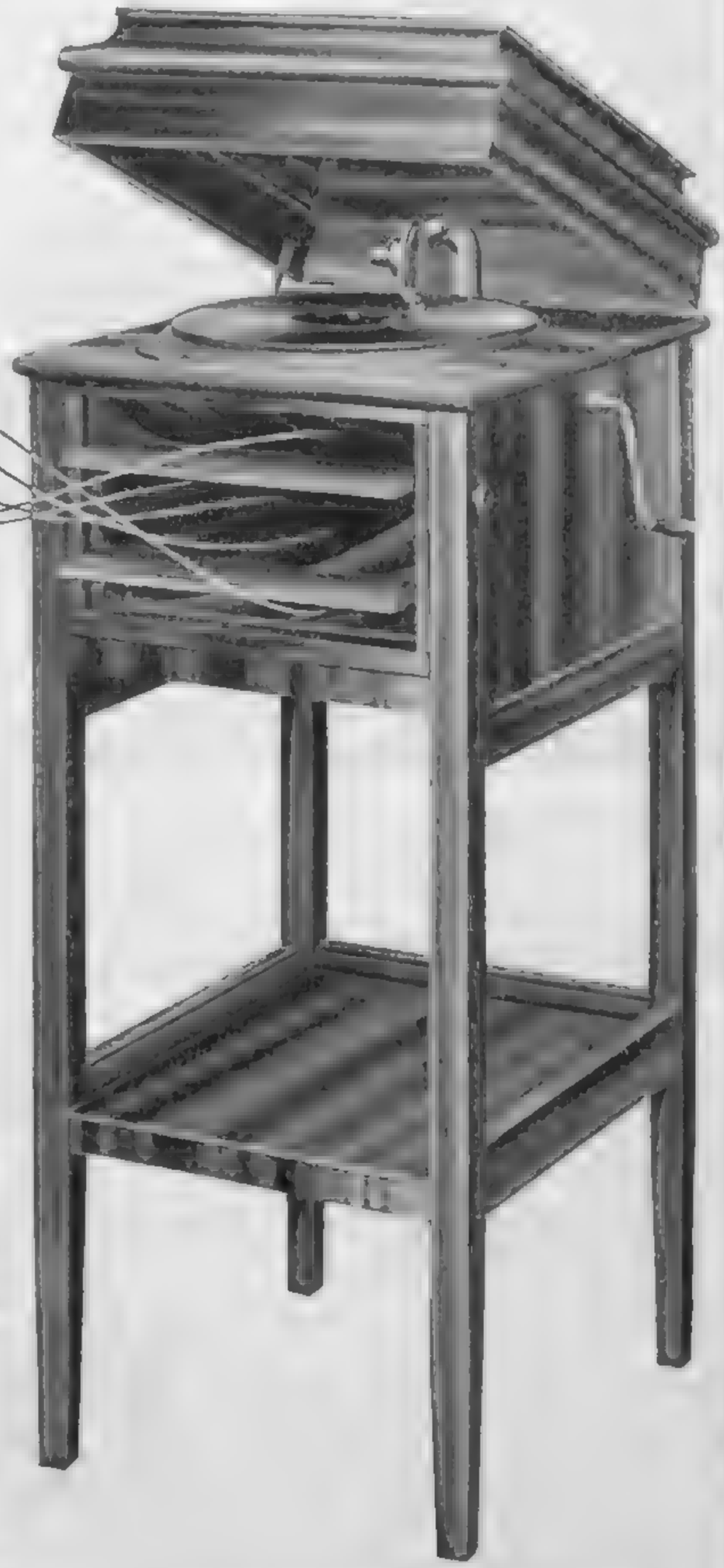
A power plant that revolves the turntable in complete silence and at absolutely even speed down to the last revolution.

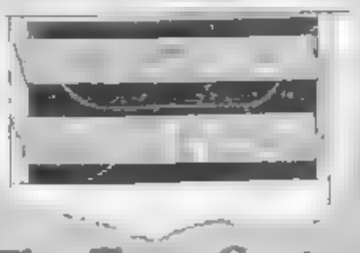
an upright Grafonola

A 50 per cent increase in the buying power of 50 dollars

If you had made up your mind to wait until you could get a complete, enclosed, upright Grafonola at *your* price—this message is for you.

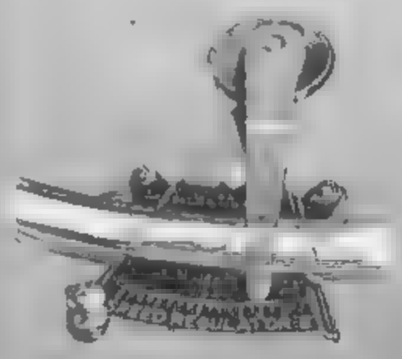


Columbia Grafonola "Regal" in Mahogany
With lid partly open and tone-control leaves wide open. Shelf space for keeping sixty double-disc records (120 selections) in their original envelopes or in record albums.



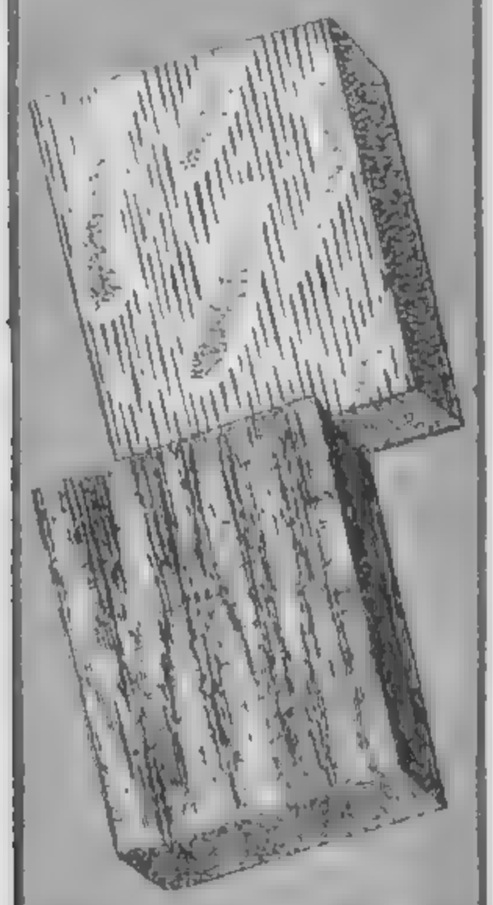
The Tone-Control

Wholly at the pleasure of the operator—by the partial or complete closing or opening of the tone-control leaves.



The Speed Control

Coupled with the start-and-stop lever—a simple, sure and convenient device.



The Cabinet Work

Quarter-cut oak or mahogany, of selected grain, perfectly constructed and piano-finished

TRADE ON THIS TRADE MARK
Columbia Records
NOTE THE NOTES

In order to appreciate what this instrument at this price really signifies, you must realize that it is absolutely complete in itself, independent of any separate cabinet.

It has the latest Columbia features—the new bayonet-joint tone-arm; the new No. 6 reproducer, that is already bringing to talking machine owners an entirely new idea of pure, natural tone; and the same tone-control leaves that identify all Columbia Grafonolas.

You must own this Columbia Grafonola—the one incomparable musical instrument that brings into your home all the music of all the world.

If you do not locate a dealer who can deliver this instrument on these terms, write us and we will put you in touch with the nearest dealer at once.

Columbia

Graphophone Company

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Toronto: 52 Adelaide St. West. Prices in Canada are [illegible]

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Dealers and [illegible] a confidential letter [illegible] "Columbia Money."

Hawaiian Pineapple

HAWAIIAN PINEAPPLE PACKERS' ASSOCIATION

COMMON SENSE FOR A STATE

(Continued from Page 19)

action at this time was that the plan would, of course, require a constitutional amendment. Only three amendments can be submitted at one session, and others had the right-of-way. Another reason was that it was necessary to give public opinion ample opportunity to express itself.

Already there has been a good deal of expression. Probably nine-tenths of the papers of the state have approved the proposal. Many members of the legislature in conversation have indorsed it. People who have traveled over the state say they hear many more favorable than unfavorable comments. Probably at the next session of the legislature the necessary amendments will be submitted. That they will be adopted by the voters if submitted is regarded as quite certain.

"Why, it's bound to come," the governor assured me, "because experience and common sense approve it." Presumably that is a valid reason—in Kansas. That it will carry much weight east of the Alleghanies for some time to come may be doubted.

"The old system grows worse all the time," said Governor Hodges. "The states are legislating on more subjects all the time. The business of legislating for a state requires more and more the continuous application of able, experienced minds. This thing of trying to jam everything through at a short biennial session—mainly by inexperienced men—will not do. Imagine it applied to any other big business.

"As to non-essential details, I am not wedded to any particular plan—that is, as to exactly how many members the legislative assembly should contain, or the precise length of their terms. If there were one member from each congressional district, with the governor a member ex officio, that would give nine members. If there were two from each district, that would give seventeen. There might be one from each district and some at large. What I advocate is simply a small legislative assembly, of one House, with terms sufficiently long to insure experience and continuous policies, and with sufficient compensation, so the members can devote practically their whole time to the business of the state—for I expect they will be in almost continuous session."

Old Machinery for New Work

"You will see that this involves relatively little change in the organic law. Executive and judiciary are left as they are now. Except that the governor would be a member of the legislative body, there is the same division of powers. The number of members of the legislature is reduced and there would be a single assembly instead of an upper and a lower house.

"I served eight years as a member of the state senate, so I know the inherent faults of the old system from first-hand observation; and I am sure this change will come. It must! See how the organization of society and of business has changed—big-scale factory production, railroads, trusts, labor unions, and all that. It throws a greater pressure on the government, and the government tries to respond to it without changing its own organization. We have state banking boards, transportation boards, insurance boards, agricultural boards, and so on, to meet these new demands; but all of them hinge upon the old-style legislature.

"You have noticed how the initiative has taken hold of the public. Within a few years the demand for it has spread over the country. Well, the initiative is simply an expression of popular dissatisfaction with the legislature. If legislatures really responded satisfactorily to public needs and the popular will there would be no movement for the initiative. People feel the system is not working right. I think our experience with the commission form of government in cities shows the remedy.

"Of course there is great veneration for ancient institutions in some quarters; and perhaps the criticism will be made that, in substituting a small assembly for a numerous one, which contains representatives from many different localities, we are departing from democracy. But I do not believe that criticism will carry any weight. Certainly a city council that is made up of representatives of many wards and then

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PARIS GARTERS

Never mind what you're wearing; try one pair of these and see the difference in your comfort. They're tailored to fit the leg; hold your socks smooth, snug and secure.

The name PARIS is on the back of the shield; look for it. They're 25 and 50 cents.

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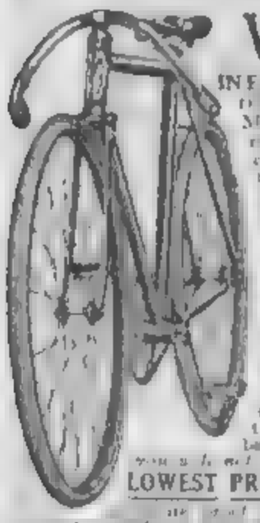

IN EACH TOWN and district to [illegible] Model "Ranger" bicycle furnished by [illegible] agents [illegible]

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10 DAYS' FREE TRIAL, during which time you may ride the bicycle and put it to [illegible] If you are not satisfied or don't wish to keep the bicycle you may ship it back to us at our expense and you will not be out one cent.

LOWEST PRICES We sell the highest grade bicycles [illegible] "Ranger" [illegible] and you cannot buy a good bicycle at a lower price than we offer you. DO NOT BUY a bicycle or a pair of tires from anyone at any price until you receive our catalogue and learn our [illegible]

YOU WILL BE ASTONISHED when you receive our beautiful catalogue and study our superb models at the low prices we can make you. [illegible] exclusive models. Orders filled the day received.

SECOND HAND BICYCLES—[illegible] taken [illegible] at $3 to $8 [illegible]

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NEW—GREAT—WONDERFUL

At last! Just what you want—a camera that makes photography easy, simple, inexpensive. Be your own photographer. No [illegible] boy or girl can make photos the new way with

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PATENTS EXPERIENCED INVENTORS [illegible] Write for free book and application blank. W. T. Jones, 501 G Street, Washington, D. C.

How My Offer Raised An Army

An army of 19,000 soldiers defends the 5,000 mile coast of the United States.

An army of 25,000 men smoke cigars that I make and sell by mail.

In the city of Omaha, Nebraska, there are about 25,000 men who smoke cigars. Suppose I had the only cigar store in Omaha, you would call that a wonderful business, wouldn't you?

Well, I haven't a store in Omaha, but I have 25,000 customers who buy cigars from me by the box and each customer buys several boxes a year. Some buy several boxes a month.

I mentioned Omaha to give an idea of what a vast army 25,000 smokers make. The customers of mine are not only a large number but they know cigars. My cigars and my selling methods make no appeal to the man who can "smoke anything."

My selling methods are the result of 15 years' experience. I buy tobacco, make cigars and sell to the smoker. I do not buy cigars from manufacturers and I do not sell to stores. I am not selling cigars that I have bought from somebody else, who has bought them from a manufacturer. I am the manufacturer.

For my tobacco I go to Cuba. The filler of my Panatela is all long, Cuban grown Havana leaf. The wrapper is Sumatra. The cigar is made by hand in my sanitary Philadelphia factory by skilled adult male cigarmakers.

There is a uniformity of flavor and free burning quality about my Panatela that adds to its charm. It's a mighty good cigar and its equal can't be bought in any cigar store for less than 10c. I sell it for $5.00 per hundred.

My offer is:

I will, upon request, send 50 Shivers' Panatelas, on approval, to a reader of *The Saturday Evening Post* express prepaid. He may smoke ten cigars and return the remaining forty at my expense and no charge for the ten smoked if he is not pleased with them; if he is pleased with them and keeps them he agrees to remit the price, $2.50, within ten days.

Shivers' Panatela EXACT SIZE AND SHAPE

You can't lose anything by accepting the offer. Every one of my satisfied customers accepted it. They saw that it put the whole matter fairly up to them. They tried and liked my Panatela. You will too.

In ordering please use business stationery or give reference, and state whether you prefer mild, medium or strong cigars.

HERBERT D. SHIVERS
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The Hosiery of a Gentleman

Ask to see **SHAWKNIT SOCKS in all-thread silk for 50c.** Sheer and light, in beautiful shades of tan, navy blue and gray, and in black and white.

Shawknit Socks

Shawknit Mercerized Lisle in the same colors, very light but durable, snug-fitting, without a wrinkle. *25c. pair.*

Shawknit Socks are guaranteed without limit. If they don't wear as well as you think they ought to wear, let us know and we make good without red tape.

SHAW STOCKING CO.
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Shawknit Socks are sold by good dealers everywhere. Look for the store that sells **SHAWKNIT**

100 ENGRAVED WEDDING ANNOUNCEMENTS $6.25

Latest style, highest quality hand copper-plate engraving. Inside and outside envelopes. Delivery charges prepaid. Engraved name on 50 visiting cards $1.00. Samples free.
Chas. H. Elliott Co., 1836 Ludlow Ave., Philadelphia

sells out the city for graft is not genuine democracy, though a great deal of voting was done at the election. I am sure we shall get greater economy, greater efficiency, a quicker and surer response to public needs and to the will of the people. If that is not genuine democracy I do not know what is! As to safeguarding the public, I would, of course, have the members of the new assembly subject to recall.

"Speaking in a general way, experience—as I look at it—shows that efficiency tends to go with small numbers rather than with large. We are finding it so here in Kansas. Formerly we had eighteen officials to manage the state's various educational interests. We have now consolidated the management of those interests in the hands of a single board of only three members, and the change has been beneficial. Similarly we now have one board of charities and corrections, consisting of three members, that has charge of the penitentiary, the state reformatory, the industrial school for boys and girls. Instead of a steam railroad commission, and an electric road commission, and a telephone and telegraph commission, we have only one public-utilities commission, of three members, to look after those things.

"We have found that this consolidation of authority works well. Instead of many small positions we have comparatively few really important positions. It goes without saying that you are more apt to get an important man for an important position than for a relatively insignificant one. Looking at these boards, all of them vested with important powers, you might say that we have been forced into the commission form of government, whether we would or not. At Washington, for only one example, there is the Interstate Commerce Commission, exercising very important powers. But, of course, all these commissions are now dependent upon the legislature, which contains a hundred and sixty-five members, each one representing a small fraction of the state, and meeting for a short session once in two years.

"Take just one little illustration: At the last session a bill was introduced in duplicate in both House and Senate. The Senate bill passed both bodies, awaiting only my signature to become law. Three days later the House bill—identical with the Senate bill down to the last comma—also duly passed both branches and came down for my signature. In that particular little instance no great harm was done—but what a system!"

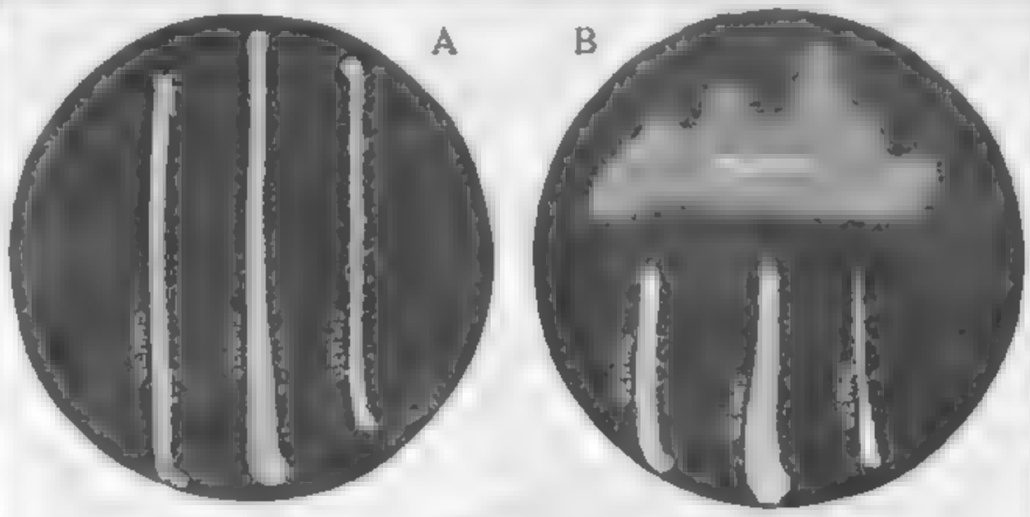
Corruption at Bargain Prices

I have spoken so far only of the inefficiency and blundering of perfectly honest, well-intentioned legislatures. With the subject of graft all readers are familiar. It is not necessary to go into it further than to say that a large number of petty legislative offices, each one conferring small power, small responsibility and small dignity, inevitably tend to promote graft.

As I write this, a brand-new graft investigation has been started at Albany. The charge is that one influential member of the Senate proposed to sell the votes of four other members, holding very important committee assignments, for five hundred dollars each. I am not pretending to say whether there is any foundation for this charge. The point is that the sum named is about what you would expect if the charge were true—or, rather, it is somewhat exceptional on account of its magnitude.

Every legislative graft investigation discloses the amazing cheapness of the grafters. At Pittsburgh, where they used to have a very numerous city legislature elected by wards, honorable members were selling themselves for twelve dollars, a meal ticket, a suit of old clothes—anything at all that resembled money. A state legislative grafter who gets as much as a thousand dollars for himself is extraordinary. They are cheap because the position itself is cheap.

The legislature at Albany contains two hundred and one members—all but a few of them quite unknown outside their own immediate neighborhoods. New York has a state railroad commission that may be presumed to be competent to deal with the matters under its charge—at least to be well acquainted with conditions in the field of its jurisdiction. Certain labor interests in the state have been trying for three years or more to get the legislature to take a very important detail of railroad control out of



New-Skin Kills Germs!

Disease microbes are everywhere. They are apt to get into cuts. New-Skin kills them. Scientific tests prove it. Keep New-Skin on hand for emergencies.

The above plates show the result of a test made by one of the most prominent laboratories in the country. "A" is a photograph of pus-producing germs growing naturally, millions of them. "B" shows a similar surface with New-Skin applied over the upper part. No live germs could be found under the New-Skin or for some distance around it. A copy of the original report sent free on request.

New-Skin is for cuts, scrapes and little injuries to the skin. It is a liquid that dries and forms a skin-like coating over the cut, transparent, flexible and adhering so firmly that it won't wash off with soap and water.

There is only one New-Skin. Don't be imposed upon. Nothing else is "the same thing."

New-Skin has been in successful use many years. Sold all over the world. See directions and circular. 200 uses.

Home size bottle 25c; pocket size 10c; surgeon's size 50c. At druggists. Or send us 25c in stamps for home size by Parcel Post. Address Department A, Newskin Company, New York.

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FREE SAMPLE—A [illegible] and writing [illegible] Venus—The [illegible] Leader. Try it! Ask for soft, medium or hard

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the hands of the commission. They have wanted what is known as the Full Crew Bill, which prescribes that every engine and train which moves out of yard limits in the state must be manned by a specified number of employees.

So far as the legislature was concerned, the task was quite simple. In many districts there is an organized labor vote. This vote in a given district may be only a small part of the total vote, and yet be sufficient to inspire the assemblyman from that district with a pious fear of offending it. To avoid offending it, or in the hope of conciliating it, he agrees to support the Full Crew Bill. The same pressure in the next district brings the same result, and enough assemblymen and senators are lined up to pass the bill. Twice the bill did pass the legislature, to be met by the governor's veto—first the veto of Governor Hughes, next the veto of Governor Dix. This year the legislature passed it again. The railroads protested that it would involve a sheer waste of two million dollars a year, offered to submit the whole question to the state railroad commission and to abide by its decision; but Governor Sulzer signed the bill.

Possibly this is a good law, but the method of securing it is wrong. It was not passed on its merits as a measure affecting the welfare of the whole state, but because a large number of petty legislative officials stood in fear of a relatively small vote. How a legislative body composed of representatives of many localities can be swayed by a relatively small vote is illustrated by the recent history of pension bills in the House at Washington. The old-soldier vote, of course, is very small relative to the total vote of the country; but it is widely distributed and may be counted upon to act as a unit when its interest in the pension roll is involved. In almost any close district the old-soldier vote, though only five or ten per cent of the total vote, might easily turn a congressional election. Hence pension bills go through the House with a whoop—because a great many petty legislative officials are afraid of a comparatively small vote.

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The smaller the voting unit the greater the opportunity for minority rule and the sway of minority interests.

Looking across the capitol grounds at Topeka from the east windows of the governor's office you see a ten-story steel-and-concrete building, new and modern in every respect. A railroad built it. It was finished on time and cost three hundred and sixty thousand dollars. Beside it stands a three-story building, covering about the same ground space and of much the same general style of construction. The state is building it. Already two hundred and ninety thousand dollars has been spent upon it.

The last legislature appropriated a hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars more; and when finally completed it will probably cost half a million.

This is not graft, but bad management—a confused, planless, intermittent, spasmodic method. "Why should not the state be as businesslike as a railroad?" asks Governor Hodges. But, of course, it never can be until it has the same sort of consolidated, systematic, continuous management that a railroad has.

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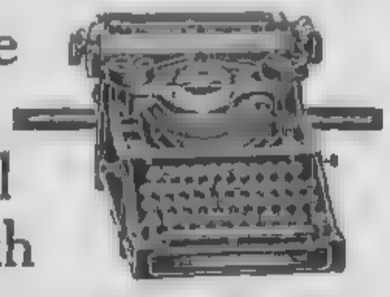

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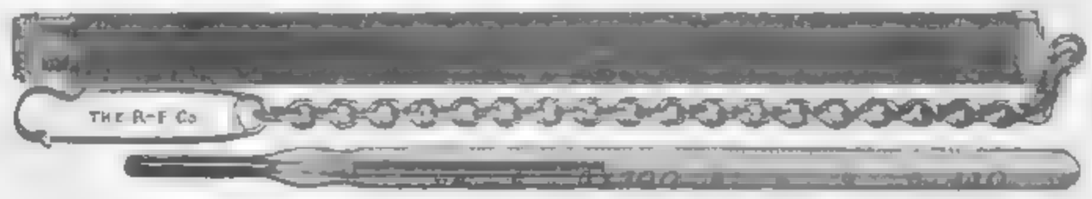

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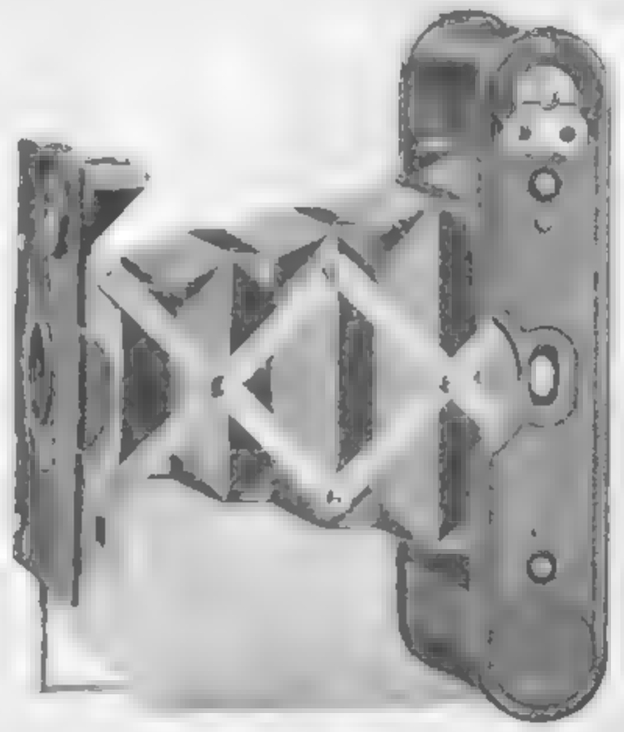

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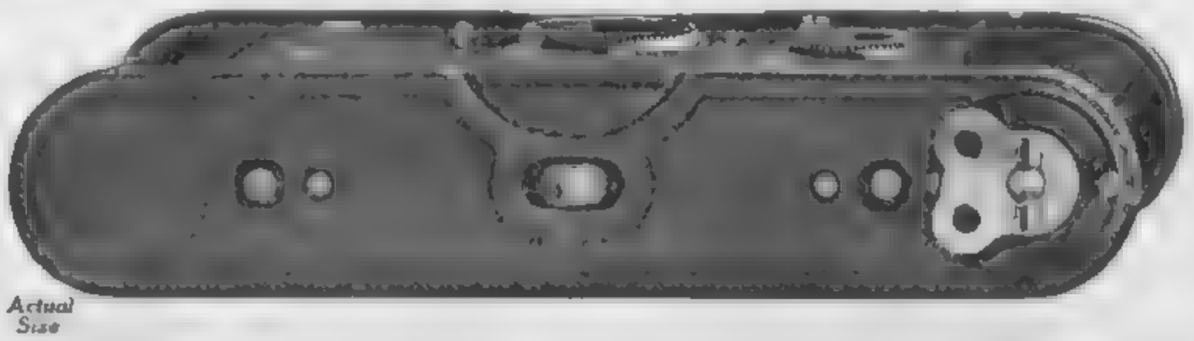

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BREAKING INTO NEW YORK

(Continued from Page 23)

somehow, a secret conference of the two factions interested in the threatened trouble was due to take place. I was told off to stand guard at the front door, in case any one should come out. The blue-eyed, chubby-cheeked chap, who by common consent acted as leader of our forces, went with one of the older reporters down to the corner, to intercept a prominent labor union official who was expected to arrive from that direction at any minute.

Presently, as I idled about the stoop of Mr. Belmont's house, watching my new associates out of the tail of my eye, I saw them halt their man. Possibly in the hope of shaking them off, he turned and started away; they kept pace with him. My previous training had taught me that what a reporter got himself he kept for himself; so, fearing that I was about to miss some important phase of the story, I ran after them and caught up with them. The blue-eyed chap stopped dead still and gave me a tongue lashing for deserting my post.

"Say, you!" he said. "Don't you know you'll get anything that we find out just as soon as any of the fellows get it? Now you go back there and stay where I put you!"

During the rest of the day he snubbed me unmercifully, but he didn't let me overlook any detail of value; and under his careful guidance I covered the story creditably that day and for all the rest of the week.

For quite a spell after this I did leg work mostly; and, though I didn't exactly fall down on any of my assignments, yet it seemed to me I didn't go ahead very fast. But my salary was advanced five dollars at a time until it amounted to thirty dollars a week. I wasn't able to get anything distinctive into the paper either—the ever vigilant copy readers attended to that—and plenty of times I was discouraged and sore-hearted. Looking back on it now, though, I know this experience was worth a good deal to me, because all the time, by assiduously looking and listening and by copying others, I was making over my preconceived ideas of what constitutes news to conform with the New York standard, which, in nearly all its essentials, is entirely different from the small-town standard. Also, I was learning the city thoroughly. On street cars or afoot, but mainly afoot, I toured Manhattan Island from end to end and from side to side, studying streets, studying crowds, studying types, studying signboards, show windows, house-fronts, fire-escapes—studying whatever was interesting: and that meant everything I saw.

Bohemians Rare Birds

I had abundant time for this sort of thing, for outside of working hours I was most desperately lonely. The other men in the office all appeared to have private affairs of their own to concern them, and they left me pretty much alone. I had looked in vain for the Bohemian newspaper man who, I had been led to suppose, was so common a type in New York. All my life I had been deluded by a notion that newspaper men in New York were a carefree, reckless, gifted, irresponsible, dashing race, who regularly fraternized together over mugs of musty ale in fascinating little dramshops. Perhaps there was a time when this condition existed, but personally I don't believe it ever did.

It is true that, outside his office, a New York newspaper man may lead pretty much the sort of life he fancies; and, so long as he attends to his duties, neither his employers, his superiors nor his associates will feel called upon to regulate his private moralities for him. The strange discipline of the place, which appears so slack and irregular to the onlooker, and which is in reality so rigid and exacting, doesn't follow him after he puts on his hat and coat at quitting time; but he cannot drink to excess and expect to get ahead or to stay ahead. Newspaper owners do not want drunkards on their staffs any more than successful men in any other line of business want them. Real newspaper men in New York are never Bohemians, and they despise men who pose as Bohemians. They are mainly hard-working, steady-paced persons, with families to support; and when they get through work they go home to their families and stay there. So my youthful rural dreams of mingling with those carefree and fascinating geniuses in beer cellars never came true.

As for the people in my boarding house, they appeared to me to be a commonplace and uninteresting lot, taking them on the average. Besides, I had already contracted the newspaper man's worst disease, which is the fault of being interested only in his own trade and what pertains to it. So it befell that, in the office or out, I kept to myself, being troubled with frequent doubts as to my future. I worried, too, over my failure to get ahead with the promptness I had counted on. I reckon I was pretty tolerably homesick too—those first few months. A stranger's first half year in New York is apt to be about the most miserable period of his existence anyhow. After that time, if he has any human qualities, he finds his place and fits himself into it; and life begins to be worth something to him in companionship. But those first six months—ouch! It is my experience a man can be lonelier and bluer, and can feel more forsaken in the midst of five million people than he ever could on a desert island. I've never tried the desert island, but I know about the five millions.

I Become an Early Bird

Along toward winter the management of the paper decided to try the experiment of putting the first edition upon the streets at eight o'clock in the morning instead of waiting until ten. In Park Row parlance the staff that gets out these 8 A. M. editions is known as the lobster trick. A man assigned to that shift says he is working on the lobster. When our paper followed a lead that had already proved reasonably successful in the case of two or three rival papers, I was selected to edit the lobster edition—the thanks for this being due largely to my previously acquired knowledge of headlining and copy reading. At the same time my salary was raised five dollars a week.

I earned it all right—I had to get up at one-thirty o'clock in the morning in order to reach the office at two, when the work started. I hated the hours; it was a frightful wrench to roll out of a warm bed into the middle of a winter night. Every time that accursed alarm clock went off I roused with the feeling that I had only been asleep about fifteen minutes. I got to know the unhappy sensations of that proverbial early riser—the condemned man of a rural hanging story. Yet in a way I enjoyed holding the new post. I had a measure of responsibility upon me—I was giving a few orders instead of taking a great many, and I was seeing the city in those dun-colored hours before the dawn, when those who stay up to meet the sun mingle with those who get up to meet it; when the outcast, the criminal and the homeless, the roisterer, the waster and the profligate—the classes who never work and the classes who never quit working—come together to form one of the saddest, most moving pictures you can ever hope—or fear—to see. And, besides, it was through this new employment that I got my first chance really to make good.

Getting to work at two in the morning and quitting at eight gave me more leisure than I had before even. From the office I would go back to the boarding house and sleep until noon, provided two young women practicing music scales on the floor below would let me. From noon on, then, the day was mine. On my income I couldn't afford matinées—especially as I was sending half of my salary to my wife—and as I had made mighty few friends my afternoons might have been unbearably long and dreary if I hadn't kept busy.

Regularly all through that winter I worked two hours a day on my play. It is agreed, I take it, that every newspaper man writes at least one play in his life. So I wrote mine. It has never been played and it never will be played; but, nevertheless, I wrote it and rewrote it, and wrote it over again six times. Probably because I was still homesick I laid the scenes of it in my home town, and all the characters were home folks. Sitting there in my eight-by-ten quarters, with my feet on a gas-stove about as big as a pocket inkstand, I peopled that hall bedroom with pictures of back-home types; and into their mouths I put the familiar speech of a border Southern community. It was a pretty sad sort

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Millions of dollars worth of property were destroyed by the disastrous floods that recently swept over sections of Ohio, Indiana and Illinois.

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What is a Day's Work?

The business man, the manufacturer, can plan his work a year in advance because he knows what constitutes a day's work for each man and each machine. The farmer works from day to day because he has no standards of labor and efficiency. The Department of Agriculture, by long study, has found those standards. *The Country Gentleman* will give you the facts and figures.

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The national question of today is: Where shall we get beef? We are facing a meat famine unless something is done, and done quickly. *The Country Gentleman* has the solution.

Sam Jordan—Hired Man
Here is a man whose neighbors used to laugh at his radical methods of farming. Now they pay homage because he is making 8,000,000 acres of Missouri agriculturally prosperous.

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Not all the pioneers are men. Women are taking up homesteads and they are making good as farmers in the sagebrush. What some of them are doing makes a story of pluck and perseverance.

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The Land That Found Itself
Forty years ago the ox cart was the vehicle of the aristocrat on the Eastern Shore of Virginia. Today the tenants ride in autos. Why? Potatoes! The story of an awakening to prosperity.

When the Hired Girl Left
Most housewives would grieve. This one didn't. She installed all the modern domestic labor-saving devices and they became her tractable servant. Every woman who reads this article can do the same.

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Everyman's Garden is a page feature every week—fifty-two times a year. It will enable you to fill your table with vegetables and your house with flowers.

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Do you know that the poultry department of *The Country Gentleman* is considered the last word in poultry raising?

The Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia, Pa.

of play, as I know now; but I contend yet that it contained a number of accurate likenesses.

As I was saying, I would write two hours a day on the play. Then I would go out and roam the streets until dusk. At six I would eat my dinner and by seven I would be in bed; but, as I didn't work Sundays, on Saturdays I would continue my voyages of exploration until late at night. One Saturday night I made a tour of the dance-halls in the Tenderloin. There was one particular dance-hall, a dingy basement dive in a side street just off Broadway, which by reason of its unrelieved sordidness and vulgarity made an especially deep impression upon me. I stayed there an hour or more, watching the habitués in their dreary, heartbreaking task of trying to act as though they were enjoying themselves.

On the following Tuesday, at three o'clock in the morning, a murder occurred in this same place—a murder marked by features so dramatic and so unusual as to lift it out of the class of ordinary Tenderloin murders. Our early trick man at headquarters got there before the blood of the two victims was dry upon the floor, and by telephone he sent in a corking good account; and I took his story off the telephone. The picture of the dingy little boozing ken was still fresh in my memory. I had the local color of it right where I could put my hands on it; so, instead of turning the notes over to the lone rewrite man of my shift, I wrote the story myself. And, though I say it myself, it was a good story. My mind was full of newly formed impressions of Tenderloin honk-a-tonks and I think I wrote the story in a new way. It was a better story than I shall ever be able to do again on the same subject.

Moreover, having written the story myself, I edited it myself. There was no earnest-minded butcher of a copy reader there, with his deadly blue pencil, to carve the life out of it. It went into the first edition just as I wrote it, and it ran all day on the front page, holding its position through the subsequent editions. It attracted attention in our office; and what for my purposes was a better thing it attracted attention in near-by offices. There is just one thing that a New York city editor reads with more care than he reads his own paper—and that's the other fellow's paper. On the popularity of that story I got offers of jobs from two city editors who had never heard of me before; and, at last, I knew I had broken in.

It is more than eight years now since I came to New York; but, as I look back on it, it doesn't seem like more than eight months. Most of what I write now is printed in a magazine, but I'm still a reporter and I expect to be a reporter always. It's a good, clean trade—being a reporter is—and I'm proud to call myself one. It makes me a decent living and I'm saving a little. I've only one regret—I waited until I was nearly twenty-eight years old to break into New York. I only wish I had done it at eighteen.

Editor's Note—This is the third and last of a series of articles relating the experiences of a newspaper man.

Wireless Lighthouses

WIRELESS lighthouses are being established by the government along the French coast, the first two being located on islands near the approach to the port of Brest. Two more are planned for the port of Havre. The lighthouses will operate by a system almost exactly like that of ordinary lighthouses, except that, instead of light waves, wireless waves will give the information to approaching ships. The great advantage of such lighthouses is that fog will not hinder their efficiency.

When a ship approaches Brest, and is within thirty miles of the islands, wireless signals will be picked up. If the ship has an instrument to detect the direction from which the signals come it will be easy to apply the information; but even if it does not have such an instrument the receipt of any signals at all will be of assistance, for the exact positions of the two lighthouses are known and a comparison of the strength of the signals from each will help in estimating the ship's position.

Each station, like an ordinary lighthouse, will send out flashes every few seconds, together with special signals to indicate which station is sending. The sending apparatus is automatic and is constructed so that it will run for thirty hours without any attention.

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The trend of automobile invention is rapidly toward EASE OF OPERATION. You saw the quick detachable rim replaced by the *demountable*. You saw the slow, old "one-at-a-time" method of lighting give way to the *dash-board switch*. You saw the starting crank thrown into the junk pile—replaced by the magic *starter button*.

Note the Absence of Levers

Now comes ANOTHER revolutionary advance—the mightiest of all

—gear shifting accomplished by the mere movement of the thumb. For the gear control is on the steering wheel. Compare the ordinary gear-shift where the driver leans over and yanks at a lever with might and main—perhaps 100 times a day—with this new "thumb-operated" Gear-Shift. *Now* you drive without moving your body; without taking your eyes off the road; *like the expert pianist performs without looking at the keyboard.*

Think what this means—no more reaching for levers, no more levers to take up space. And *safety*—safety to *driver* and *occupants;* safety to *passing motorists* and *pedestrians; safety to your car.*

The beginner or the most timid woman now handles the biggest gas car without fear or difficulty.

The GRAY Pneumatic Gear-Shift

The Gray Pneumatic Gear-Shift interferes in no way with the spark and gas throttle.

How It Works

FIRST—Set the indicator on the wheel for "first speed." Then make one full stroke of clutch pedal. This accomplishes (a) The disengagement of the clutch. (b) The automatic stopping of the transmission shaft. (c) The automatic movement of all gears to neutral position immediately upon the stoppage of the transmission shaft. (d) The opening of the air valve that forces the selected gear into engagement. The return stroke of the pedal engages the clutch and starts car.

SECOND—The indicator is then placed for "second speed," and the clutch pedal depressed, whereupon the same operations take place as indicated for first speed.

THIRD—While in second speed indicate "third," and again make a complete stroke of the clutch pedal. (The four speed control can be had if wanted.)

A lock latch on the indicator obviates the danger of selecting the reverse position when car is moving forward.

Before passing from one speed to another the gears assume neutral position

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Approved by Experts

The practicability of the Gray Pneumatic Gear-Shift has been rigorously proven.

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And we have invited every conceivable road test. One car carrying this equipment was driven 25,000 miles without repair of gear-shift. Being used for demonstration purposes, the gears on this particular car have been shifted ten to twenty times as often as you will ever shift your gears.

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Two hundred expert drivers have operated the "Gray Pneumatic," and they to a man approve it.

Nine leading automobile makers recently witnessed its successful performance. As a result, the Gray Pneumatic Gear-Shift will be found on thousands of leading 1914 cars.

"Anticipating" Your Speeds

You may be ascending a hill at high speed and at the same time *indicate* "second." The very moment you hit the steep incline you go into "second" by depressing your clutch pedal.

Or, on a busy street, when the advance signal is given, a quick depression of clutch pedal engages first speed. The next moment you are *indicating* "second," and you take it when you depress clutch pedal again. *The selection of any speed is accomplished as fast as the clutch pedal can be pressed down and released.*

The emergency brake is attached to the service brake pedal, which is locked whenever desired. Thus the brake lever as well as gear lever is discarded.

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While we term it a Pneumatic *Gear-Shift*, this is a *self-starter*, too—a *dependable* self-starter—the only successful one we know which can be applied to a *completed* car. This starter is the popular "high-speed" type, the kind that revolves the motor rapidly and insures a quick, sure start. Operated by a push button.

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Our price, though it varies according to the car to be equipped, is very reasonable.

Nor does it cost much to install the apparatus. Any man who can afford a motor car, CAN'T afford to be without the GRAY Pneumatic Gear-Shift.

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To equip your car with the Gray Pneumatic Gear-Shift, go to your garage dealer. He will not only get it for you but will also put it on *in short order.*

To get it on your new, 1914 car, instruct the agent, from whom you buy, to have the maker put on the Gray Pneumatic Gear-Shift.

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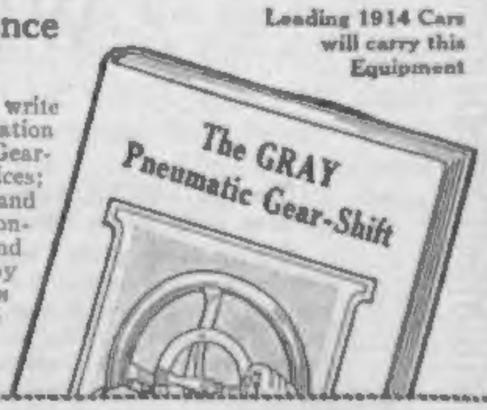

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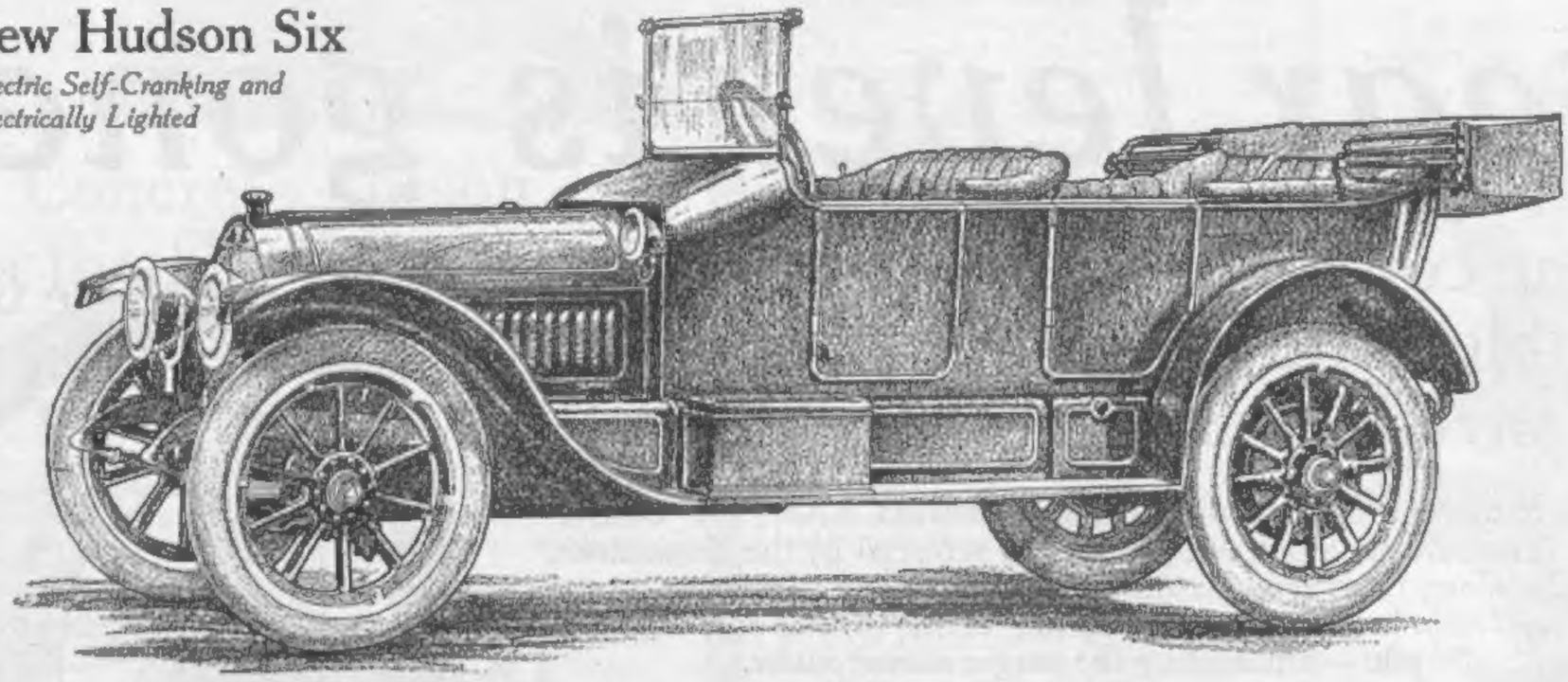

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Generally speaking, all good cars are best known because of one distinctive feature.

One is spoken of as being well built. Another has a reputation for the beauty of its finish.

One maker has gained confidence because of the manner of treating customers.

Large volume is advanced by another as an explanation of quality at low price.

All these are sound reasons for consideration.

Each and all are essential in the policy of any company that succeeds.

But, if you look closely, you will find that while one lays greater emphasis upon one of these claims than upon others, all successful makers are in common in their position in such essentials.

All, to succeed, must build their cars well.

All must assure service to the owner.

All must combine luxurious finish with mechanical excellence.

Large volume is essential to any success, for without volume the value is not in keeping with the price that must be charged.

How 48 Engineers Made HUDSON Distinctive

And as every successful car is referred to with reference to the one feature for which it is best known, the HUDSON is famous because of its advanced design.

HUDSON cars have always been known to be leaders as the most advanced type of engineering skill.

That means simplicity in design and operation. It indicates that essentials are less clumsily accomplished than in cars not so well designed. It assures accessibility.

Since the skill of designers is not confined to mechanical details, it also means more beautiful lines, a greater luxury, a richer appearance and an individuality as characteristic as artists put into their pictures or as architects work into their buildings.

The best engineering brains in the industry are responsible for the two new models of HUDSONS. The 48 experts, including Howard E. Coffin, who designed these cars, have had wide experience.

Combined they represent about all of value that is known in the way of motor car building.

Each man has influenced the design of the car only so far as he has proved his leadership.

These men come from every automobile building country.

Most of them are regular employees of this Company. Some are associated as engineers with other institutions, and we used them merely in an advisory capacity. Some are consulted by other manufacturers.

Directing all these men is Howard E. Coffin, America's foremost engineer. Thus we have succeeded in producing cars that are distinctive and that have many features of advantage to the driver and owner not possessed by others, even though they give an almost perfect service.

Why a Six—Especially a HUDSON

It is electric self-cranking, electrically lighted and all any automobile can be in comfort, convenience, luxury, service, equipment and value

The "54" HUDSON supplies every demand made of any automobile, in speed, get-away, safety, power, luxurious equipment, distinctive appearance and comfort.

It is not merely a "Six" made so by the addition of two cylinders to a good four-cylinder car. It is capable of a speed far greater than you will ever care to call upon it to give. It will jump to a speed of 58 miles an hour in 30 seconds from a standing start. No grade is too steep for it. Its equipment, complete in every detail, includes the most famous system of **electric self-cranking, electric lighting**—dynamo type—and ignition device to be had, known as the Delco, patented. There is also an illuminated dash and extension lamp, mohair top, curtain, rain-vision windshield, speedometer, clock, demountable rims, 36 x 4½-inch tires, 127-inch wheel base, etc.

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There are forty-three years of experience in rubber manufacturing in every Goodrich Tire. Our principle of unit molding was the crystallization of our twenty-seven years of experience before we made the first American clincher tire. That principle—unit molding—proved its soundness at the start and we have never changed it.

A Goodrich Unit Molded Tire is all one piece

Look at a cross section of any Goodrich Tire at your tire dealers. You cannot detect a layer line or separation in it. The Goodrich single vulcanization actually molds the layers of rubber-impregnated fabric, pure rubber, side strips, beads and thick, tough tread into one integral structure which cannot be divided by wear. This is one reason for the long, satisfactory service of Goodrich Tires.

Goodrich Unit Molded Tires give uniform wear

The thick, tough tread of a Goodrich Tire does not peel or strip, because it is actually *of* the tire, and not merely *on* it. Our single vulcanization not only does away with the danger to you of weak spots or dead places because of over-vulcanizing or cooking the life out of the rubber, but makes tread and body one inseparable piece. This gives uniform wear, not only on the tread, but in all parts of the tire—which is what the user wants.

There's nothing in Goodrich Advertising that isn't in Goodrich Goods

Goodrich advertising is as much a part of our institution as the making of Goodrich Products. Our supplemental advertising—Goodrich Guide Posts, which today mark over 30,000 miles of automobile highways; Goodrich Route Books, which we send on request to any motorist contemplating a tour; our Folders, telling how to get the most service from tires and how to avoid the common tire injuries, and all our other booklets, are part of our policy to make Goodrich Tires a real service to the tire user. Whatever car you own or buy will be equipped with Goodrich Tires if you specify them.

The B. F. Goodrich Company

Everything That's Best in Rubber

Branches and Service Stations in Principal Cities
Dealers Everywhere

Factories: Akron, Ohio

Write for Goodrich Route Book, covering the auto tour you select. These books are sent free on request.

Cream all gone?

"Never mind, Kellogg's is good with milk."

The reason is that Kellogg's Toasted Corn Flakes has a flavor that insures its goodness no matter how you eat it. The flavorless imitations that are not palatable at all except with cream are never twice confused with Kellogg's.

Try Kellogg's at breakfast and note what a difference Kellogg Flavor and Freshness make. You can get Kellogg's for lunch, too, at hotels, restaurants and lunch rooms—put up in individual packages of generous size.

Look for this signature

W. K. Kellogg